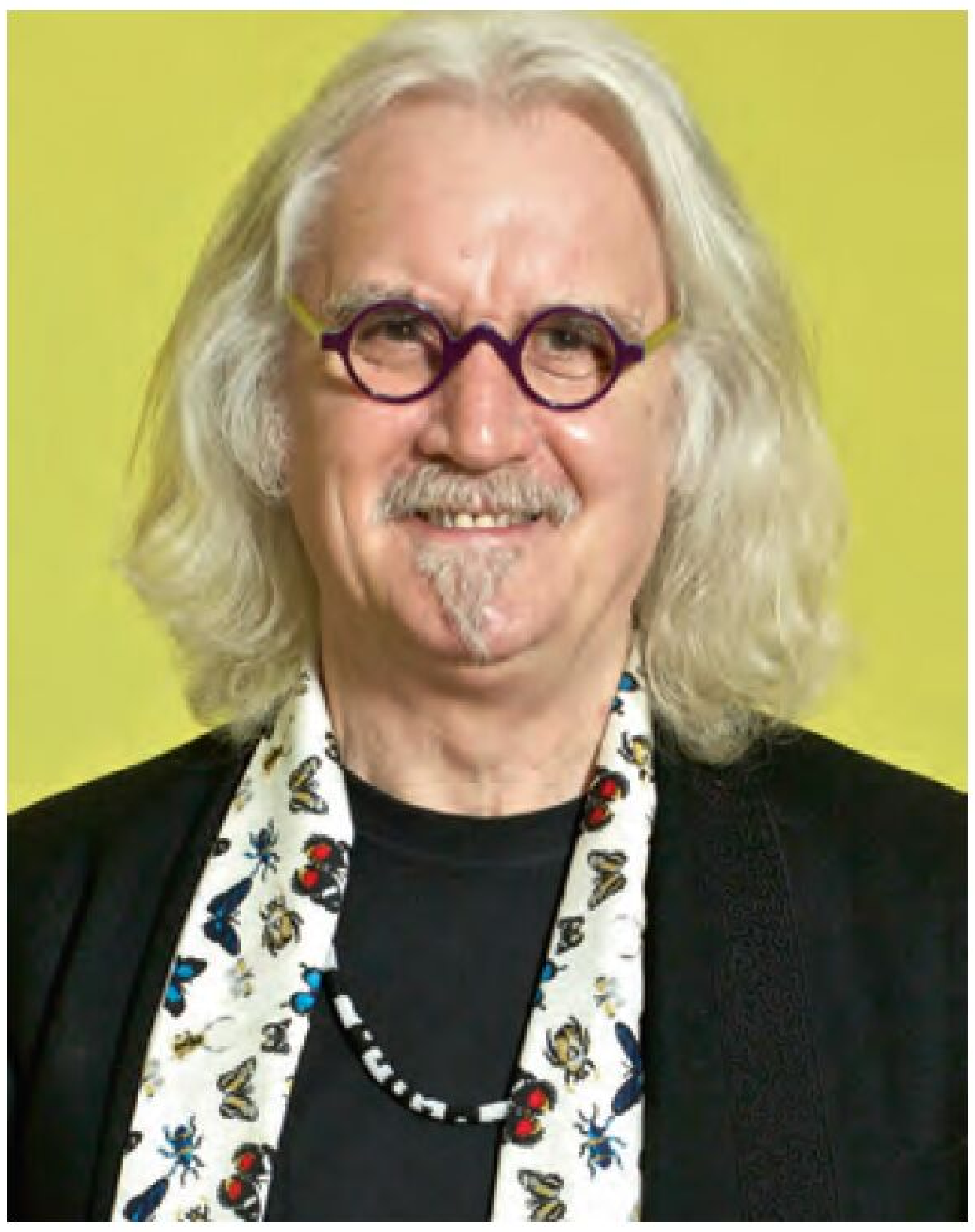
YOUR MUST-HAVE GUIDE TO THE GREATEST SCOTS WHO EVER LIVED!

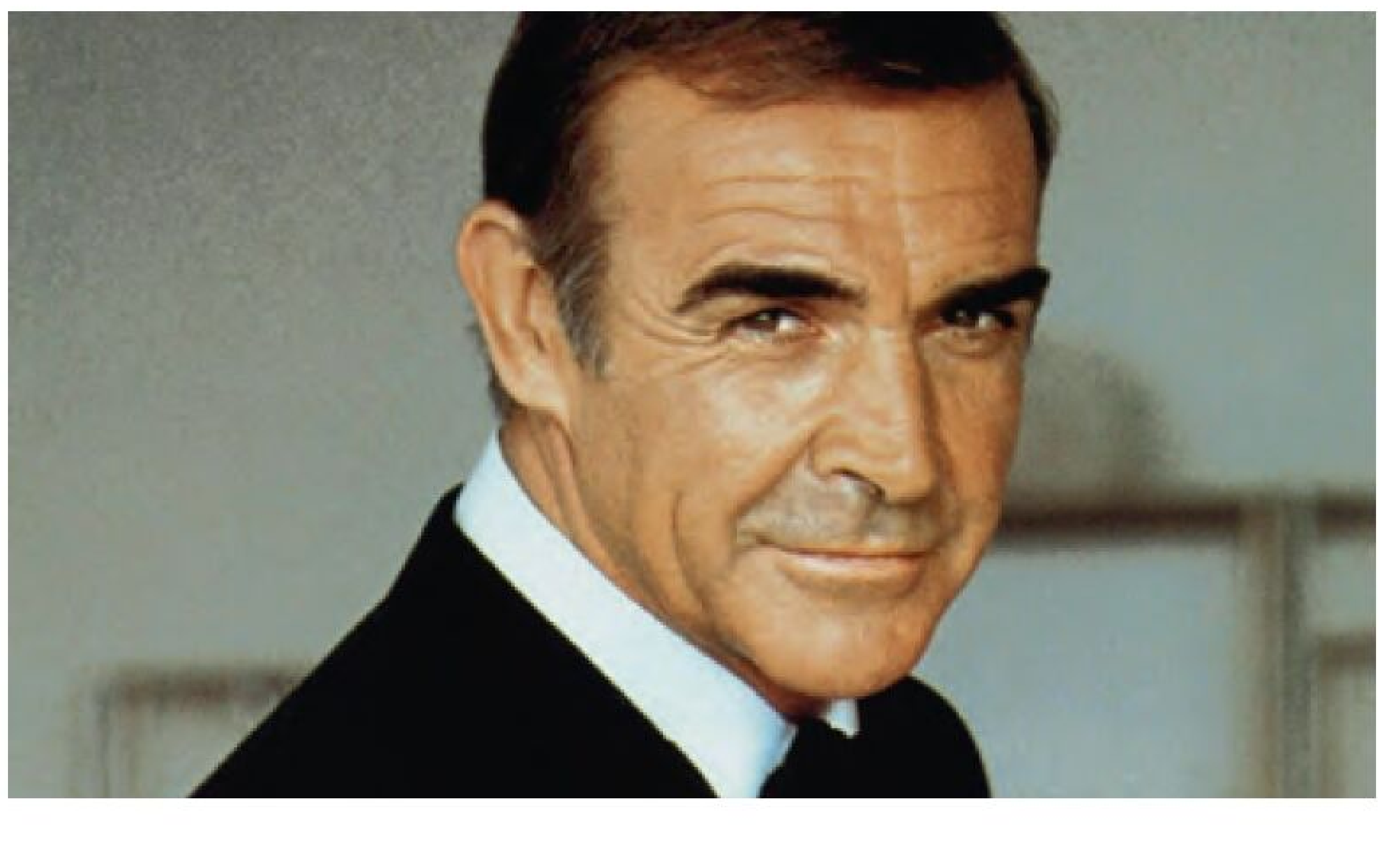
NEW!

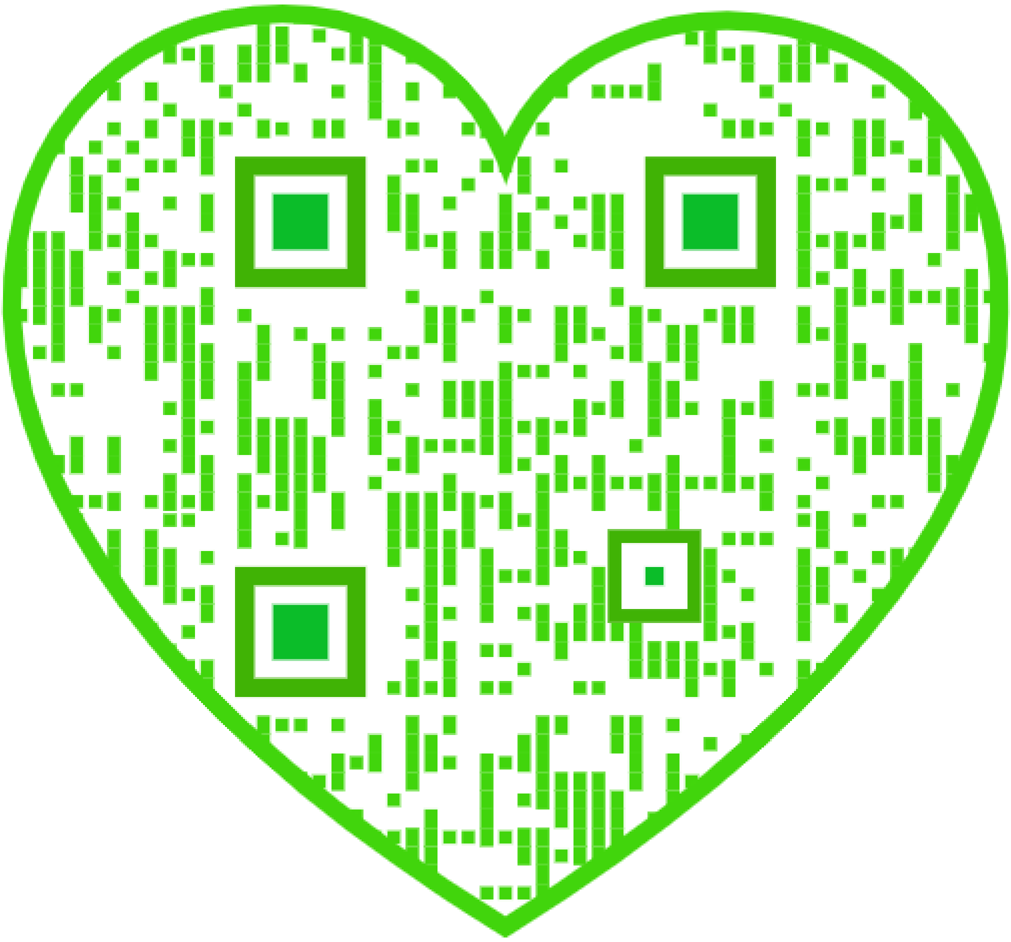
100 Great SCOTS

Discover the true stories behind the remarkable men and women who shaped Scotland and changed the world

148 INFO-PACKED PAGES







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The History Makers

WELCOME to *100 Great Scots* – an amazing guide that reveals the lives of some of the greatest Scots ever to have lived. Discover the inspirational true stories of the men and women who shaped Scotland and shook the world!

Brought to you by the award-winning team behind *The Scots Magazine* – founded in 1739 and the oldest magazine still in production on the planet – *100 Great Scots* is packed full of astounding tales and fascinating facts.

For a small country on the fringes of Europe, Scotland's always punched above its weight in terms of global impact – whether it's the inventors who kick-started the modern world, or the writers and artists who shaped the way we think.

The Scots we've selected are just a tiny slice of the many thousands who could have featured. The 100 here are not a definitive list, nor are they ranked in terms of greatness – rather they are an eclectic mix of the great and the good, famous names and remarkable people you won't believe you've never heard of. All of them have achieved greatness – and changed our lives.

Modern cultural icons like Billy Connolly and Sean Connery, and sporting greats like Andy Murray, Jackie Stewart and Shirley Robertson, take their place among heroes of Scottish history, including Robert the Bruce, William Wallace, Rob Roy and Flora MacDonald.

You'll find exhilarating tales of piracy and adventure, mystery and political intrigue, alongside inspiring stories of scientists pushing medical frontiers, campaigners fighting for the disadvantaged, titans of literature and the arts, and the ingenious inventors who made history.

100 Great Scots is the ultimate read for everyone with a passion for Scotland.

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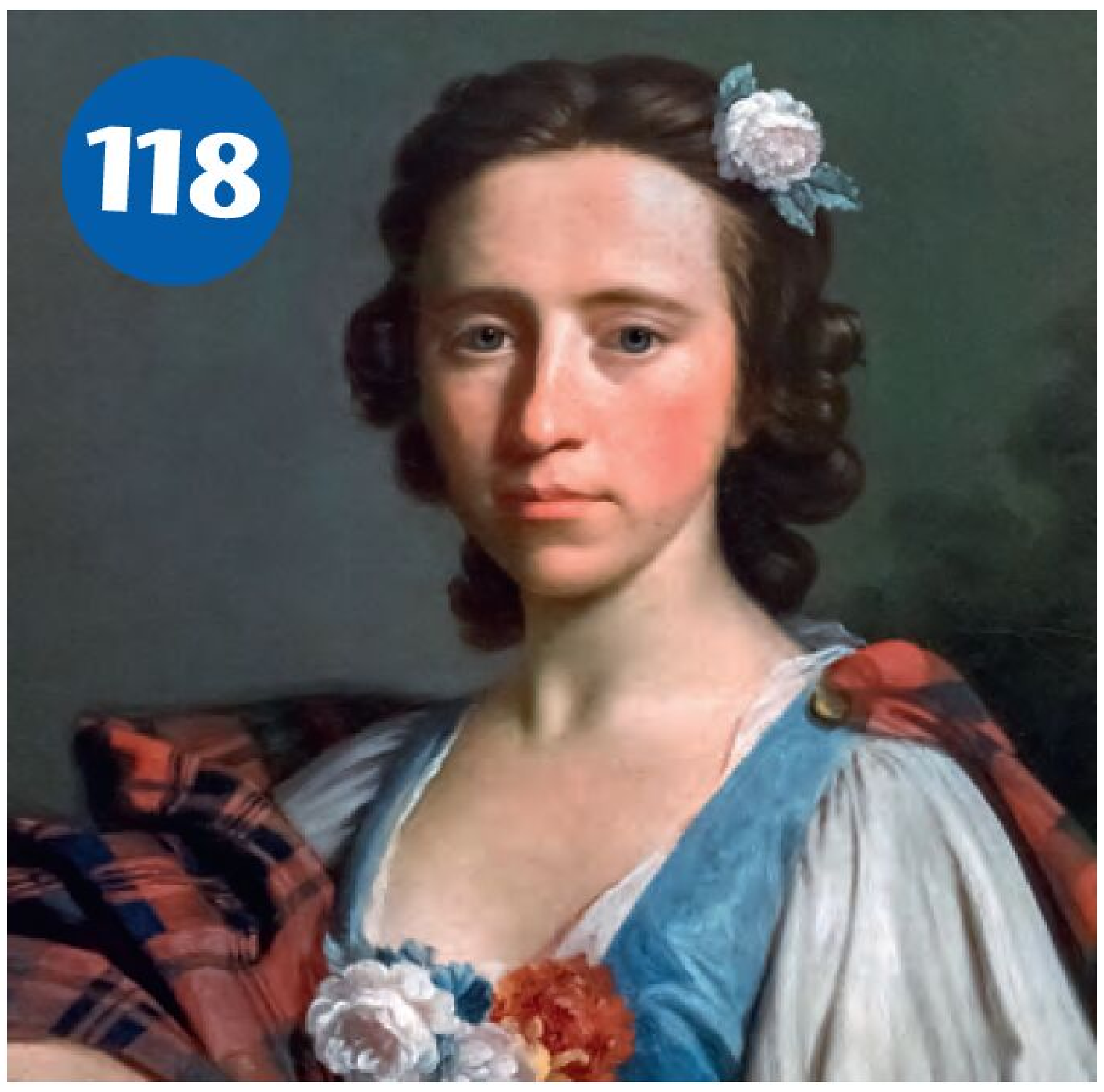
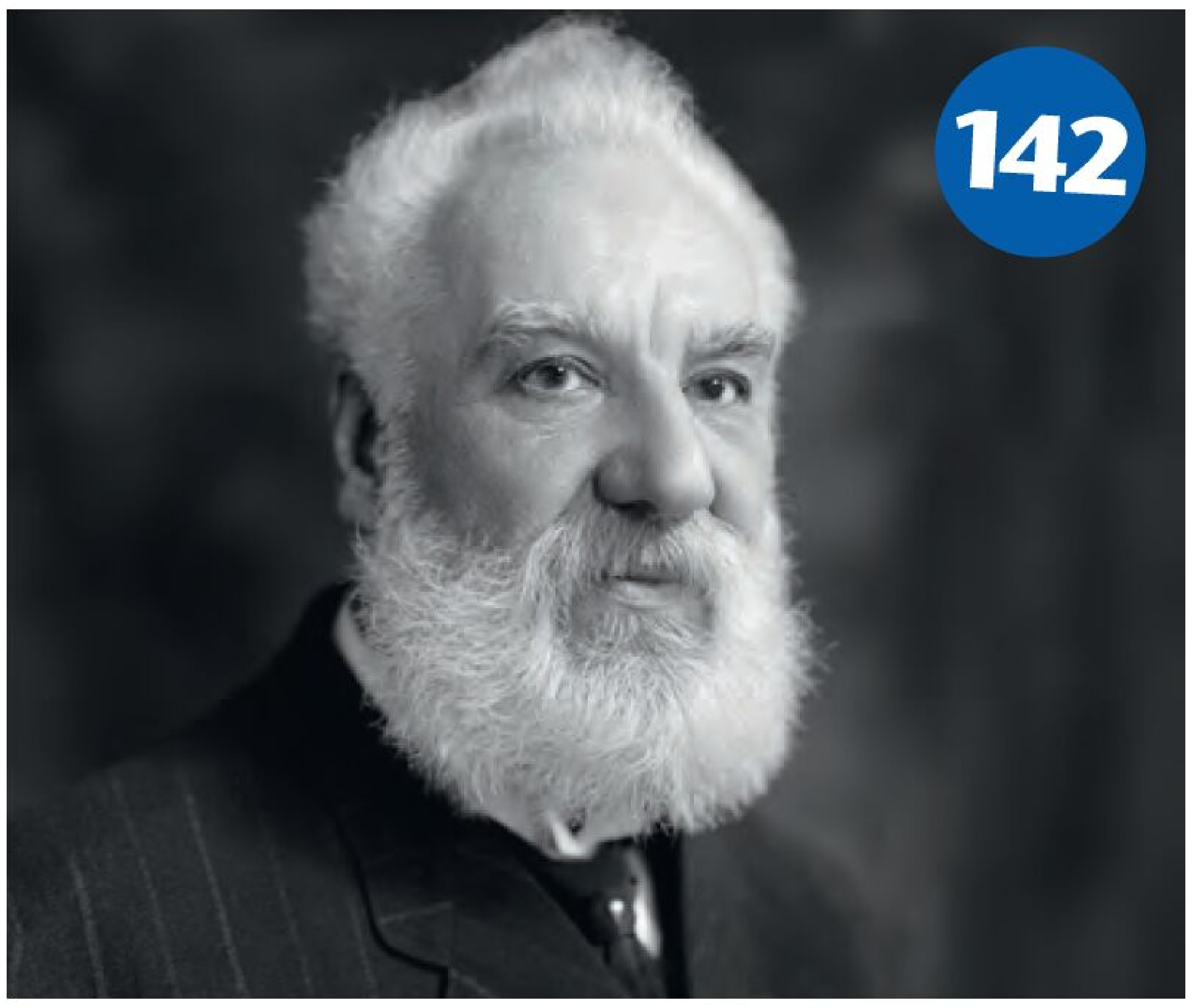
100 Great SCOTS





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Windswept and
interesting indeed!

> “His high-energy performances had people in stitches for hours”

Billy Connolly

Comedian, musician, actor, artist, writer... The Big Yin was born to entertain and, after the toughest of starts, is surely now Scotland's most cherished national treasure

BILLY CONNOLLY is synonymous with Scotland. Affectionately known as "The Big Yin", he is one of the country's best known and most loved figures. A truly one-off talent, his career in comedy began after a stint as a folk musician, when he quickly discovered his calling was to entertain.

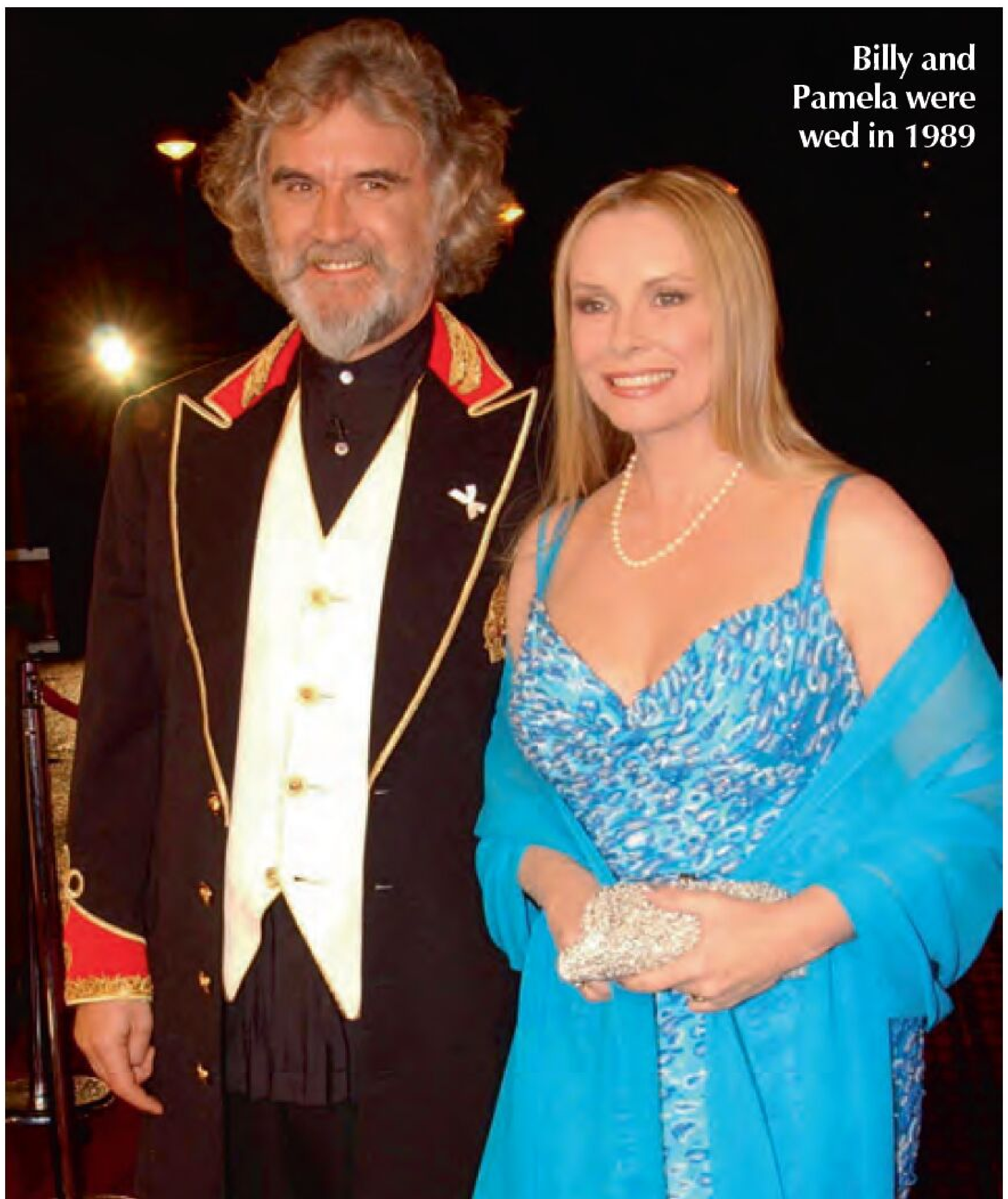
However, his chances of success were distinctly low. Born into dire poverty in Glasgow in 1942, his childhood was, at best, unstable and, at worst, deeply traumatic. After his mother abandoned Billy and his sister Florence, aged three and four, the children were taken in by two aunts to their Partick home. However, sadly, this was not a happy ending, but the start of an abusive childhood.

After a move to a comparatively luxurious housing estate in Drumchapel as a teen, Billy started work in Glasgow's shipyards. Making a living as a boilermaker for a number of years, he credits this time with schooling him in a distinctly Glaswegian sense of humour, which set him up nicely for a life in comedy.

He left the shipyards in the 1960s to pursue a career as a musician – with local success – and his transition to comedy followed. Initially performing music with jokes in between songs, the comedy soon stole the show.

What set him apart from other comedians was his ability to keep audiences laughing non-stop. Unlike other stand-up acts who spun out jokes slowly, building to a comedic crescendo, Billy's high energy performances had venues full of people in stitches for hours on end.

And, despite him now being retired from stand-up, his jokes are still vividly remembered across Scotland. Our personal favourite: "Before you judge a man, walk a mile in his shoes. After that, who cares? He's a mile away and you've got his shoes!"

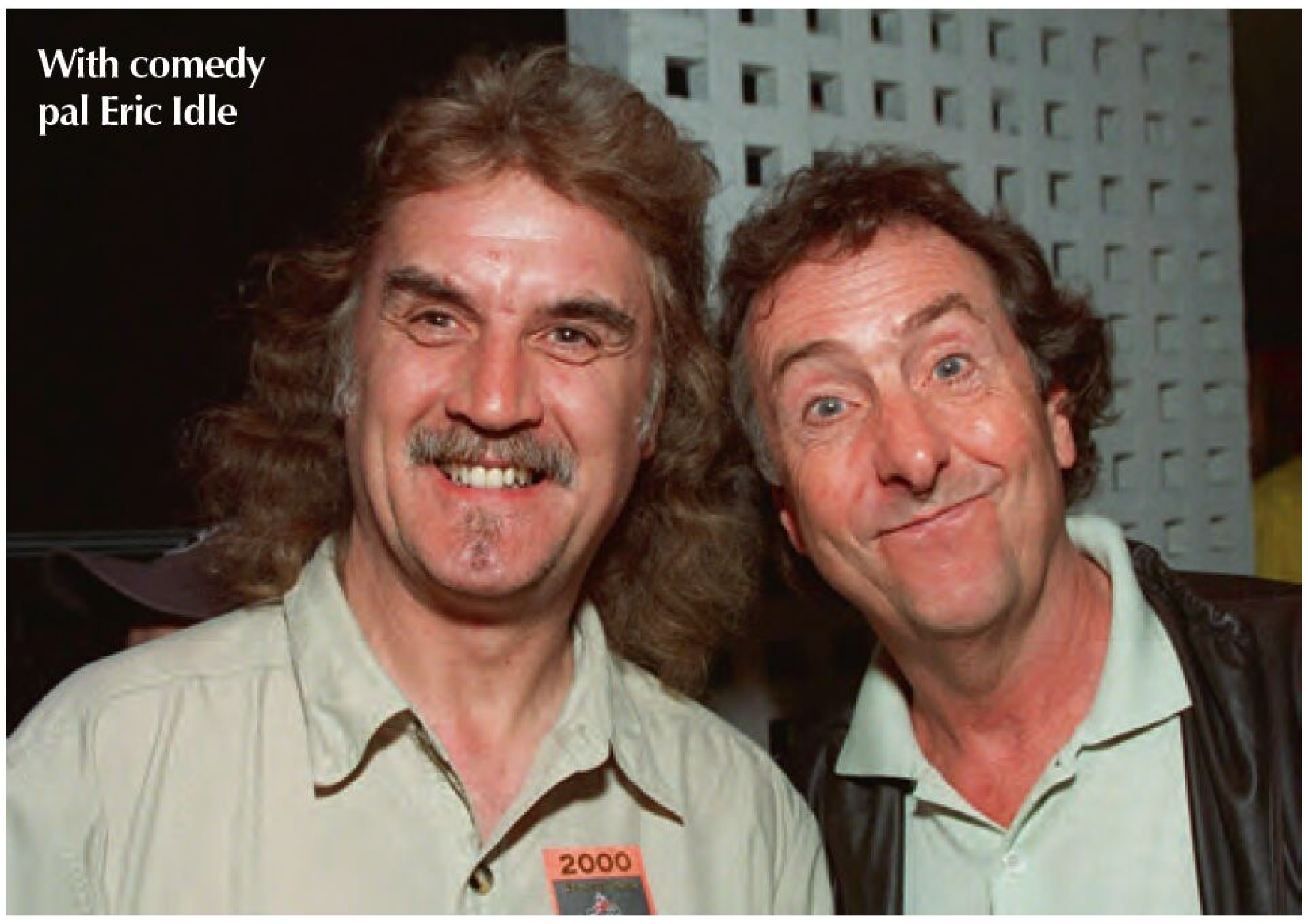

Billy and Pamela were wed in 1989

A stand-up legend

However, his talent doesn't start and end with comedy. Making the move to America with his wife Pamela in the '80s, film appearances became a big part of Billy's career. Appearing in a wonderfully eclectic variety of roles alongside the likes of Dame Judi Dench and Sir Ian McKellen, in everything from *Mrs Brown* to *The Hobbit*; *Garfield* to *The Last Samurai*, his time as an actor made him a household name worldwide.

In 2013, Billy was diagnosed with Parkinson's at the age of 70. As the symptoms progressed, he took the decision to retire from comedy. Now living in Florida with Pamela, in recent years he has devoted his time to writing books about his life (his 2021 autobiography, *Windswept And Interesting*, was wildly popular) and, more recently, to art. Having found a new passion in drawing, Billy's quirky artworks are now in high demand.

Awarded a much-deserved Knighthood for his services to comedy and charity in 2017, Billy's biggest achievement will always be his status as one of Scotland's most cherished national treasures.


With comedy pal Eric Idle

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Andy Murray

Legend of the court and knight of Scottish hearts, Andy won the whole country over with his honesty, determination and a procession of tennis titles

A slow-burn national hero

ANDY MURRAY first got his hands on a tennis racket when he was just two years old and it was love at first smash. By the age of three, he and little brother Jamie's indoor games had left the windows and wallpaper of the family home permanently polka-dotted with ball marks. Aged four, Andy was already regularly beating his tennis pro mum, Judy.

Sport was very much in the genes. In addition to mum Judy, his grandfather had played professional football and an uncle was a golf pro in America. It seemed inevitable Andy would end up playing sport for a living. It nearly wasn't tennis though. Football-mad Andy was invited to trial with Rangers when he was 14. However, already committed to tennis, he turned it down.

Andy might have grown up a few hundred yards from a tennis court in Dunblane, but by 15 he was becoming increasingly frustrated. Losing ground to his rivals – particularly Rafa Nadal – he realised that to keep pace he needed to develop his skills abroad. Andy arrived at the Sánchez-Casal Academy in Barcelona as a shy boy who liked to keep himself to himself. The relentless hitting drills sharpened his talent though and instilled in him the incredible work ethic that remains to this day. All the hard work was paying off. On his 18th birthday, Andy was ranked 375th in the world. By the end of his teens, he was in the world's top 10.

Working on how he was perceived by the media and general public took a little longer. He first arrived at Wimbledon, as an 18-year-old wild card. Skinny, with an explosion of long curly hair and a permanent scowl, he didn't look like any British tennis star we'd had before and he certainly didn't act like one. There were tantrums and strops and plenty of potty-mouthed moments from the relentlessly-competitive Andy. It was an old habit. As a child, his first nickname was Bamm Bamm, because he'd get so angry that he'd start bashing stuff about. Wimbledon fans weren't sure about the surly Scot and certainly weren't ready to rename Henman Hill just yet. The press weren't too enamoured either. In interviews, he could seem blunt and at times confrontational. A private person, he refused to provide the sound-bites many of the other players gave.

For many years he refused to discuss the subject that had affected him most – surviving the Dunblane massacre. Andy and Jamie were pupils at Dunblane Primary School when gunman Thomas Hamilton killed 16 children and one teacher in 1996. Andy finally talked about the trauma of the tragedy in his 2008 autobiography, *Hitting Back*, and again in a 2013 BBC documentary, *Andy Murray: The Man Behind The Racquet*.

A few more years – and a lot more trophies – has smoothed Andy's rough edges somewhat. As did marriage, in 2015, to long-time girlfriend Kim Sears. Andy evolved into a thoughtful, honest sportsman who wasn't afraid to stand up for his beliefs. It might have been a slow burn but he truly is a national hero. He was knighted in 2016 for his services to tennis and charity.

His stats are mightily impressive. He has won 46 career titles, including three Grand Slam events while he's the only tennis player, male or female, to hold two Olympic gold medals for singles events.

In a career punctuated by injuries – back, knee, ankles and finally hip – playing through pain was very much part of his life. While the last few years have seen a decline in his ability to compete at the highest level, they have done nothing to dent his legacy.

He intends to use his impending retirement to concentrate on his family – he shares four children with Kim – and business interests including Cromlix House, his luxury hotel near Dunblane.

Winning Wimbledon in 2013

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCKK

2

“A thoughtful sportsman not afraid to stand up for his beliefs”

Braveheart captures the spirit if not the historical accuracy

3

> *“He fought against English occupation and for the restoration of his king”*

William Wallace

Facts may be disputed, but the courage of the rebel who fought against Edward I of England and suffered a gruesome death ensures he remains an enduring folk hero

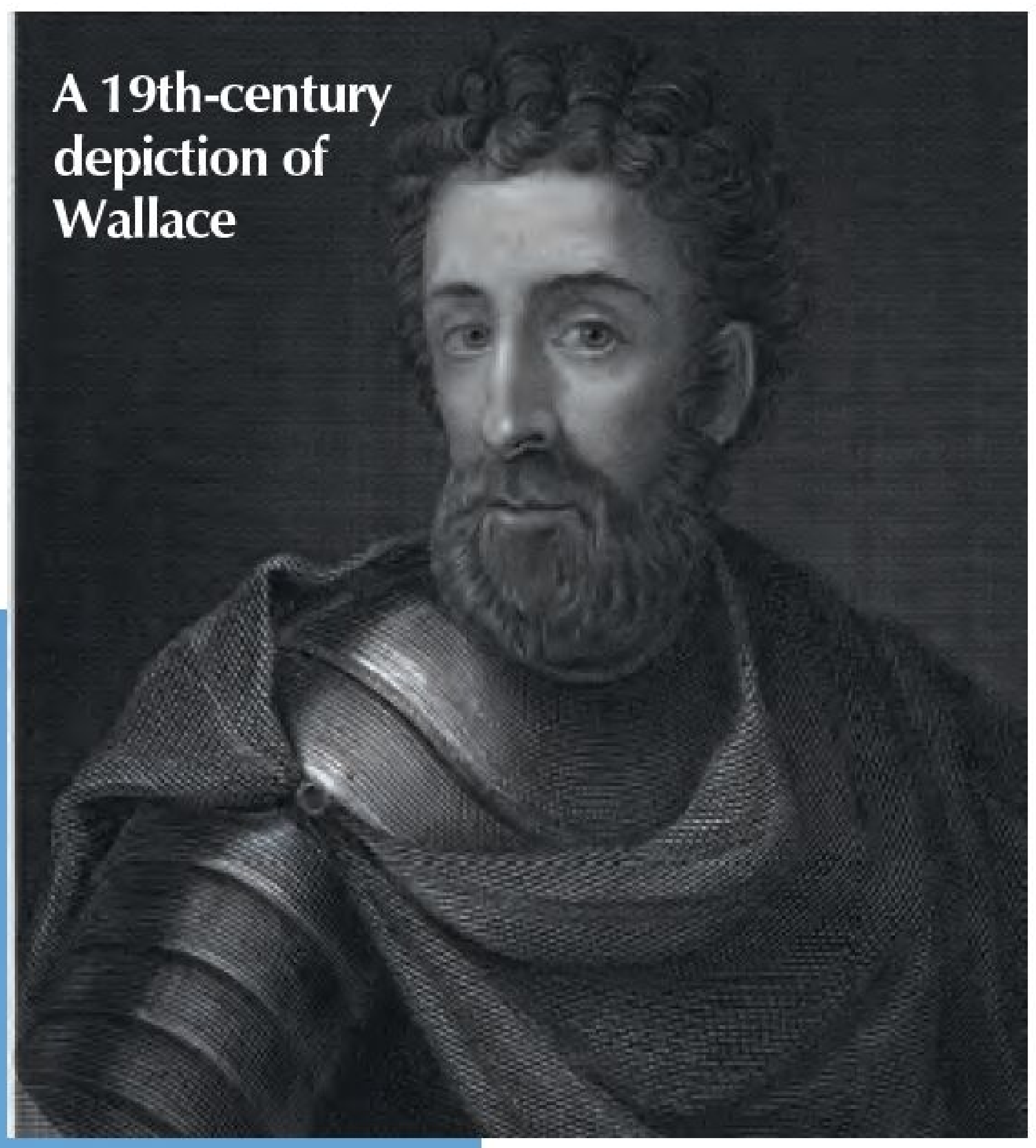
IF anyone can truly be called Scotland's national hero, it's surely Sir William Wallace, whose life saw triumph, defeat, survival against the odds, tragic betrayal and finally martyrdom.

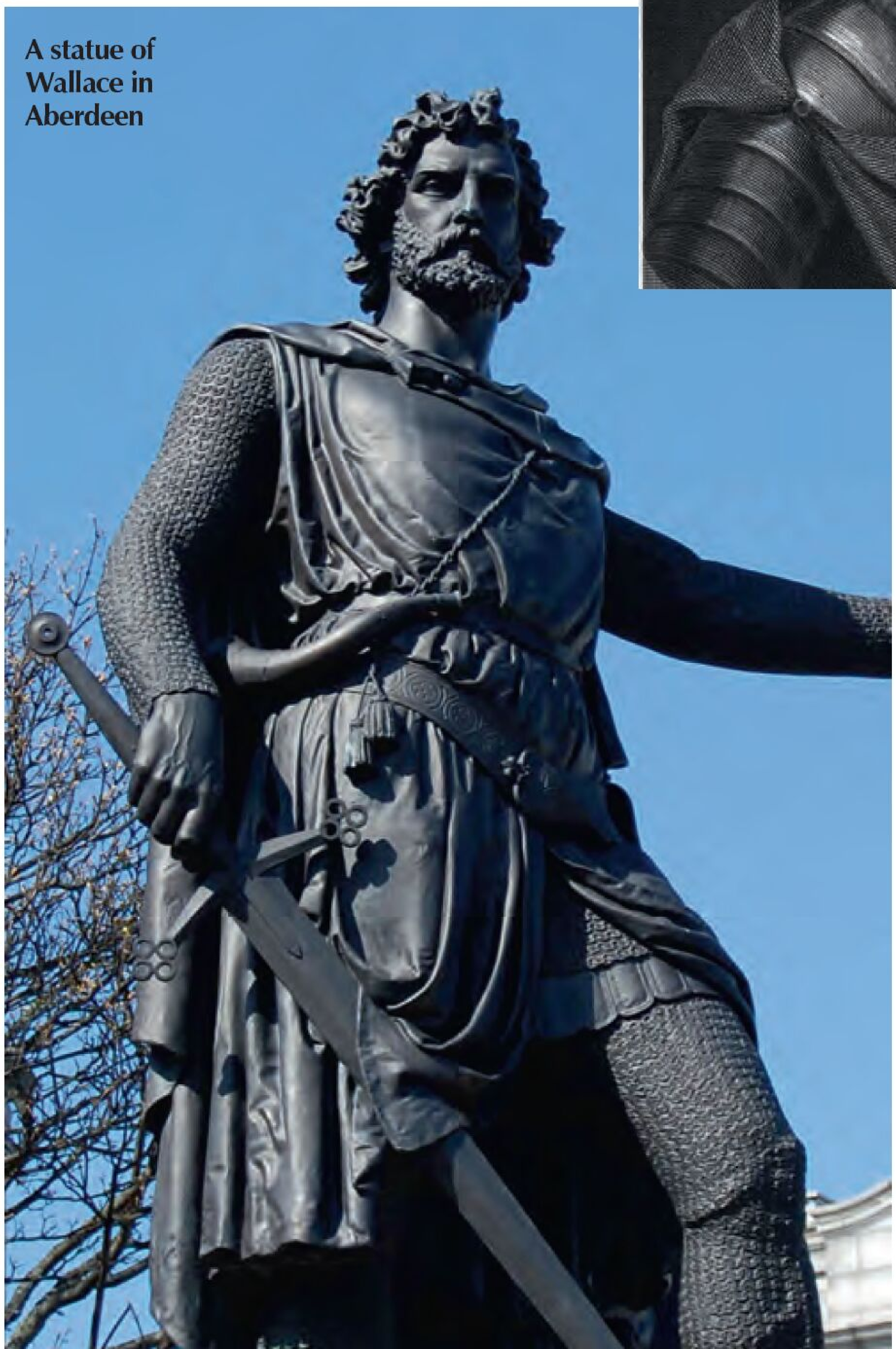
No wonder Wallace's story has inspired novelists, songwriters, poets and filmmakers. Mel Gibson's 1995 film *Braveheart* remains iconic, to the annoyance of historians due to its many inaccuracies.

Given the limited historical records, it's easy to rely on the legend first written down in *The Wallace*, an epic narrative by 15th century Scottish poet Blind Harry. It clearly touches on something dry histories don't, and remains a popular source of information on Wallace to this day.

We can't be certain where or when Wallace was born. Some historians, like Ian Donnachie and George Hewitt – authors of *The Birlinn Companion to Scottish History*, 2007 – confidently describe him as "the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie" in Renfrewshire. Others are wary. Author Chris Brown, for example, points out that his earliest exploits were in and around Ayrshire, where Wallace is a fairly common surname.

This particular Wallace lived during the early years of the Wars of Independence, at a time when the English king Edward I had deposed Scottish monarch John Balliol in a bid to bring all of the British Isles under his control. Wallace's loyalty to Balliol was steadfast – he fought against English occupation and for the restoration of his king until the bitter end.


A 19th-century depiction of Wallace


A statue of Wallace in Aberdeen

His earliest recorded action was the 1297 murder of Sir William Haselrigg, sheriff of Lanark – according to Blind Harry, it was revenge for the murder of Wallace's mistress.

By May that year, Wallace was leading a group of men-at-arms. On one occasion they descended on an official, William Ormsby, as he opened a court session at Scone. Ormsby escaped to warn his superiors that a revolt against English occupation was under way.

By August, Wallace had linked up with Sir Andrew Murray, a similar rebel and heir of a northern baron. Not only did they combine forces, but Wallace gained respectability through Murray's higher standing among Scotland's top nobles.

Edward I – who, not for the first time, mistakenly thought Scotland was sorted – left with his army for France. Any military response to Wallace and Murray lay in the hands of trusted lieutenants.

Wallace and Murray's dramatic triumph over an English army at Stirling Bridge brought Edward back in a hurry. It's unclear if their men were popularly proclaimed or simply assumed the roles of Guardians of Scotland – regents for the usurped John Balliol. However Murray, wounded in the battle, died weeks later.

Wallace led his troops through Lothian then into the North of England, both to feed his soldiers on enemy resources and further undermine Edward, boosting morale.

Edward brought a large army north and little over a year after Stirling Bridge, Wallace's forces were defeated by superior numbers and use of archery, near Falkirk. Wallace fled the field and, the following year, temporarily left for France. He'd returned to Scotland by 1303, maintaining a guerrilla campaign against the English occupation for more than a year.

Aware that Edward's victory in France ended any prospect of further aid against English aggression, Scottish nobles essentially came to terms with Edward's representatives at Strathord in February 1304. Wallace, excluded, became an outlaw.

Captured in Glasgow in 1305 by Sir John Menteith, he was sent to London for a show trial. Charged with treason against a king to whom he had never sworn allegiance, Wallace was dragged through London behind a horse, hung by the neck and cut down while still conscious. His torso was split open, his major organs removed and burned. He was beheaded and quarters of his body sent to Newcastle – as a trophy for those Wallace raided in 1297 – and to Berwick, Perth and Stirling as a warning against rebellion.

Wallace's own revolutionary career was brief, but his struggle was finally vindicated by Robert the Bruce at Bannockburn in 1314.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCKK, ALAMY

Sue Black

A phobia of rats led this trailblazing scientist to a high-profile career developing new methods to help identify the deceased and catch criminals

RATS played a significant role in Sue Black's career choice. It might sound like the plot of one of her friend Val McDermid's macabre novels, but this story is strictly non-fiction.

Now recognised as one of the world's leading forensic anthropologists, Sue was all set to become a pathologist studying diseases until her rodent phobia took her on a different path. A fourth year project during her biology degree at Aberdeen University involved working with rats and mice. Unable to contemplate doing this, she chose instead to study human bone. The rest, as they say, is history.

Rats aside, her interest in anatomy began at an early age. She was still at primary school when she began skinning and gutting the birds and deer shot by her hotelier father. Then, aged 13, she got a Saturday job at the local farm shop's butcher near her home in Inverness and loved it. After being awarded both her undergraduate and doctorate degrees in Aberdeen, Sue began work as a forensic anthropologist at St Thomas' Hospital, London, in 1987.

She describes a call from the Foreign Office in 1999 as a "game-changer". She was asked to lead a team documenting and identifying the mass graves in Kosovo. The techniques she used included comparing the victims' teeth with dental records and examining marks on their bones to determine gender, age and ethnicity. Documented evidence gathered in the field would later be presented at the UN War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague.

Her professionalism and passion for her subject have also taken her to the killing fields of Iraq and Sierra Leone and in 2004 she was one of the first forensic scientists to travel to Thailand to assist in identifying those killed in the Indian Ocean tsunami. She told of her work and harrowing experiences in war and disaster zones and with police investigations in her bestselling memoir, *All That Remains*.

Sue has witnessed scenes of inhumanity that most of us can barely imagine and along the way risked her own safety. She was bitten by a poisonous snake in Kosovo, and her helicopter in Iraq came perilously close to crashing. Despite this, she's a firm believer in staying positive and of seeing the good in people. She had to exhume a grandmother's family as part of an investigation in Kosovo, and the woman graciously served tea to Sue and her team, despite the circumstances. This is just one of her memories of the sort of incredible humanity shown in the bleakest of situations.

With good friend Val McDermid

Sue spent 15 years at Dundee University

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCKK

Her work has quite rightly been recognised and rewarded. In 2001, she received an OBE and in 2016, while director of Dundee University's Centre for Anatomy and Human Identification (CAHID)and the Leverhulme Research Centre for Forensic Science, she received a Damehood.

Dundee University asked her to run their anatomy department back in 2003, but Sue was initially hesitant. By her own admission, she didn't welcome a return to academia – she was having too much fun jumping out of Chinook helicopters. However, the university told her she had the freedom to do what she wanted with the department. It was that flexibility that swung it and led to an incredible, scientifically ground-breaking 15-year partnership. Sue was the figurehead and collection tin rattler-in-chief during the high-profile fundraising campaign that enabled a £2 million upgrade to the department's mortuary.

A new role of Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Engagement at Lancaster University finally tempted Sue away from Dundee in 2018 and, three years later, she was elected the next President of St John's College, Oxford.

Sue might have left Dundee, but she intends on returning as she is bequeathing her remains to Dundee University. She'd like her bones stored in the skeletal teaching collection or hung in the dissecting room. She has said that if things go to plan, she'll live on in the minds of those who learn anatomy and fall in love with its beauty and logic just like she did. It sums this remarkable woman up perfectly – passionate and practical to the very end.

4

> “She has witnessed scenes of inhumanity that most of us can barely imagine”

Scotland was always in his thoughts

5

> *“When he was born in Edinburgh in 1850, a wanderlust future seemed unlikely”*

Robert Louis Stevenson

From honeymooning in a bunkhouse to treks with a donkey to writing the quintessential pirate adventure, this cherished author lived well and laughed often

RIGHTLY considered one of Scotland's most famous sons, Robert Louis Stevenson had great pride and passion for his homeland, but it was his travels abroad that inspired much of his work, including his most famous novel, *Treasure Island.*

When he was born in Edinburgh in 1850, a wanderlust future must have seemed unlikely. Plagued with breathing problems, Robert was a weak child. However, the issues did have a positive effect on the young lad – they provided him with a reason to travel.

Under the advice of doctors, Robert spent much of his life abroad in climates that were kinder to his struggling lungs.

At the age of 26, after finishing his studies at Edinburgh University, he set off with his good friend Walter Simpson. The pair travelled to Belgium where they canoed along the canals of the River Oisé from Antwerp to Northern France. Robert used his experiences to write his first book *An Inland Voyage.*

Robert then travelled to Grez-sur-Loing, just outside Paris, and it was here that he would meet the love of his life, Frances "Fanny" Osbourne. The American mother-of-two was 11 years older than Robert and estranged from her philandering husband. She was unlike any woman Robert had met and he immediately fell in love with her, nicknaming her The Wild Woman of the West.

However, their relationship was troubled – Fanny was married and couldn't commit to the penniless writer. After two years together in France, she returned to her home in California. Bereft, Robert consoled himself in the most unusual way. He bought a donkey called Modestine and set off on a walking tour of France. An account of his trip, *Travels With A Donkey In The Cevennes,* would go on to be considered a classic.

Despite the trip's calming effect, Robert couldn't forget Frances. When he received a telegram informing him Fanny was ill, he began the long journey to be with her. The trip from France to California was exhausting. Sailing across the Atlantic to New York, Robert then travelled west. The journey was more than 9,656km (6,000 miles) long and took its toll on his health. He later wrote the book *The Amateur Emigrant* about the experience.

When Robert finally reached Frances, he did not receive the warm welcome he had longed for. She was still married and refused to continue their relationship until she was divorced.

Distraught, Robert set off on horseback to Carmel Hills, to camp out. The trip was ill-advised, however, and he quickly lost his bearings and almost died before being rescued by two locals.

By the end of the year, Fanny was divorced and the couple could finally be together. By May 1880, they were married, and their honeymoon in Napa Valley was rather strange. They squatted in a derelict bunkhouse in a mining camp called Silverado. It was unconventional, but one that seemed to suit the bohemian writer and his new pistol-slinging wife well.

Robert never missed the opportunity to put pen to paper and spent much of the trip writing *The Silverado Squatters* about the adventure. The book is filled with observations about California in the 19th century, as well as Robert's own thoughts on travel.

Homesick, Robert and his family returned to Scotland before settling in Bournemouth. During a holiday to Braemar in 1881, Stevenson spent a rainy day indoors with his stepson, Lloyd. The pair began drawing maps, creating one called *Treasure Island.*

Instantly inspired, Robert began a tale to accompany the map. It was his first novel and became a bestseller, providing him with money from his writing at last. This was the start of literary success for Robert, who went on to write *Prince Otto, The Strange Case Of Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde* and *Kidnapped* in quick succession.

However, his health continued to deteriorate, and when his father died in 1887, he travelled to warmer climates with Fanny, Lloyd and his mother Margaret.

By the time the family reached Tahiti, however, Robert was so ill that doctors advised him his next lung haemorrhage would be fatal.

Refusing to let his health dictate his life, he continued to sail, visiting the Gilbert Islands and finally the island of Samoa.

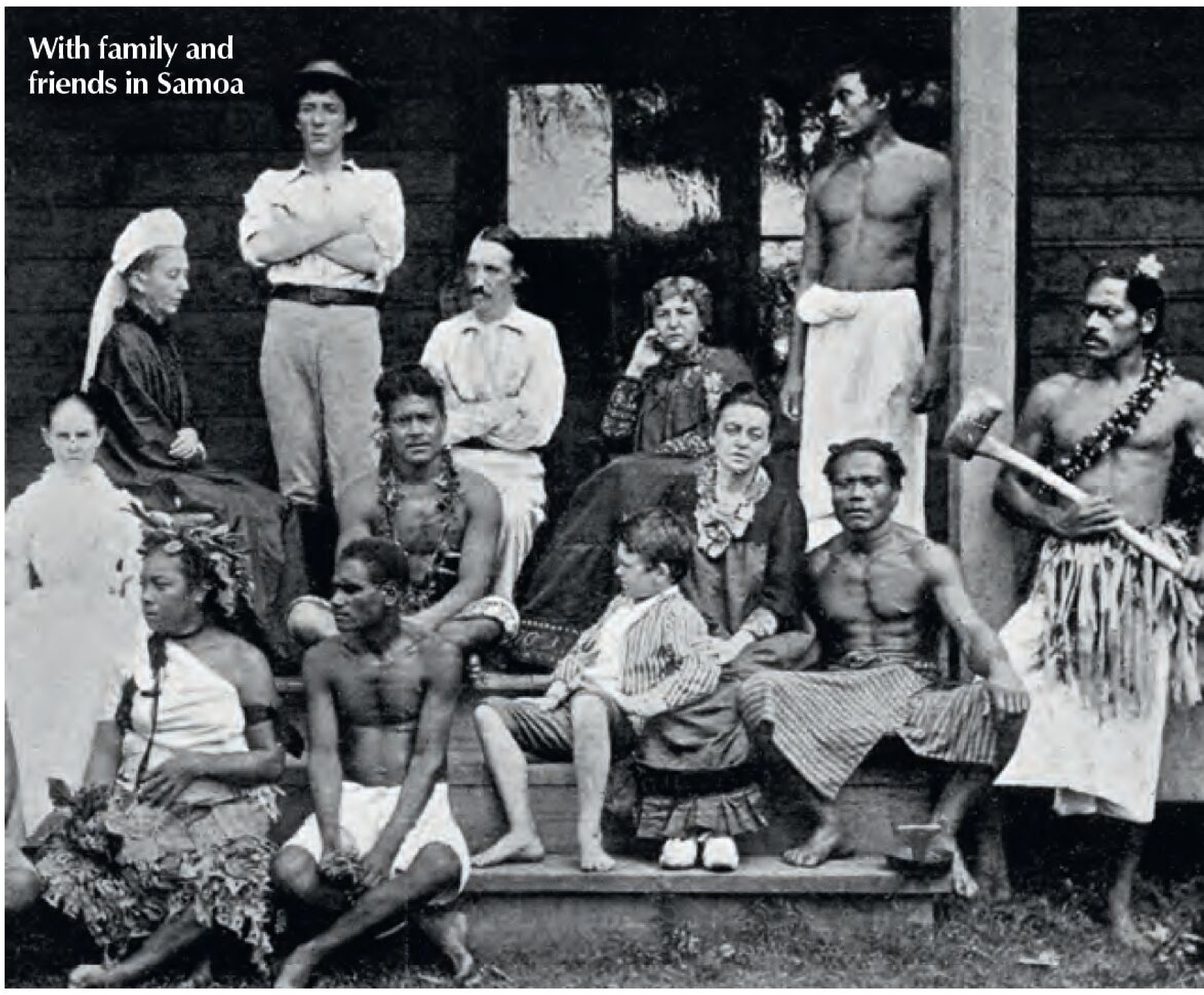
The sea air and warmer climate restored Robert's spirit and he continued to write. He began penning the novel *The Master Of Ballantrae*, a book about the Jacobite rebellion in Scotland, as well as his final travel memoir *In The South Seas.*

Scotland was forever on his mind, it seems, but after two attempts at a return voyage were aborted due to his failing health, Robert resigned himself to never seeing his home country again, and settled on the island of Upolu in Samoa.

Robert's homesickness inspired his final piece, *The Weir Of Hermiston*, set in Edinburgh during the Napoleonic Wars.

Sadly, he would never see this final lovenote to his native country completed. Robert suffered a stroke and died at the age of 44 on that island in the South Pacific.

Pictures: ALAMY


With family and friends in Samoa

Doris Zinkeisen

Stylish, multi-talented Doris in 1929

A theatrical designer whose experience spanned Broadway and Bergen-Belsen

AFTER the Second World War, Argyll-born artist Doris Zinkeisen was asked to restore the mural she and her sister Anna had painted aboard *RMS Queen Mary*. Doris added a mouse, the story goes, as Cunard said its ships were rodent-free. The theatrical designer, painter and writer was a star of the inter-war art world. After training at Harrow School of Art and the Royal Academy Schools, Doris created costumes in London's West End for the likes of Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud, and sets for Noël Coward. Broadway and the movies beckoned; her work is seen in *Show Boat, Richard III* and films by Herbert Wilcox, who based *Blue Danube* on one of her short stories. Doris wrote *Designing For The Stage*, painted posters for LNER and was known for portraits. In 1934 she won the Moscow Cup at the International Horse Show.

Trained as a Voluntary Aid Detachment nurse, Doris joined the St John Ambulance Brigade at the outbreak of the war. Employed to document relief work in Europe, she was one of a handful of artists to enter the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. "She had nightmares for the rest of her life," her son Murray said.

Doris had three children with First World War flying ace Edward Grahame Johnstone. She died in 1991, aged 92.

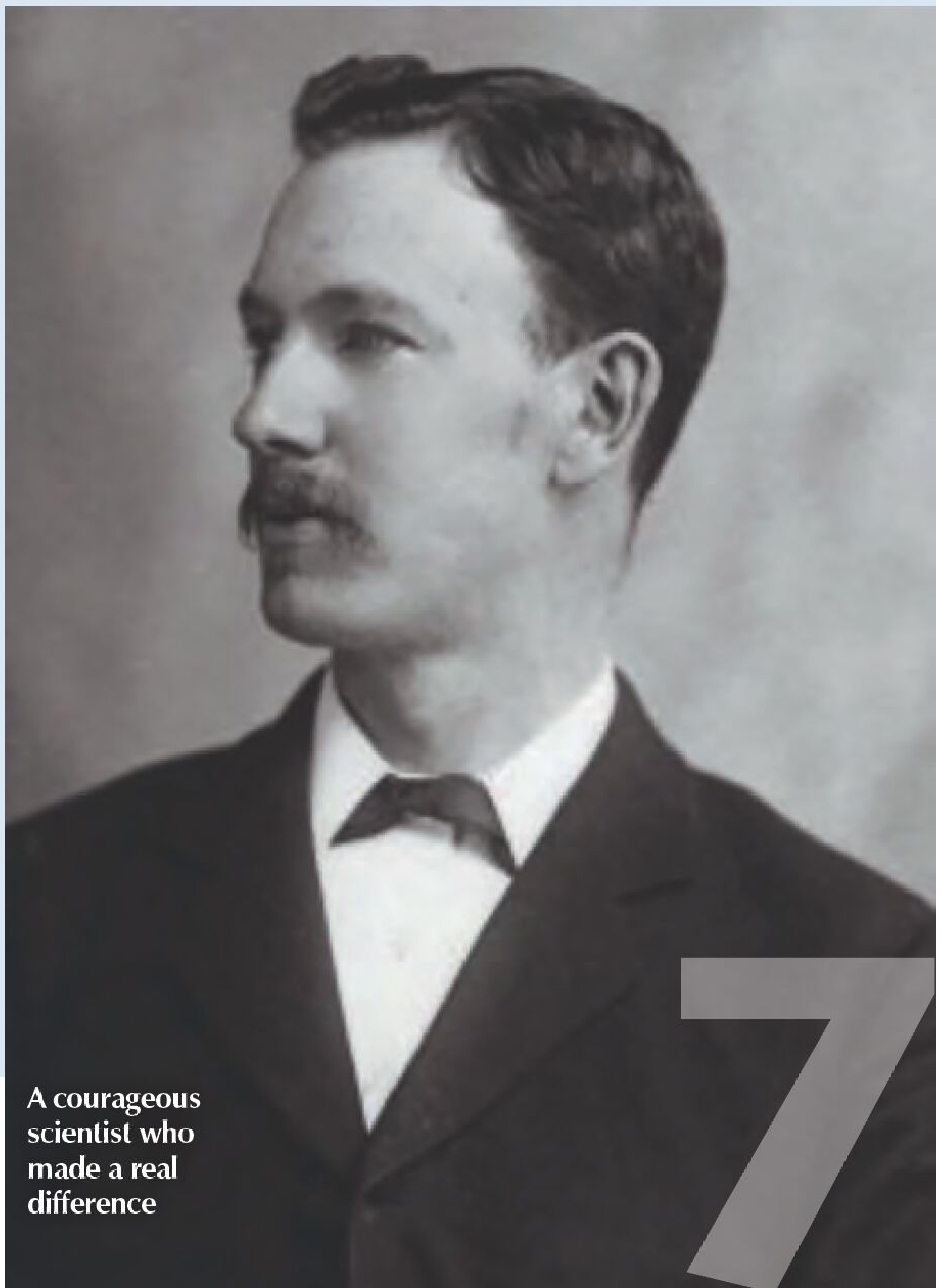
George Pirie

The X-ray martyr made the ultimate sacrifice to revolutionise medicine

IN Hamburg stands a monument to scientists, lab assistants, doctors and nurses who made the ultimate sacrifice in the early days of X-rays. In the quest to transform medicine they were exposed daily to harmful doses of radiation, enduring health problems and premature death. Yet thanks to them, countless lives have been saved.

Among the 359 names on the monument are those of Dingwall-born William Ironside Bruce; Glasgow's James Riddell; John W L Spence, Dawson Turner and William Hope Fowler of Edinburgh, and Dundonian doctor George Alexander Pirie.

In 1896, Pirie started work at Dundee Royal Infirmary, a year after physicist Wilhelm Röntgen discovered X-rays. Pirie began experimenting; his research was widely respected but by 1905, he had great pain in his hands. "I was urged to give up the X-ray work and merely superintend," he said, "but I could never bring myself to cause others to take a risk I would not take myself." His sight was damaged and his hands, covered in tumours, were amputated; one is preserved at Ninewells Hospital in Dundee. Retiring in 1925, he died in 1929. His legacy has aided billions.

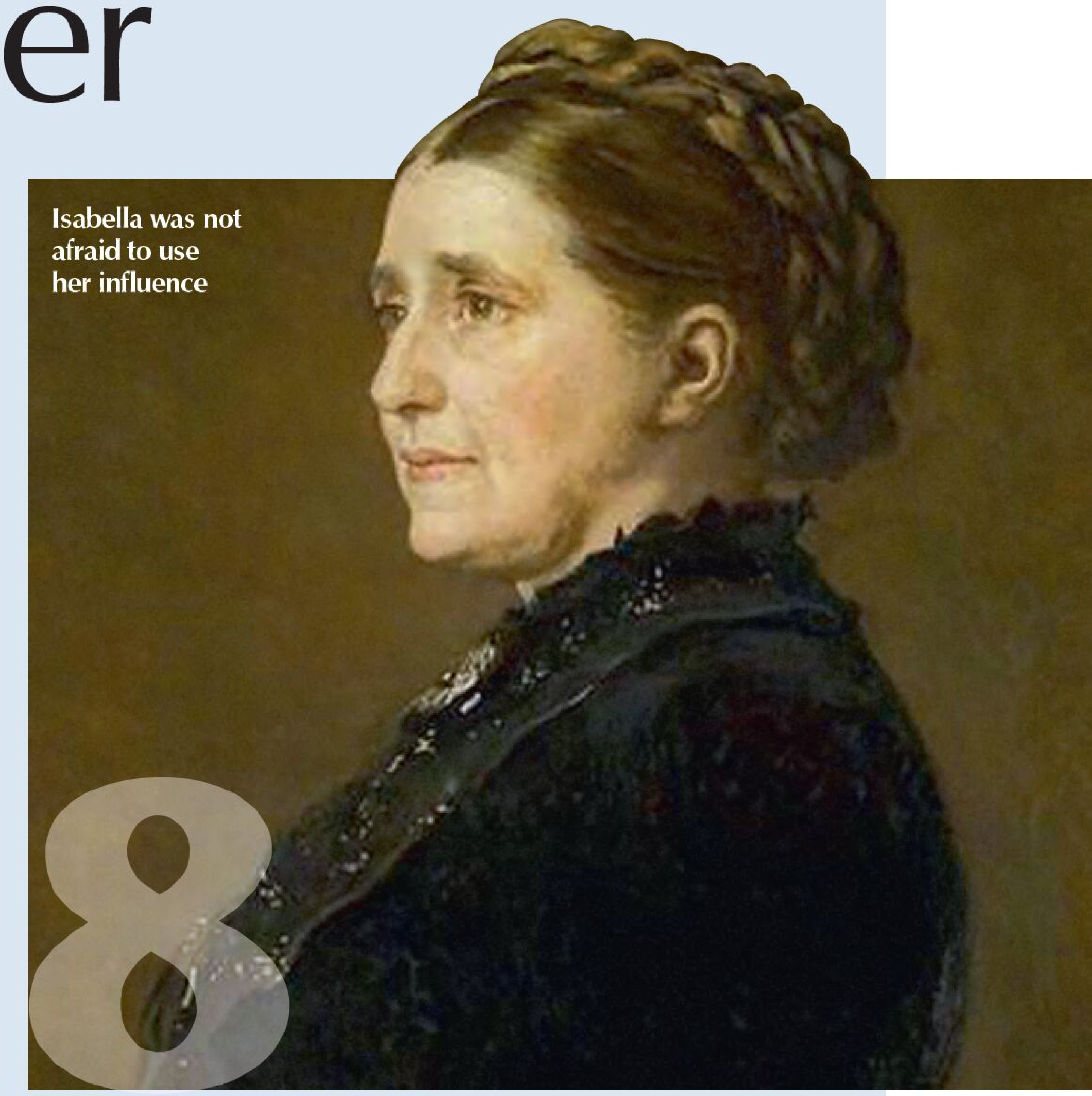


A courageous scientist who made a real difference

Images: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

Isabella Elder

The rich widow championed women's education and the Govan community



Isabella was not afraid to use her influence

8

ISABELLA ELDER was very rich. Her husband John Govan owned a leading shipbuilder and was a fine marine engineer. After his death in 1869, aged 45, Isabella took over before going into partnership with her brother. He ran the shipyard; she set about spending the cash on philanthropic projects.

She donated £5,000 to the Chair of Civil Engineering at Glasgow University, and £12,500 to create the John Elder Chair of Naval Architecture. Hearing Queen Margaret College would be the first in Scotland to offer places to women, she bought a house for the college to use rent-free and funded its first courses.

In 1892, QMC and the University of Glasgow merged. Isabella took back the keys to the house until the university promised high quality education for women too.

In Govan, Isabella created Elder Park, built a cottage hospital, opened a library and set up a school of domestic economy for local women. She died in 1905, leaving £125,000 to charity. Her death certificate was signed by Dr Marion Gilchrist, the first woman to graduate from the University of Glasgow. A statue of Isabella stands in Elder Park, paid for by the people of Govan.

Robina Qureshi

Robina has an unwavering commitment to social justice

9

An activist who has fought racism for decades, making Glasgow a safer place

IN the 1960s, Robina's parents moved from Pakistan to Glasgow, raising the future activist and her six sisters in Pollokshields. The neighbourhood had a strong, supportive Pakistani community, but her family and friends still experienced everyday racism.

As director of Positive Action in Housing, a Glasgow-based human rights charity that helps refugees and migrants rebuild their lives in Scotland, she's been at the forefront of major social change.

Previously a welfare rights adviser, she joined PAIH in 1995, campaigning for families facing deportation, challenging injustice in housing, calling for detention centres to be closed, and holding the Scottish and UK Governments accountable. When the first dawn raids were carried out in Scotland, she was quick to voice her anger.

Robina is also an actor. She won an award at the 2001 Cherbourg-Octeville Festival of Irish and British Film for her role in *Gas Attack*, a futuristic film centring on asylum seekers.

Robina and the PAIH team have saved lives and enriched communities. Earlier this year, an attempted dawn raid in Glasgow's Southside made headlines when locals surrounded an immigration enforcement van to prevent it from driving off with two of their neighbours, a show of solidarity that spoke volumes.

Sandy Lyle

Swinging his first golf club at the age of three, Sandy was destined for the fairway but few could have predicted he'd become one of Scotland's greatest ever players

DECADES after Sandy Lyle became the first British golfer to win the Green Jacket at the Masters, people still talk about it. His world-famous 18th-hole bunker shot, winning putt and little celebratory Highland jig are still vividly etched into the golfing world's mind.

And it's no wonder – he is arguably Scotland's greatest ever player and one of the most successful golfers in European Tour history. Not only was he crowned Masters champion in 1988, he also won The Open in 1985 – and 30 other professional tournaments during his lengthy career.

Sandy, real name Alexander Walter Barr Lyle, was first introduced to the game by his father Alex and swung his first club at the age of three. He grew up just yards from the 18th green of Hawkstone Park Golf Course, Shropshire, where Alex was club professional and greenkeeper. Interestingly, he initially represented England as a junior and amateur – he was born in Shrewsbury. But with Scottish parents, it was only a matter of time before he embraced his family's heritage. He turned professional in 1977 and, during the 1980s, was referred to as a "dominant force" as he remained in the top 10 of the Official World Golf Ranking for 167 weeks. After 10 years as a pro, the Scot was awarded an MBE.

Golf fans and peers alike admired Lyle's playing talents and ability to keep his cool under pressure. Spanish rival Seve Ballesteros famously said, "If we all play our best, Sandy would win and I would be second."

One of his former Ryder Cup team-mates, Bernard Gallacher, has been one of Lyle's closet friends in golf. In fact, he is godfather to Sandy's son, James. Speaking about his pal's Masters win, Gallacher said, "To be the first Briton to win at Augusta was magic, and undoubtedly his career zenith."

Prior to his Masters win, Lyle was the first non-American winner of the Player's Championship in 1987 as well as being part of the first European side to win the Ryder Cup that same year.

In 2023, at the age of 65, Sandy brought an end to his career in unusual circumstances at the 87th Masters, his 100th major appearance. During his final competitive outing, no further play was possible after three trees fell across the 17th tee in high winds. It meant the pro, who had already announced his intention to retire, had to complete his 42nd Masters appearance at 8am in front of only a handful of people.

But a flurry of tributes to the golfing great followed, and we echo the words of Gallacher, who said Lyle will be forever remembered as "a great ambassador for Scotland, Scottish golf and European golf as a whole".

Sandy, who has four children, now splits his time between Scotland and Florida.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Winning the British Open in 1985

Still in action in 2022

The 1988 Masters winner playing in the 2019 tournament

10

“A great ambassador for Scotland, Scottish golf and European golf as a whole”

11

“He created the world’s first colour photograph in 1861”

James Clerk Maxwell

The Scots physicist's visionary work was the bridge between Newton and Einstein and would change our grasp of the world and science forever

BORN in 1831, James Clerk Maxwell's life was cut short at the age of 48 by cancer. During his all-too-brief life, he changed the direction of science and paved the way for many fundamental principles on which modern technology depends.

Maxwell's theories on electro-magnetism and the ability for energy to exist within invisible "fields" rather than just bodies set the stage for the biggest shake-up of science since Sir Isaac Newton. Many consider Maxwell the father of modern physics. Einstein even credits Maxwell's work as the inspiration for his own.

Enrolled at Cambridge in 1850, by 1856 he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in Aberdeen and made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. While at Aberdeen he theorised what Saturn's rings were composed of. Remarkably, he would be proved correct in 1980 and 1981 by NASA's Voyager 1 and 2 expeditions. In that respect, nobody would know in his lifetime what a visionary he was.

Before his ground-breaking papers on electromagnetism, he also created the world's first colour photo with photographer Thomas Sutton in 1861. This was after he'd proposed a means of projecting full colour images in 1855, using Red, Green and Blue filters. Two other scientists had penned the theory, but it was Maxwell's practical application of it in photography that enabled the RGB colour model to kickstart life-like photography, image projection and eventually colour reproduction in television.

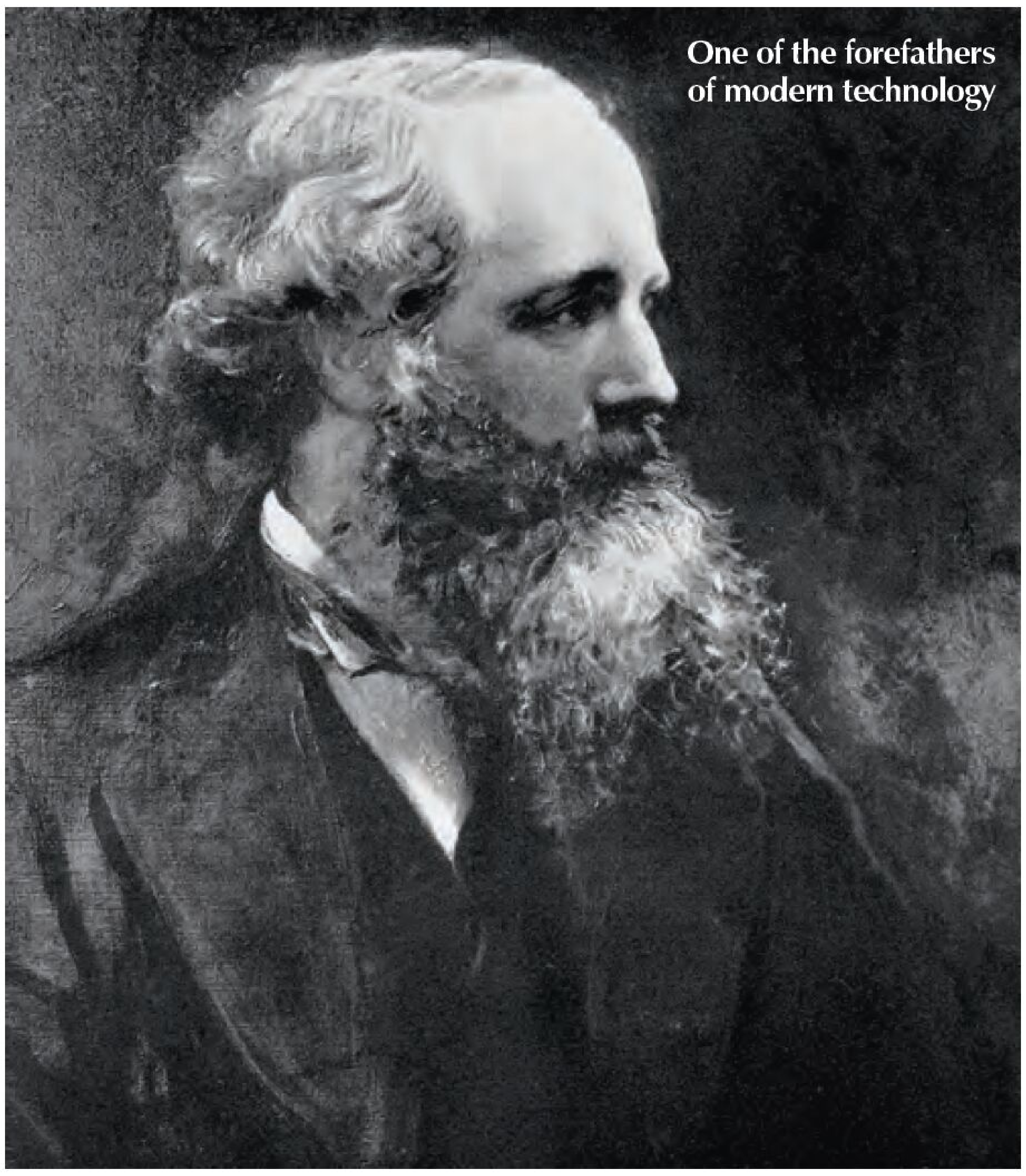
An 1864 presentation and the publication of its corresponding paper in 1865 would introduce the world to his theory that light, electricity and magnetic fields all travel in waves. Maxwell also inferred the existence of radio waves.

Perhaps the last pivotal moment in his life came when the Chancellor of Cambridge University, William Cavendish, granted a generous sum of money for the establishment of an experimental physics laboratory. The University's Cavendish Laboratory appointed Maxwell its first Professor of Experimental Physics.

Even though he only lived to serve eight years in the role, he still managed to set in motion an institution that would keep on changing the world. The roots of quantum mechanics, the discovery of the electron, artificial nuclear fission – so many ideas poured forth from the lab, along with a few Nobel Prize winners.

Maxwell's name might not be as familiar to the world as Newton and Einstein, but his work would mean our understanding of the universe and the laws which govern it would never be the same.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK


One of the forefathers of modern technology

Maxwell was born in Edinburgh in 1831

Muriel Spark

This prolific Edinburgh-born novelist, poet and essayist led a turbulent, fascinating life and created one of Scotland's best-loved characters in Miss Jean Brodie

Spark during a rare appearance at a book festival in 2004

DAME MURIEL SPARK was one of Scotland's most prolific and best writers. Born on February 1, 1918, in Edinburgh's Morningside, Muriel was the second child of factory worker Bernard Camberg and his wife Sarah. Money was tight and the couple took in lodgers, creating a lively and chaotic household.

Muriel attended James Gillespie's School for Girls where she met teacher Miss Christina Kay, who inspired Muriel's masterpiece *The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie*, 30 years later.

The young Muriel became passionate about creative fiction and poetry, and spent her free time writing. By the age of 12, she was already seeing the fruits of her labour when she won the Walter Scott Prize for one of her poems. By 1933, her parents no longer had to worry about her school fees, as her high grades entitled her to a bursary.

After studying business and English at Heriot-Watt College, Muriel began working as a clerk. Aged 19, she met her future husband, Sydney Oswald Spark. Sydney was a maths teacher, 13 years older than Muriel. She enjoyed the attentions of this older man and, after marrying in 1937, they moved to Southern Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, to start a new life together. It was however a troubled marriage and Muriel divorced and returned to Britain in 1944.

She settled in London and worked for the political intelligence department of the Foreign Office for the remainder of the war. It was in here that Muriel began writing seriously.

In 1947, she became general secretary of the Poetry Society and editor of *Poetry Review*. She famously fell out with women's rights campaigner Marie Stopes, who believed Muriel's divorce reflected badly on the society. Later, Muriel quipped, "I used to think it a pity that her mother, rather than she, had not thought of birth control."

In 1954, Muriel suffered a nervous breakdown. She had been struggling financially and taking the drug Dexedrine, now known as speed, as an appetite suppressant. After she recovered, she began writing novels in the poetic style for which she was famous. Her first novel, *The Comforters*, was published when she was 39.

The main theme revolved around a young woman who becomes aware that she is a character in a novel, perhaps reflecting Muriel's own mental state at the time. This first novel was an emotional release for Muriel, and five more quickly followed.

The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie was published in 1961, bringing Muriel phenomenal success. The *New Yorker* celebrated the novel by dedicating a whole issue in its honour. She was made an OBE in 1967 and eventually a Dame in 1991 for services to literature.

Muriel moved to New York before settling in Italy, becoming a popular part of Rome's lively social scene.

In 1968 she met painter and sculptor Penelope Jardine. Penelope began working as her secretary and they became close friends. She appeared to be a calming influence on Muriel and saw past her sometimes spiky temperament. Moving to Oliveto in Tuscany, they happily shared Jardine's rustic home and kept dogs.

Muriel loved the way of life here, and wrote more short stories, poetry and novels, including *The Hothouse By The East River* and *A Far Cry From Kensington*.

Muriel was made an honorary citizen of Oliveto in 2005 and her remains were buried there when she died in April 2006.

Her simple grave says only her name, dates and the designation "Poet" with a verse from one of her later poems in Italian: *Nessun foglio si repete, ripettiamo solo la parola*. This translated as, "Not a leaf repeats itself, we only repeat the word." A humble and quiet resting place for one of Scotland's greatest writers.

Pictured in 1987

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

The writer spent her
final years in Italy

12

> “She became passionate about creative fiction and poetry at a young age”

Sheila Fleet

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Eddie Tembo

One of Scotland's biggest shinty stars and the first ever Zambian player of the sport, Eddie has made a name for himself at matches across the Highlands

MOVING to a foreign country when you're little can be tough. For Eddie Tembo, there wasn't just unfamiliar food and questionable weather to get to grips with when he found himself in Scotland, he also had to master a new sport.

When he was 12 years old, Eddie moved from his native Zambia to Drumnadrochit, where his mum had grown up and his grandfather had been a policeman.

The lure of the shinty pitch near his house was too much to resist; he arrived in the village on a Wednesday, and by that weekend, he'd already picked up a caman, or shinty stick, and joined a training session.

Shinty is, of course, a peculiarly Scottish sport. It's not a million miles away from field hockey, but it was nothing like anything Eddie had played before. Now very much a Highland pursuit, at one time it was popular across Scotland and in parts of northern England. It even made it all the way to Canada, where it's sometimes credited as being the "grandfather of ice hockey".

Zambia had never been introduced to the charms of this rowdy stick-and-ball game, but it nevertheless managed to produce one of its biggest stars.

At shinty's heart, there's a sense of community, and it didn't take young Eddie long to learn it's an excellent way to make pals. He also quickly realised that he was very good at it.

After playing on local side Glenurquhart's junior teams, Eddie joined the main squad when he was 16, making a positive impact in matches throughout the area.

He does suffer from a chronic case of itchy feet, however, and his teammates had to get used to him disappearing for months at a time. In 2000, he embarked on a round-the-world trip as a travel photographer, but he was back on the pitch three years later.

The best was still to come for Eddie, and in 2008, not only did he play for Glenurquhart's North Division One Championship-winning side, but he also became the first Black player to represent Scotland in an international shinty match, when he was selected to play against Ireland's hurlers. He even scored a point on his debut.

When Eddie's mum Kathleen died in 2010, he faced a big decision, to put down roots in the village, or return to Zambia. Fortunately for Glenurquhart, their star player's heart is in the Highlands and though he'll always be gripped by wanderlust, he and his young family call Drumnadrochit home.

> "The lure of the shinty pitch was too much to resist"

13
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Mycro
Xtra Lite

Eddie scored on his Scotland debut

Picture: ALAMY

Helen Duncan

14

Imprisoned for her acts

Victim or heretic, Hellish Nell brought about the end of the Witchcraft Act

ACROSS the UK, thousands of witch hunt victims were jailed and put to death over two centuries, with Janet Horne of Dornoch the last woman executed for witchcraft 1727.

Helen Duncan was the last "witch" imprisoned in the UK. Born in Callander in 1897, Helen – nicknamed "Hellish Nell" – worked at Dundee Royal Infirmary and in the 1920s began holding séances.

Aided by spirit guide "Peggy", spirits manifested as ectoplasm spewing from Helen's mouth. A police investigation in 1934 revealed fraud and Helen was fined £10.

Despite this, the Second World War was a busy time for her. Families of soldiers killed in battle attended her séances in the hope of contact. At a meeting in Portsmouth in 1941, she claimed to have spoken to a sailor who drowned when HMS Barham sank in the Mediterranean. The Navy was alarmed and Helen was arrested.

The "Blitz Witch" was sentenced to nine months in Holloway under the Witchcraft Act of 1735. The sentence was harsh, and Winston Churchill sent a memo to the home secretary calling her charge "obsolete tomfoolery".

It's a tale more heretic than heroic, but her case led to the abolition of the Witchcraft Act in 1951.

Jainti Dass Saggar

The doctor, councillor and community pillar improved the lives of many

IN the 1920s, Dundee had just one Indian doctor, Jainti Dass Saggar. He sailed to Scotland from Punjab in 1919, before beginning his medical studies at University College Dundee, then part of the University of St Andrews. After graduation, he settled in Dundee and, in 1925, opened his medical practice.

He immersed himself in his community, and joined several organisations before marrying Jean Quinn – whose father was a town councillor – in 1931. Dr Saggar's political career began when he joined the Labour Party and, in 1936, made history by becoming the first non-white councillor in Scotland, going on to represent the people of Dundee for 18 years. He fought to stop cheap jute products being imported from India and argued for improved wages for Indian workers. He campaigned for school meals, helped establish a psychiatric clinic, created communal canteens and advocated for affordable housing.

Dr Saggar died in 1954 and, 20 years after his death, Saggar Street in the city's west end was named after him. In 2019, the University of Dundee launched a scholarship for Indian students wishing to follow in his footsteps and study there.

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A council trailblazer

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Lady Of Lawers

The Loch Tay seer has long since died, but her prophecies are hard to forget

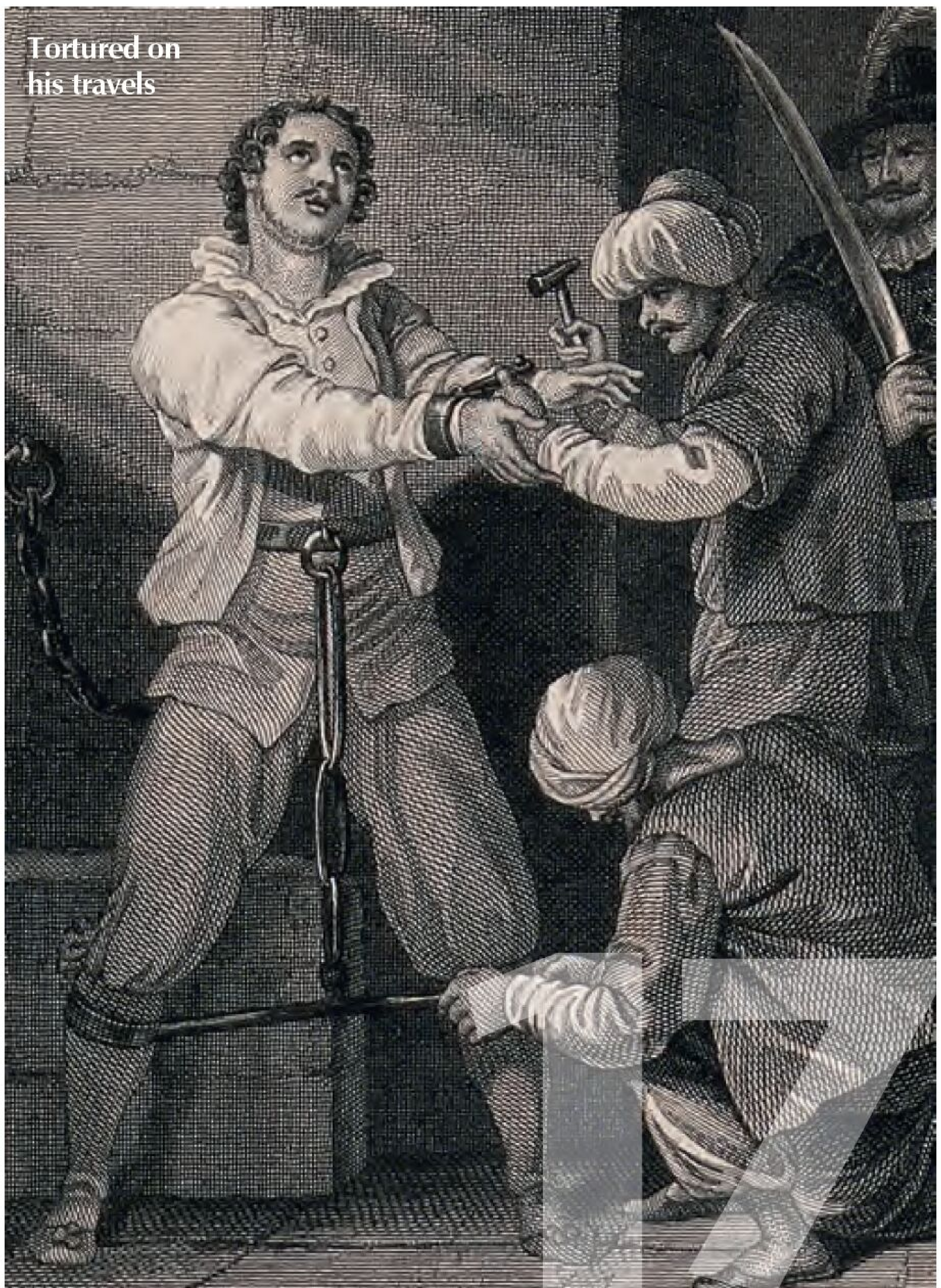
IN the late 17th century, the Lady of Lawers lived in this Perthshire settlement on the banks of Loch Tay. Her real name has been long forgotten, but her eerie prophecies are remembered to this day.

Although her predictions came true in her time, , it would be many years after her death before the most devastating came to pass. When an ash tree was planted beside the church, the Lady foretold that "when it reaches the height of the gable, the church will split asunder". In 1833, when the tree was indeed the height of the gable, a storm destroyed the church. When she claimed that "the land will first be sifted and then riddled of its people, and the jaw of the sheep will drive the plough from the ground", many believe she was predicting the Highland Clearances. She also saw the invention of steamboats – "a ship driven by smoke" – and the railway – "fire-coaches".

The Lady is said to haunt Old Lawers village, waiting for other prophecies to come true: "The time will come when Ben Lawers will become so cold that it will chill and waste the land for seven miles." So take a scarf and gloves, just in case!

The Lady is said to have predicted the Highland Clearances

William Lithgow


Tortured on his travels

Travel writer Lugless Will lost his ears to love and led a life of adventure

LANARK'S William Lithgow racked up 57,936km (36,000 miles) on foot in the early 17th century on the back of a romatic break-up.

After a doomed dalliance with a local lass left him without ears – her four brothers are said to have cut them off – William became known as Lugless Will and was in need of distraction.

No stranger to travel – he had visited several European countries – it was his walk from Paris to Rome in 1610 that set Will on the road to adventure, taking him to Nîmes, Rome, the Middle East and North Africa. He toured far and wide, allegedly rescuing women en route, helping escaped prisoners and surviving a shipwreck.

He made it to Constantinople and reportedly became the first European to taste coffee. The Inquisition arrested him in Malaga on suspicion of being a spy, and had him tortured. Upon release, he returned to Scotland, where he stayed until his death in 1645.

There's no doubt that he would be delighted that his book – *The Totall Discourse, Of The Rare Adventures, And Painefull Peregrinations Of Long Nineteene Years Travayles, From Scotland, To The Most Famous Kingdomes In Europe, Asia, And Affrica* – is still being read four centuries later.

18

SYDNEY
adidas
team GB

> “The first Scottish woman to win two Olympic gold medals at consecutive Games”

The yachtswoman has helped pave the way for female sailing success

Shirley Robertson

Conquering both the waves and the TV spotlight, this sailing sensation has earned her place in the Scottish Sports Hall of Fame and blazed a trail for female sailors

ROBERTSON
GBR
Sydney 2000

Shirley found Olympic success in Sydney in 2000

NO-ONE can doubt that Shirley Robertson has excellent sea legs. Thanks to the erratic conditions in Rio de Janeiro's Guanabara Bay, viewers of Brazil's Summer Olympic Games in 2016 watched as Shirley lurched from side to side on her vessel during her event – but she was determined to get the job done. After all, she was the first Scottish – and British – woman to win two Olympic gold medals at consecutive games in Sydney 2000 and Athens 2004.

Winner of a World Sailor of the Year Award in 2000, Shirley was subsequently awarded an MBE in 2000 and an OBE in 2005.

She's listed in Scotland's prestigious Sports Hall of Fame, and holds the position of deputy lieutenant for the Isle of Wight, where she now lives with her family. Along with her media career with CNN and the BBC she's one of the most recognisable faces from the world of sailing.

Shirley has blazed a trail by becoming the first female skipper in the ground-breaking Extreme 40 Sailing Series. This competition attracts Olympic medalists, world and European champions, world record holders and around-the-world yachtsmen.

Shirley was born in Dundee in 1968, although she spent much of her early life in Menstrie, Clackmannanshire.

Her father was in the Royal Navy and sailing was something they did together as a family. She was seven years old when instructors from the Royal Yachting Association came to their local family sailing club to provide training for younger members.

For Shirley, it was the first time she had sailed without her father – by the end of the weekend she had helmed a boat on her own, passed with distinction and was even awarded a certificate.

She began sailing regularly on Loch Ard in the Trossachs using the Mirror Miracle dingy her father constructed from a kit in the garage. Shirley later persuaded him to buy her a small single-handed dingy known as the Laser Standard.

At the Southampton Boat Show in 2004

At the time, there was no separate women's class in the Olympics, so Shirley raced with men. She was spotted by the men's Scottish coach at a regatta and – not yet 15 – invited to train with the men's senior squad, which she views as her big break.

From early on, Shirley was focused on competing at the Olympics. She graduated in recreation management from Heriot-Watt University in 1990 and two years later was the youngest member of Britain's Sailing Team at the Barcelona Summer Games in 1992. Competing in the individual Europe class, she came ninth.

Having narrowly missed a medal at the Atlanta Summer Games in 1996, Shirley arrived at the 2000 Millennium Games in Sydney as one of the favourites to win – having by then claimed a succession of World Championship silver medals.

She succeeded in claiming her first gold medal on the water of Sydney Harbour.

Looking for a new challenge Shirley switched to the new Yngling class in 2001 – small boats which can carry a crew of two or three sailors. Together with Sarah Ayton and Sarah Webb, the trio won the 2003 Pre-Olympic regatta and went on to triumph in every race during the competition. In fact they won with a whole day to spare, and were able to relax in a spa while the other teams struggled on.

Shirley married stockbroker and successful amateur sailor Jamie Boag in 2001 – arriving at her wedding by boat, of course – and took time out in 2005 and 2006 for the birth of her twin daughters.

Robertson has continued to attend each Summer Games as a member of the BBC's commentary team.

"The Olympics are a tremendous bug," she said. "I'm still hooked – I loved being there."

Shirley played a part in the campaign that brought the Olympic and Paralympic Games to London in 2012, the prospect of which she described as being "an incredible boost and inspiration to all our young budding athletes".

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Alexander Fleming

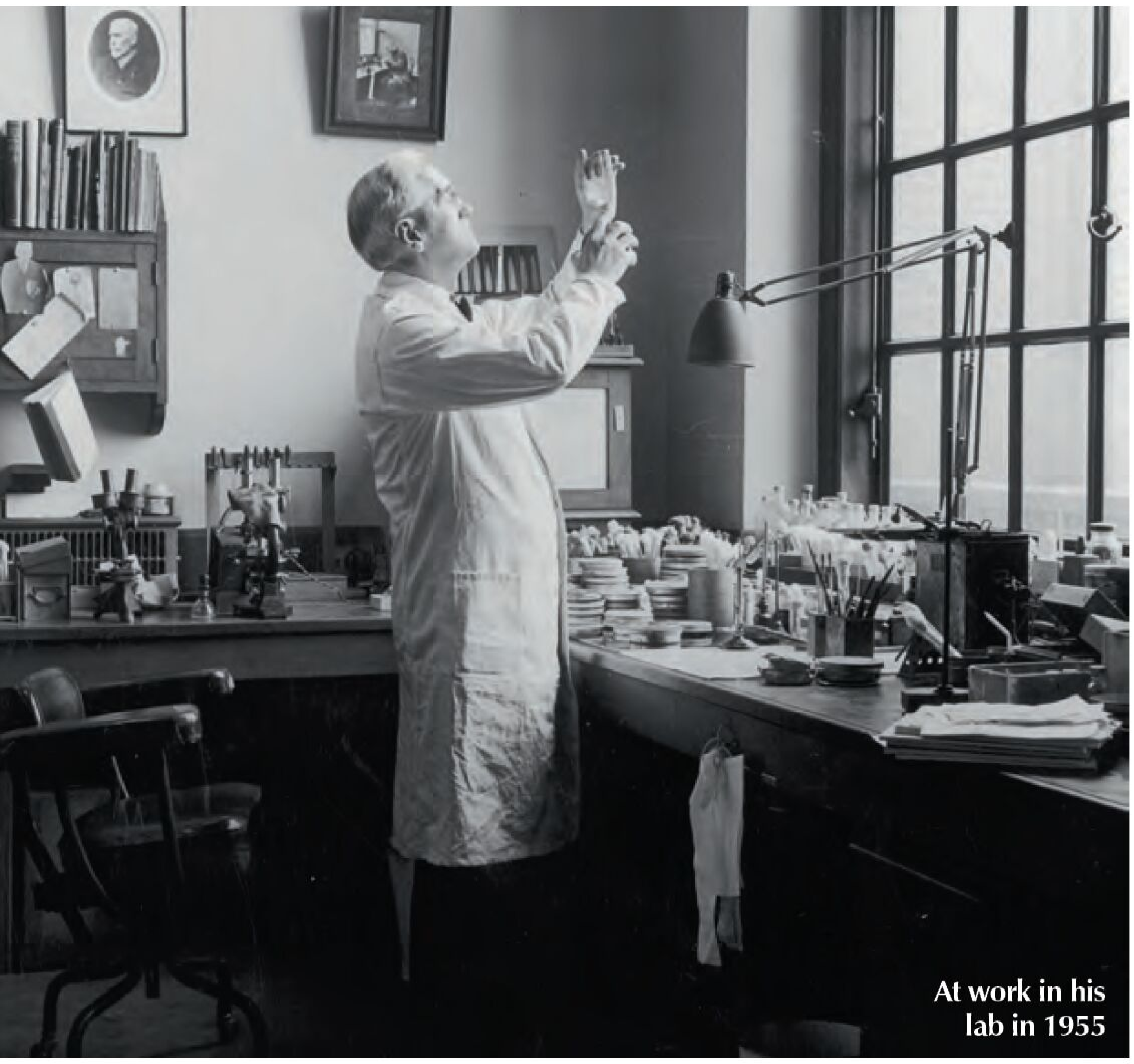
Rifle skills and a neglect of housekeeping led to a radical breakthrough and the development of vital antibiotics that would go on to save millions of lives

IT all started with mould. A curious mould on a forgotten culture of staphylococci, to be exact. Scottish bacteriologist Alexander Fleming left his lab in St Mary's Hospital, London, for a two-week vacation in 1928 and he accidentally left a culture plate out.

He returned to find mould growing but instead of throwing it out in disgust, Fleming studied it and found the mould had antibiotic powers that surpassed anything known to man. This was the discovery of what would become penicillin, the drug that would save thousands of lives during the Second World War, and earn its discoverer the Nobel Prize for Physiology in 1945. Almost 100 years later, it is still the world's most widely used antibiotic.

Born near Darvel, Ayrshire, in 1881, Fleming was the seventh of eight children born to a hill farmer. His father died when Fleming was seven years old. He moved to London aged 13, joining older brother Thomas, who was a physician and suggested Fleming follow in his footsteps. A scholarship and a timely inheritance gave him the chance to do just that, studying and qualifying with distinction as a surgeon at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, in 1906. But it was his deadeye shot with a rifle rather than medical prowess, that would put him on the path to bacteriology.

His shooting skills made Fleming influential friends amongst the college rifle fraternity, to the extent that he was invited to become a member of vaccine pioneer Sir Almroth Wright's bacteriological laboratory at the same St Mary's Medical School. Having intended to be a surgeon, Fleming now found himself on an alternative career path in bacteriology. It seemed to suit him, though, and he won the gold medal in 1908 as top medical student. Later, he was the first scientist to use anti-typhoid vaccines on humans, pioneered the use of salvarsan against syphilis and had become a lecturer at St Mary's when war intervened.



At work in his lab in 1955

Fleming had been a keen member of the Territorials, serving as a private in the London Scottish Regiment prior to 1914, so he was mentally and physically prepared for war when it came. While serving as a medical officer in the First World War, Fleming showed his ability to go against the flow, denouncing available antiseptics as doing more harm than good. They merely reduced the wounded body's immunity, but this was not fully understood at the time. He advocated keeping wounds dry and clean, but was largely ignored. After the war he returned to St Mary's, a man on a mission.

It was while studying influenza at St Mary's he chanced upon the afore-mentioned curious mould with antibiotic powers. Chance discovery it might have been, but its importance cannot be underestimated. The following year the scientist announced to an unsuspecting world that the common mould "penicillium notatum", which grows on fruit, had an inhibitive effect on certain pathogenic bacteria. He called the bacteria-zapping substance it released "penicillin", a name that would go down in history and secure Alexander Fleming's place in the medical hall of fame.

He certainly appreciated its importance in an age when even minor infections could become fatal and he got as far as extracting the effective antibiotic from the mould. Appointed professor of bacteriology at St Mary's University in 1928, Fleming would later become emeritus professor of bacteriology at London.

Unfortunately, his discovery went unheeded and, equipped with insufficient chemical knowledge himself, he had to wait 11 years before Australian pathologist Howard Florey and German-born British biochemist Ernst Chain perfected a method of producing the drug that would benefit millions. The year the drug became widely available, 1939, could not have been any more timely.

At first supplies were limited, but very soon it was being mass-produced by the US drugs industry. According to records, there were only 400 million units of penicillin available during the first five months of 1943, but by the end of the Second World War US companies were making 650 billion units a month.

It is often the case that war promotes inventiveness, and here the pressures of the Second World War led to the acceptance of penicillin – the first modern antibiotic to be used medically.

Penicillin went on to prove effective against a host of different bacteria, which often led to conditions such as tonsillitis, bronchitis and syphilis. With mass production of penicillin in 1942, came the recognition that Alexander Fleming merited, elected FRS (Fellow of the Royal Society) in 1943, and further civic and academic honours throughout Europe and America.

He was knighted by King George VI in 1944, and shared a Nobel Prize for Physiology in 1945 with his two protégés, Howard Florey and Ernst Chain.

When Fleming died in 1955 of a heart attack, he was buried amongst leaders of men in St Paul's Cathedral, London – a fitting tribute to a man destined to save so many lives.

Pictures: ALAMY

“With mass production of penicillin in 1942, came the recognition Fleming merited”

19

A colourful character
in the kitchen

20

“Infused with spices,
enthusiasm and wit”

Tony Singh

Celebrity chef Tony reminds us that fresh, flavoursome food is one of life's most precious pleasures, and that the secret ingredient is a generous sprinkling of craic

IF anyone is going to inspire the nation to start experimenting with bold flavours, it's Tony Singh. This spirited chef has been lighting up our television screens for over two decades, infusing his food not only with delicious spices, but with infinite enthusiasm and cheeky wit.

Tony learned to cook growing up, where second helpings were a perk of helping to prepare meals. He comes from a Scottish Sikh family who eventually put down roots here after the 1947 partition of India and Pakistan forced them to flee their Punjab home.

Born and raised in Leith, his best-loved recipes reflect his Punjabi and Scottish heritage. Using the finest local produce, he's famous for adding an innovative South Asian twist to the classics, serving up the likes of haggis pakora and cardamom cranachan.

The caring, sharing principles of the traditional langar, or Sikh community kitchen, have also influenced his career – as evidenced in the conviviality and cheer stirred up by his cooking.

After doing well in Home Economics at school, Tony left at 16, leaping head-first into his next chapter by studying at Telford College and doing a Youth Training Scheme with brewing company Scottish & Newcastle to hone his skills.

From there, he started adding an impressive list of renowned establishments to his CV, cooking at the Balmoral Hotel, Skibo Castle and more.

He had a stint on the Royal Scotsman train, and was the first civilian chef on board the Royal Yacht Britannia.

It was only a matter of time before he decided to branch out on his own, and since the turn of the century, he's launched several popular restaurants, including Oloroso, Roti and Tony's Table in the capital, and Tasty in Glasgow.

In recent years, he's been exploring the world of pop-ups, private dining and collaborations.

Radge Chaat has served up Indian street food to lucky Edinburgh locals at Bonnie & Wild food hall and Fierce Bar on Rose Street – and he teamed up with Fierce to create his own small-batch craft beers, too.

He's worked with Apex Hotels on another pop-up, Tony's Road Trip, and he hosts a supper club in his own home, serving up an eight-course meal, cocktails and canapés for guests.

He's also a familiar face on telly, having starred in *A Cook Abroad: Tony Singh's India* and *The Incredible Spice Men* on BBC2, and appearing on foodie programmes such as *Great British Menu* and *Saturday Kitchen*.

Then there are his books, awards… oh, and an MBE, which he received in 2017 for services to the food and drink industry, and for his charity work.

He's involved with many worthy causes, helping to raise money and awareness by harnessing the power of great food.

This is a man who relishes every opportunity to tickle our tastebuds, whether he's whipping up banquets or budget eats. One of his latest ventures is the release earlier this year of his Dip & Drizzle sauce range, stocked in Home Bargains, giving us all the chance to experience a little of his culinary magic at home.

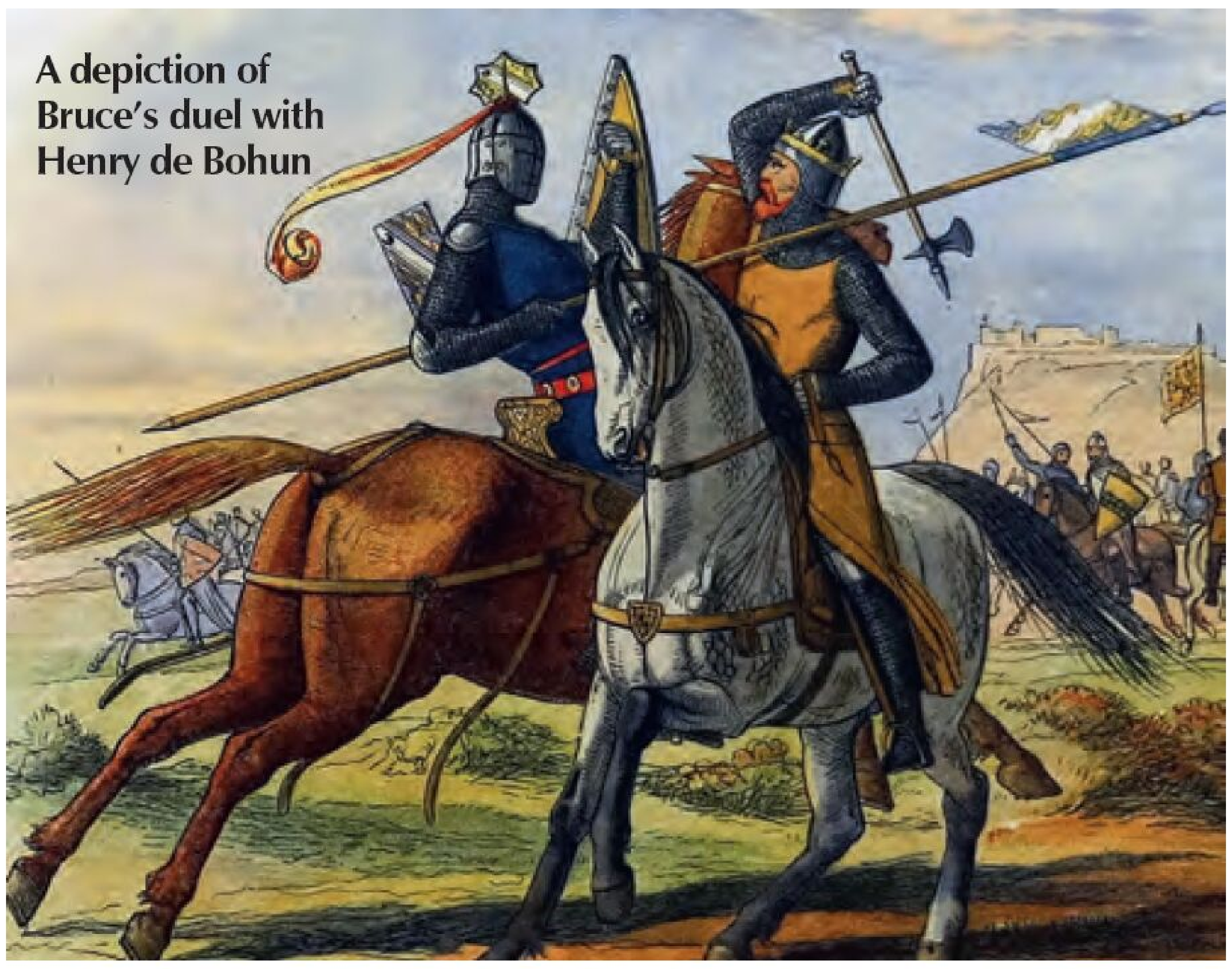
Born and raised in Edinburgh

At work in 2016

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Robert The Bruce

The Outlaw King's stirring leadership and military prowess played a crucial role in Scotland's bloody fight for sovereignty in the early 14th century



A depiction of Bruce's duel with Henry de Bohun

IF any Scot deserves the title "hero", it's Robert the Bruce. His duel with Sir Henry de Bohun prior to the 1314 Battle of Bannockburn alone merits legend status. Bruce's early struggles as an outlaw facing treachery and deceit give him a standing few others achieve, and his success in freeing Scotland from the yoke of English tyranny seals his reputation.

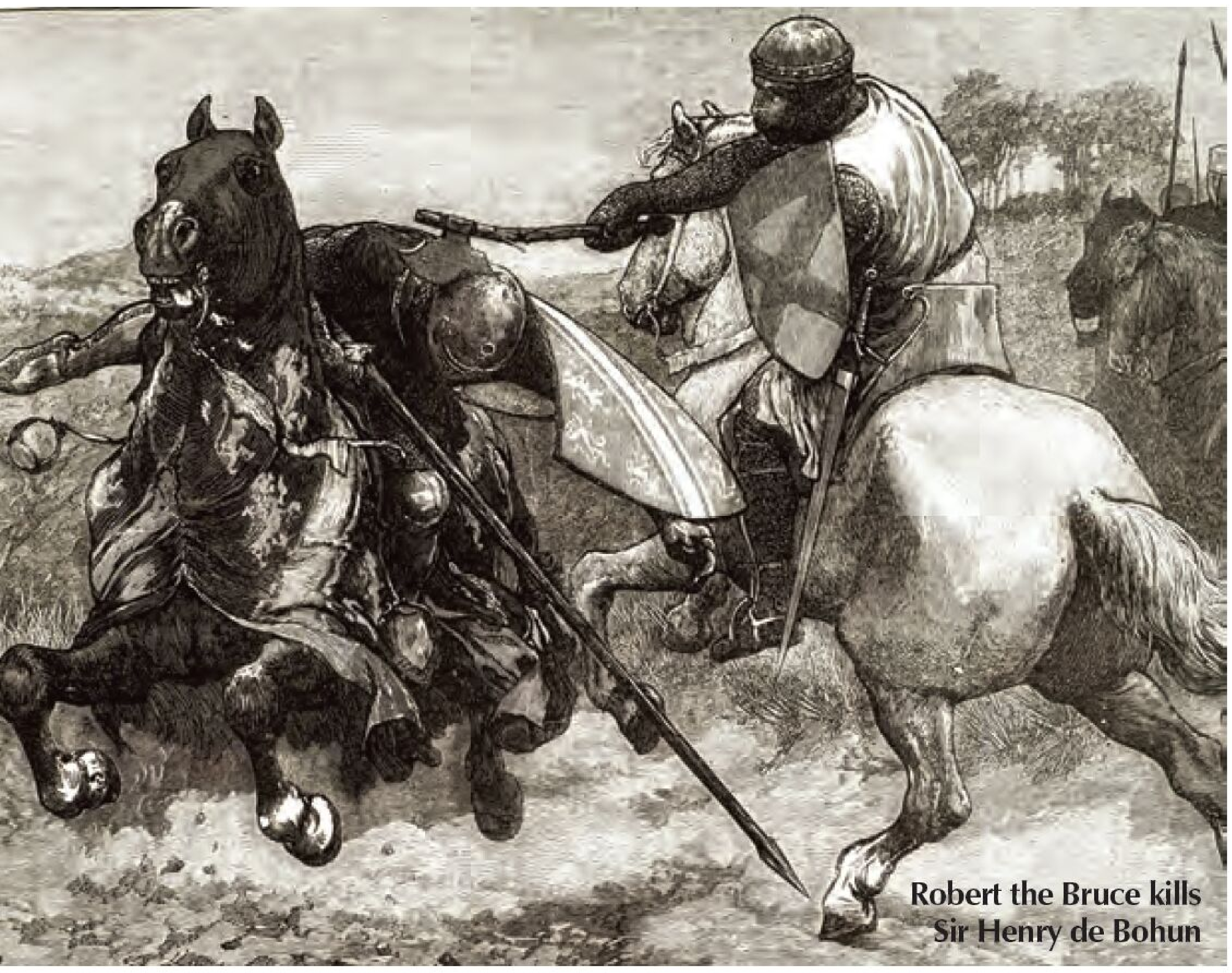
In 2016, Scottish researchers unveiled a digitally-reconstructed image of Robert the Bruce. No contemporary portraits survive, so the two-year research project – by historians at the University of Glasgow and Liverpool John Moores University's Face Lab – was based on casts from a skull unearthed during the rebuilding of Bruce's burial place at Dunfermline Abbey.

Best known for his victory at Bannockburn, where his army swept aside the numerically superior forces of England's Edward II, Bruce is often seen as the man who won Scottish independence, a campaign begun by William Wallace. However, Bruce's route to victory was at times murderous and not obviously patriotic. The young Robert Bruce marched into battle as part of the English army!

Scotland in the late 13th and early 14th centuries was constantly on the edge of civil war. King Alexander III had died in 1285 with no legitimate heir, and six guardians were elected to look after the day-to-day running of Scotland. However, they did not include one powerful noble – the Lord of Annandale.

This Robert Bruce, grandfather of Robert I, later joined more than a dozen others in claiming the Scottish throne during The Great Cause – a succession of lengthy legal proceedings in which Edward I of England was invited to arbitrate.

The final legal decision went in favour of a member of the Bruce family's ancient rivals, John Balliol. John I's reign "began poorly" in 1292 and "went steadily downhill," according to historian Angus Konstam. The main problem was Edward I's determination to be recognised as the new King's feudal superior.



Robert the Bruce kills Sir Henry de Bohun

This undermined Balliol's position at home, and his eventual refusal to play ball triggered one of the most brutal English invasions of Scotland ever seen. Many Scottish nobles, including the future Robert I and his father, swore allegiance to Edward, who, following Balliol's forced abdication, ruled Scotland as a province of England.

Bruce initially supported Wallace's uprising, but in the end he chose to hold onto his lands. In 1298 he was rewarded with the joint guardianship of Scotland with John Comyn – Balliol's nephew and, by then, Robert's greatest rival for the Scottish throne.

In 1306, Bruce fatally stabbed Comyn in a church in Dumfries. Outlawed by Edward and excommunicated by the Pope, Bruce responded by claiming the Scottish throne. He was deposed by Edward's forces the following year and forced to flee, but returned to wage a guerrilla war, climaxing at the Battle of Bannockburn, against the less effective military leadership of Edward II.

In 1320 the Declaration of Arbroath was written in Arbroath Abbey. A letter in Latin submitted to the Pope, it confirmed Scotland's status as an independent sovereign state with a right to use military action to defend itself. It took a further eight years, and the deposing of Edward II in favour of his son, before genuine peace between Scotland and England was agreed by the Treaty of Edinburgh-Northampton. Robert I died a year later.

Author Nigel Tranter's acclaimed trilogy is one of the finest retellings of Bruce's life and *Outlaw King* (2018) brings the story to the screen in stunning fashion. But the most fitting tribute is in the Declaration of Abroath itself. Signed and sealed by 51 Scottish nobles, this proclamation of Scotland's debt to Robert Bruce reads: *To this man, in as much as he saved our people, and for upholding our freedom, we are bound by right as much as by his merits, and choose to follow him in all that he does.*

Images: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

The statue of King Robert the Bruce at Stirling Castle

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“The most fitting tribute is in the Declaration of Arbroath itself”

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Andrew Watson

As the first Black footballer in the world to play at international level, Andrew was a pioneer and a truly remarkable sportsman who deserves to be celebrated

WHEN Andrew Watson stepped onto the football pitch at the Oval, London, on March 12, 1881, he probably didn't realise that he was about to make history several times over.

As the captain of the Scottish side facing England that day, he became the first Black footballer to play at international level. Not just in Scotland, or Britain, or even Europe – in the whole world.

He also led his team to a stunning 6-1 victory against the "Auld Enemy". The match remains England's most crushing home defeat ever.

Born in British Guiana – now Guyana – in 1856, Andrew was the son of a local woman named Hannah Rose and Peter Miller Watson, a sugar plantation owner from Ross and Cromarty.

Andrew and his sister Annetta moved to England a few years later, and their father died in 1869, leaving them £35,000 – around £4 million in today's money. After a public school education, Andrew decided to go to university.

He chose Glasgow, where he studied mathematics, natural philosophy and engineering. In his spare time he played football. His extracurricular passion soon blossomed into a part-time career, and he joined local side Parkgrove, where he played alongside another trailblazing Black footballer, Robert Walker.

After a year at university, Andrew quit to become a partner in a warehouse business in Glasgow. He got married and started a family, and continued playing football. In 1880, he signed for Queen's Park – at the time the most successful football club in Scotland – and helped them to Scottish Cup glory three times.

The Oval is more famous as a cricket ground

Pictures: ALAMY, SHUTTERSTOCK

A footballing trailblazer

The history books suggest that Scottish football was a refreshingly unprejudiced playing field in the late 19th century. It would be naive, however, to believe that as one of only a handful of Black footballers playing in the UK, Andrew didn't experience racism during his life.

He was, according to the Scottish Athletic Journal in 1885, "on more than one occasion subjected to vulgar insults" on the pitch. His response? "He uniformly preserved that gentlemanly demeanour."

His "rare geniality and kind-heartedness", coupled with magnificent tackling skills, awe-inspiring kick and agility made Andrew one of the leading defenders of his day. It was only a matter of time before he was selected to play for Scotland.

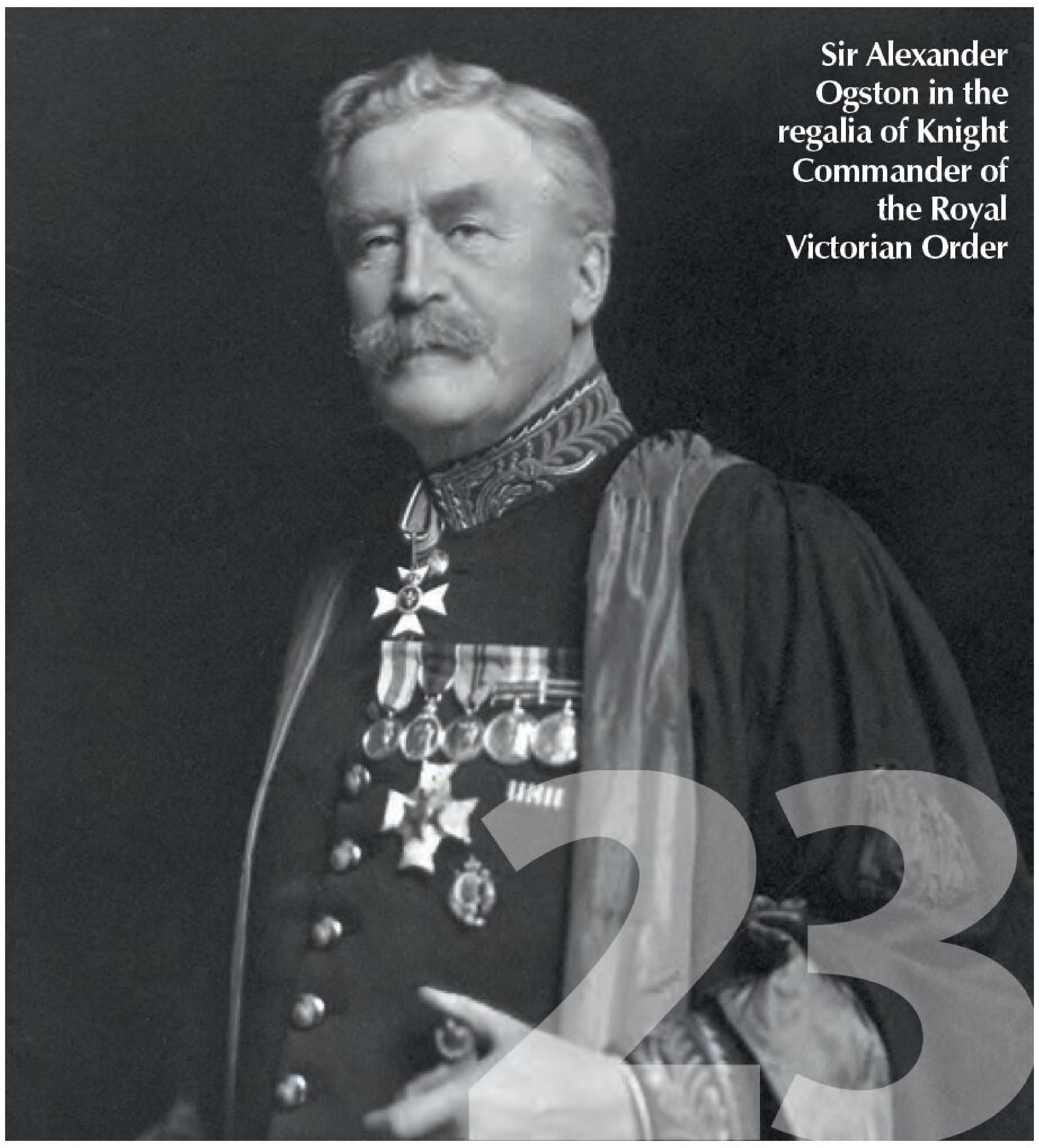
Unfortunately his international stardom didn't last long, because after just three matches, he moved to London for work. The rules stated that Scotland players must live in Scotland.

Andrew continued playing for Queen's Park, and also joined London team Swifts, where he became the first Black footballer to play in the FA Cup. He was also invited to join Corinthians, England's leading amateur team, before signing to Merseyside club Bootle in 1887.

After hanging up his boots, Andrew spent 20 years working as an engineer in Liverpool. He died in London in 1921, and his grave in Richmond Cemetery makes no mention of his footballing achievements. His incredible story had been all but forgotten for almost a century until Andrew was inducted into the Scottish Football Hall of Fame in 2012.

His brilliant career sadly didn't bring more diversity to the game – in fact, it would be 120 years before another Black player was called up for Scotland, when Nigel Quashie played against Estonia in 2004 – but Andrew Watson was a sporting pioneer, a remarkable man of many firsts.

Alexander Ogston



Sir Alexander Ogston in the regalia of Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order

The clean-freak surgeon saved many lives and identified a common bug

BY the late 19th century, Aberdonian surgeon and professor Alexander Ogston had a reputation as a man who liked his lab to be meticulously clean. Students at the city's university were so amused by his incessant disinfecting, they composed a song which began, *The spray, the spray, the antiseptic spray…*

Ogston used carbolic acid, introduced to him by its pioneer, Joseph Lister. By bringing it to surgical theatres, he saved countless lives at a time when a minor post-operative infection could kill.

Ogston also wanted to understand germs to prevent wound infection. With £50 from the British Medical Association he bought a microscope and turned his garden shed into a laboratory.

In 1880 he shared his findings: a hitherto unidentified bacterium he named Staphylococcus, of which MRSA is the most familiar modern-day strain. The Aberdeen branch of the BMA was sceptical and the *British Medical Journal* editor asked, rudely, "Can anything good come out of Aberdeen?" Even Lister was dubious at first.

Ogston presented at a surgical congress in Berlin and was made a fellow of the German Surgical Society as a result. He published an in-depth report in the BMJ the following year and slowly gained recognition for his tremendously important discovery.

Biawa Makalaga

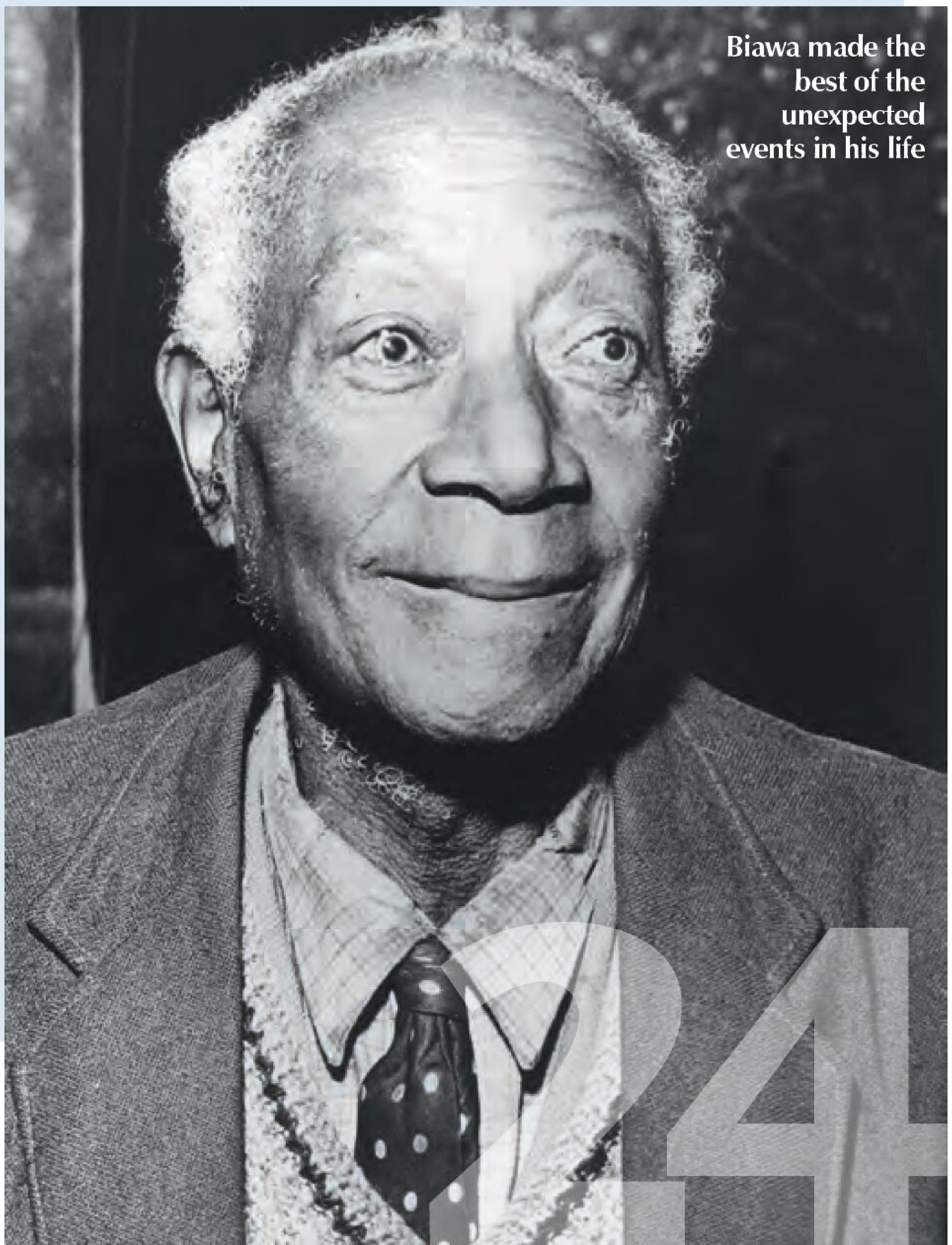
The boy "adopted" by Major Grant is fondly remembered in Speyside

IN 1872, Major James Grant inherited and transformed Glen Grant Distillery in Rothes, Speyside. He loved new inventions and, regrettably, big game hunting. What occurred on one trip, while well-meant, is also ethically and morally problematic.

In 1894, the major and his party met two orphans and an elderly couple in a drought-hit area now in Zimbabwe. Grant and a friend declared they'd each "adopt" and employ a boy.

Biawa Makalaga travelled to Rothes with his new boss. It's unlikely he was taught much of his homeland or culture. His name is thought to be a corruption of the word for "stolen".

Educated in the village and put to work as a page boy, then a butler, Biawa made lots of friends. In the First World War, he fought for Britain. Posted to Egypt, he received the Victory Medal and British War Medal. Biawa kept goal for the local football team and remained a big fan when Rothes FC moved up to the Highland League. The major's will stated Biawa be kept on as a butler after his death in 1931. The family ensured he was looked after. He died in 1972, leaving all he had to Rothes FC, and is fondly remembered in the village to this day.



Biawa made the best of the unexpected events in his life

Images: GETTY IMAGES, ALAMY

Queen Matilda

Raised by nuns, the Good Queen endured sorrow and helped many

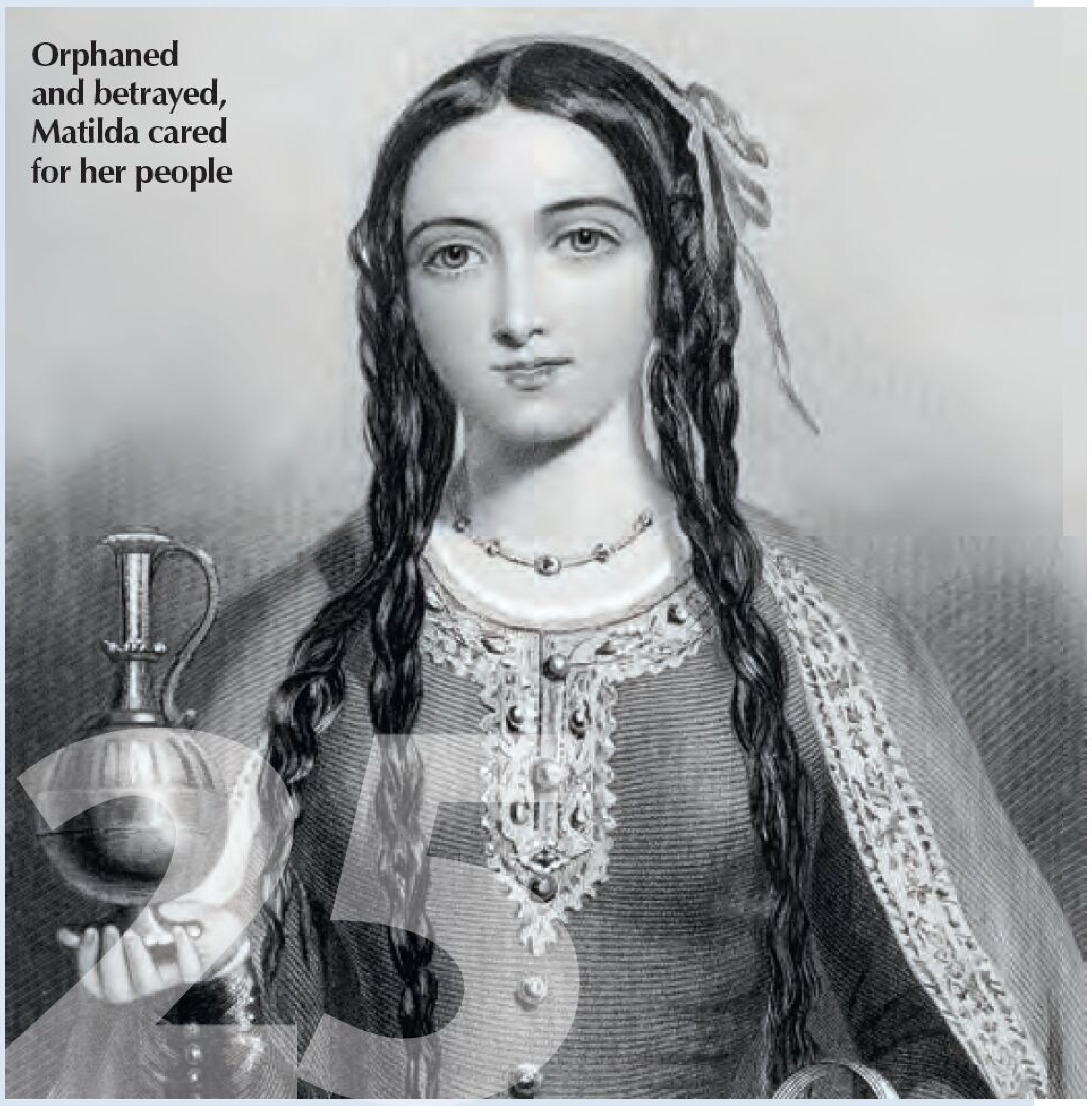
ACTUALLY, Queen Matilda of Scotland was named Edith and was queen of England. Her mother Margaret was an English princess, then a Scottish queen and our only royal saint. Her father, Malcolm III, ruled Scotland for 35 years. Dunfermline-born Edith was sent to an English convent aged six. A number of proposals were refused before her father agreed Alan Rufus, First Lord of Richmond, would marry her.

But Malcolm III was killed, alongside Edith's brother Edward, when he invaded Northumbria. Her mother died days later. Alan changed his mind and Edith was sent back to the convent.

When Henry I seized the English throne in 1100, he chose Edith as his wife. It was, against all odds, a love match, though Henry was often away fathering illegitimate children (he had 20).

Matilda, as she was now known, ruled in his absence over a court filled with art and music. She founded leprosy hospitals, washed the feet of the sick and built a bathhouse at Queenhithe Dock. She commissioned several abbeys and bridges.

She died in 1118, aged just 38. She never was canonised, but is remembered as Matilda the Good Queen.



Orphaned and betrayed, Matilda cared for her people

Reo Stakis

Sir Reo receives his knighthood with wife Anitsa

The hotelier worked hard as an adopted Scot, but he never forgot his roots

IN 1928, with a suitcase of his mother's handmade lace, Argyros Anastasis, 14, left his native Cyprus for London. At Victoria Station his case was stolen, but a porter intercepted the thief – so Argyros was able to start a career that led to him becoming one of Scotland's most powerful hotel magnates. A born salesman, he sold £13 of lace to Queen Mary, wife of George V. He kept her cheque.

Now known as Reo Stakis, he moved to Glasgow and opened the Victory restaurant, introducing Glaswegians to a new, affordable way of dining. By the 1960s he owned a chain of steakhouses serving prawn cocktail, gammon with pineapple and Black Forest gateau. Stakis hotels were famed for hearty breakfasts and popular bars, which sidestepped licensing laws.

A teetotaller who never gambled, Reo opened Scotland's first casino, in 1964. He was president of Stakis until 1999, when it was bought by the Hilton Group for £1.2 billion. Reo lived in the grounds of his beloved Dunblane Hydro until his death in 2001.

A stalwart of Glasgow's Greek Cypriot community, he funded the city's first Greek Orthodox church and the Cathedral of St Luke the Evangelist. In his home village he built schools, a health centre and upgraded plumbing. This honorary Scot worked hard to enhance his adopted home while never forgetting his roots.

Bill Millin

As the personal piper to Lord Lovat Fraser whose Commando Brigade landed on Sword Beach on D-Day, Private Bill's brave skirl heralded the liberation of Europe

THE skirl of the pipes stir up intense feelings in us Scots. A few bars of *Highland Cathedral* or *Flower Of Scotland* are enough to strike joy, pride, melancholy and nostalgia into our hearts – often all four at once.

On the battlefield, however, bagpipes are an instrument of war – they rouse fighters while firing a musical warning shot at the enemy.

The extraordinary story of Private Bill Millin, one of our most remarkable wartime pipers, deserves to be recounted. Born in Canada but raised in Scotland, he was just 21 when Sword Beach became his unlikely stage during the Normandy landings.

He played on courageously as those around him were killed or wounded and, miraculously, he survived D-Day, escaping uninjured.

As the personal piper of the 15th Lord Lovat, known as Brigadier Simon Fraser, plucky Bill joined the Commandos of the 1st Special Service Brigade as they approached French shores on June 6, 1944.

In a poignant photograph, he can be seen descending from the landing craft, bagpipes at the ready.

Shots and shells were fired. Comrades fell. Bill was weaponless, bar a sgian-dubh tucked into his sock. His stirring rendition of *Hielan' Laddie* urged the troops ashore.

When he reached the sand, Bill was asked by Lord Lovat to keep playing, defying the War Office's ban on frontline bagpipes.

Unflinchingly, he led the men towards and across two crucial bridges that had been captured by British airborne troops.

After crossing the second bridge, a little French girl asked Bill to play a tune for her, and he launched into *The Nut Brown Maiden*.

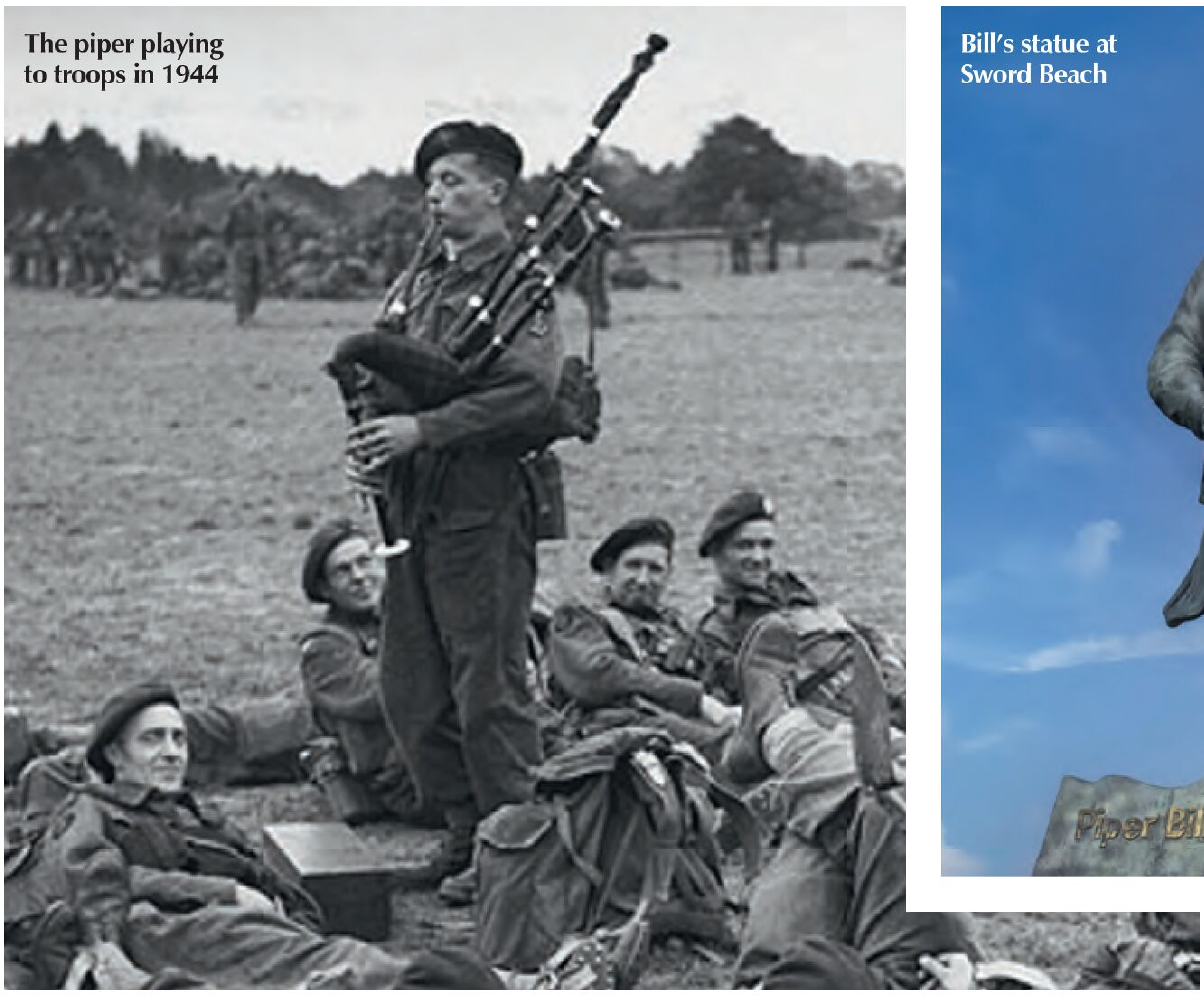
It's believed to have been the last song those pipes played that day. Further along the road, they were injured – as Bill described it – by shrapnel.

Their owner somehow remained unscathed. It seems the brazen absurdity of stoically playing his pipes under heavy fire actually saved Bill's life. German soldiers said they didn't kill him because they believed he was a "dummkopf"– dimwitted.

Five decades after D-Day, he was reunited with Josette Gouellain, the wee girl who'd requested the song.

She had never forgotten Bill, and neither must we. This Scottish hero is now commemorated by a statue near the beach where his pipes heralded the liberation of Europe.

> "One of our most remarkable wartime pipers"


The piper playing to troops in 1944

Bill's statue at Sword Beach
Piper Bill Millin

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

Piping on his return to Normandy in 1994

27

Fergie still enjoys attending games

28

> “Ferguson’s talent came from his ability to manage individual personalities”

Alex Ferguson

From unlikely success at Aberdeen to rearing his dominant Manchester United side, Fergie stakes a claim to being the greatest football boss of all time

SOME football teams make it look too easy. The all-conquering Manchester United team of the 1990s onwards – managed by legendary boss Sir Alex Ferguson – cruised their way to 38 major trophies, including 13 Premier League titles and two Champions Leagues.

People perhaps assumed that with such an incredible group of players and vast financial resources, success was a given, and that the person in charge made very little difference. Then Ferguson retired in 2013 – and United haven't won a league title since.

The famously abrasive Scot, born and bred in the character-building shadow of Govan's tough shipyards, is regularly described as the greatest football manager of all time, and has an undeniable quality that made him an inspiring leader and a formidable opponent.

Like many football managers, he began his career as a player, making his debut as a striker for Queen's Park at the age of 16. He also played for St Johnstone, Dunfermline and Rangers before moving into management at the relatively young aged of 32, when he took charge at East Stirlingshire in 1974.

Ferguson enjoyed an impressive rise to the top, going on to manage St Mirren, then Aberdeen, where his team won three Scottish Premier Division titles, four Scottish Cups, a Scottish League Cup and a European Cup Winners' Cup, beating Real Madrid in the final.

With his final league title in 2013

Hardly surprising that this stunning success attracted the attention of bigger clubs and, in 1986, Ferguson was appointed manager of Manchester United, at the time sitting in 21st position in a league of 22. He took them up to 11th in that first season, and then second in the following season. From then on, the only way was up, and with Ferguson in charge, United won 13 league titles, meaning they overtook Liverpool as the most successful team in English football history.

With former players Phil Neville and David Beckham

He built a team around a talented group of youngsters, including Gary Neville, David Beckham and Paul Scholes, and developed a fighting spirit that meant his players never gave up. They famously won the Champions League Final against Bayern Munich in 1999, despite being a goal down in 90 minutes, scoring two dramatic injury-time winners.

Ferguson's talent came from his ability to manage individual personalities, getting to know players well, meeting their families and remembering every detail about their lives.

Although he could be intimidating and often scary – he once kicked a football boot at David Beckham's head! – there is no denying he was also inspiring and adored.

Beckham himself said in later years, "I am truly honoured to have been guided by the greatest manager in football – without him, I would never have achieved what I have done."

Meanwhile, French footballing genius Eric Cantona – another hot-headed Manchester United legend – said, "Those who hate or disrespect Sir Alex Ferguson, it's only because he snatched away their dreams of winning."

Alex Ferguson retired as manager of Manchester United in 2013, taking up an ambassador role with the club and still attending matches on a regular basis. Since then United have won only a small clutch of trophies, their worst run in decades – which just goes to show how good Fergie was.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

William Kidd

Shiver me timbers! The Dundee-born buccaneer well may have been the world's unluckiest pirate, but he sure knew how to hide his ill-gotten gains

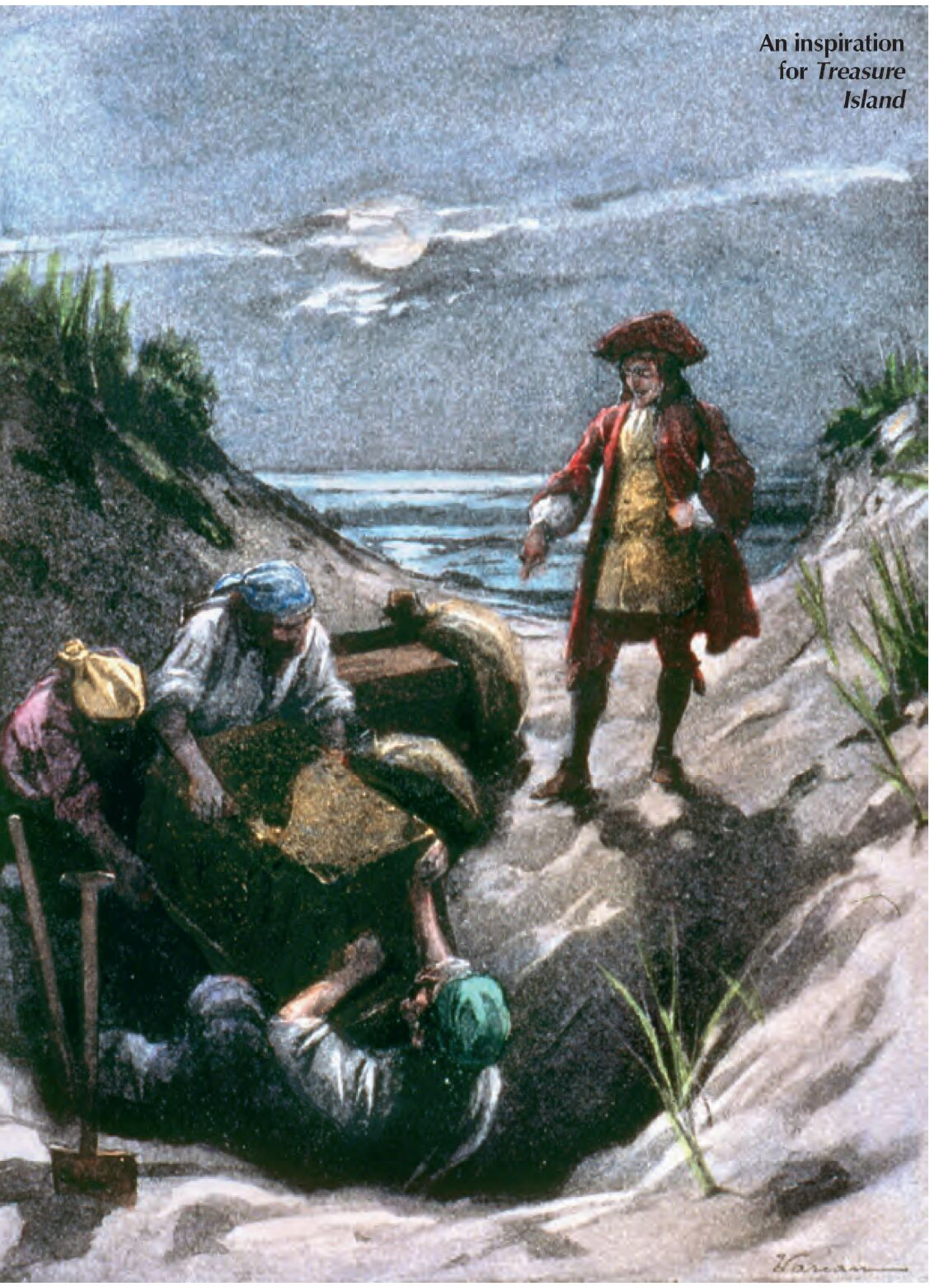
Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

HE looked every inch the quintessential swashbuckler, and even inspired Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. But looks can be deceptive, because Captain William Kidd was, in fact, one of the world's unluckiest pirates.

Kidd's stormy voyage through life began in Dundee, where he was born in 1654 – though some reports claim he was actually a Greenock lad born nine years earlier.

An accomplished sailor, at first he ruled the waves as a privateer, or legal pirate, employed by the British authorities to attack French ships.

There was a laissez-faire attitude to salaries and a distinct lack of an HR department in 17th-century privateering – "just help yourself to some of the loot" seemed to replace PAYE and National Insurance contributions – and Kidd's crew was mutinous to say the least.



An inspiration for *Treasure Island*

They eventually nicked the ship and left him high and dry. He ended up in New York, where he married a rich widow and hobnobbed with colonial bigwigs. That ship-stealing crew had, in fact, done Kidd a favour – he was about to bag the privateering gig of a lifetime.

Piracy was rife along the trade routes used by his new pals, and the Governor of New York and Massachusetts rounded up a consortium of financial backers to fund a pirate-busting mission led by the Scottish captain.

It was agreed that any swag seized from pirates or enemy French ships would be shared.

Setting sail aboard the *Adventure Galley*, Kidd had the luxury of a hand-picked crew of the finest sailors. Well, for a short while, at least – when *HMS Duchess* sailed by, the captain stole most of Kidd's best men and replaced them with chaps he found drinking in the dockside taverns of New York.

What could possibly go wrong? The answer, unsurprisingly, is everything.

Firstly, the crew became increasingly annoyed that Kidd wasn't attacking every ship in sight and making them instantly rich. Then a third died of cholera. And when Kidd killed one of his men during a fight, it seemed he would soon cross the blurred line between privateer and pirate.

Kidd's dreams came true, however, when he spotted an Armenian ship filled with gold, spices and silk.

It was under French authority to attack the British – so he was legitimately fulfilling his mission. He plundered the cargo and made off for Madagascar.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Kidd, his financial backers at home were already looking for ways to distance themselves from this farcical voyage.

When Kidd broke his agreement, selling some of his recently acquired loot and splitting the resulting £10,000 between his men, it was the final straw. The British announced an amnesty for all pirates in the Indian Ocean except for William Kidd, who was now a wanted man.

When Kidd arrived back in America he showed the Governor of New York – who had masterminded the mission in the first place – French papers from the Armenian ship that would prove his innocence. But he was promptly handed over to the British authorities, and the papers had vanished by the time Kidd was tried for piracy and murder in 1701.

Kidd was executed in Wapping on May 23 that year and his body left to hang in a cage over the River Thames for three years as a warning to anyone thinking of a career in piracy.

Though he was a notoriously unfortunate pirate, there was one aspect of the job that Captain Kidd excelled at – hiding his loot. Centuries later, and the treasure hunt for the rest of his bounty continues. Anyone planning a holiday to Madagascar would do well to pack a metal detector in their luggage.

29

The quintessential swashbuckler

“He was tried for piracy and murder in 1701”

30

"*A bold and brilliant woman was in their midst*"

Jennie Lee

The Lioness of Labour was a journalist and MP who founded the Open University, ran rings round Winston Churchill and fought fascism and inequality at every turn

IN 1929, a young working class woman from a Lochgelly mining family caused an almighty stir when she sashayed into parliament wearing an emerald green velvet evening gown.

The next day, newspapers compared her to a Bond Street mannequin.

Journalists were predictably preoccupied with her looks, but whatever Jennie Lee wore to work paled in comparison to her keen mind, fervent socialism and steadfast courage.

Earlier that year, she had become the youngest woman in the House of Commons when she won the North Lanarkshire by-election for the Independent Labour Party – all the more remarkable because at 24, she wasn't old enough to vote.

Her maiden speech left the men of Westminster in no doubt that a bold and brilliant woman was in their midst – and she was ready to fight.

The first time she spoke in parliament Jennie lambasted Winston Churchill, then chancellor of the exchequer, accusing him of corruption and incompetence.

Churchill was awed and congratulated her on such an impassioned speech.

Jennie lost her seat in 1931 and then married Labour politician Nye Bevan three years later. She continued to fight for the people as a journalist, turning her attention to the rise of fascism in Spain.

In 1937, she travelled to Spain to report on the civil war, meeting up with George Orwell in Barcelona and writing about her experiences.

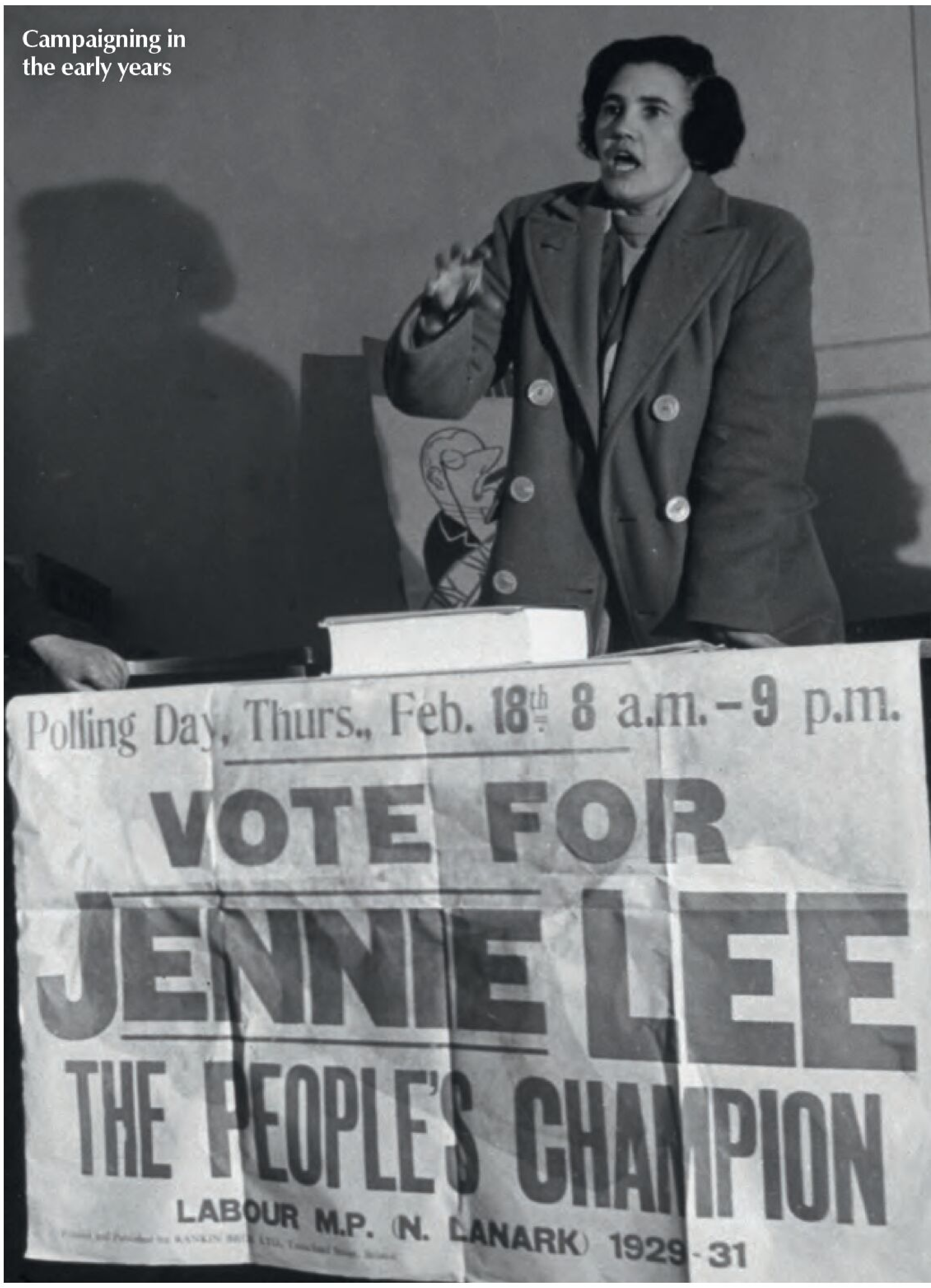
She returned to parliament as the Labour MP for Cannock and when Harold Wilson made Jennie the first minister for the arts in 1964, she was tasked with establishing a distance-learning university.

Her proposals were met with disdain, even within her party, but thanks to her unwavering belief in higher education for everyone, 1971 saw the first intake of Open University students embark on their degrees.

Wilson later said it had been his government's greatest achievement, and since its creation, more than 2.2 million students have studied there.

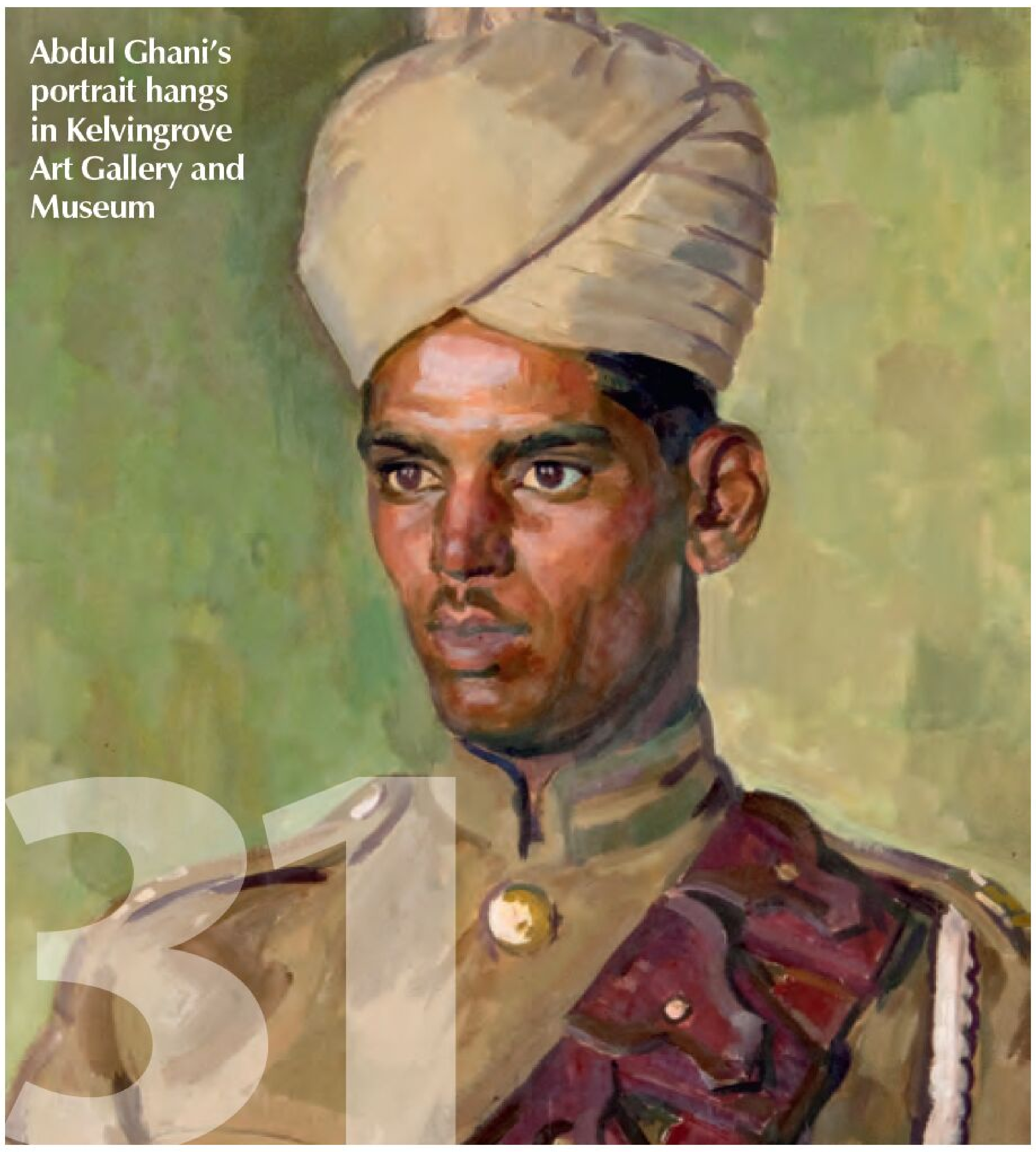
Tenacious, rebellious and spirited, Jennie Lee always lived up to her nickname of the "Lioness of Labour".

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK


Campaigning in the early years
Polling Day, Thurs., Feb. 18th 8 a.m.–9 p.m.
VOTE FOR
JENNIE LEE
THE PEOPLE'S CHAMPION
LABOUR M.P. (N. LANARK) 1929-31

At a Labour Party conference in Blackpool in 1970

Abdul Ghani



Abdul Ghani's portrait hangs in Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum

One portrait commemorates an Indian war hero who survived a Scottish winter

IN May 1941, official war artist Henry Lamb spotted some Indian soldiers in Salisbury. With a desire to paint them, he followed them to Hereford, where the men were based, and set to work on their portraits. One portrait, of driver Abdul Ghani, now hangs in Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum in Glasgow.

Very little is known about Ghani. Hailing from northwest India, now Pakistan, he was a driver in Force K6 – the mule transport companies of the Royal Indian Army Service Corps that spent time in Scotland during the Second World War – and belonged to the 29th Company. When the British Army needed support in 1939, the Indian Army sent their troops to lend a hand – and a hoof.

Abdul had been awarded a Frontier Medal in 1938, and in 1942 the 29th Company was sent to Scotland to prepare for an invasion of Norway. The men of K6 were strewn across the Highlands, Speyside and Deeside, and were welcomed by the communities. The K6's training exercises were tough, though, and while based in Scotland, 13 soldiers died, succumbing to diseases such as tuberculosis, and accidents on mountains and in rivers.

Abdul Ghani is not among the names of those who died in Scotland, and it is hoped that he returned home safely after the war.

Agnes Owens

A graduate of the school of hard knocks – with startling literary talent

BORN in Milngavie in 1926, Agnes Owens married young and had seven children. Precarious housing and low-paid work were the norm.

Widowed in her 30s, she remarried, settling in the Vale of Leven. At age 51, at a local writing group in Alexandria, she took along a poem she'd written about a forget-me-not – sowing the seed of an unexpected writing career. Her first story, *Arabella*, a darkly funny tale, caught the eye of three tutors who mentored her: poet and playwright Liz Lochhead; author and artist Alasdair Gray; and novelist James Kelman.

Publishers were reluctant to take a chance on a working-class woman approaching 60 but, despite this, her novel, *Gentlemen Of The West*, was published in 1984. Then her son, Patrick, was stabbed to death. Agnes was uncertain if she'd write again, but from 1994, she began publishing new work, including *For The Love Of Willie*, which was nominated for the Stakis Prize.

Agnes continued storytelling into old age, and died in 2014, a genius whose unsentimental depiction of working-class life gave a voice to swathes of Scottish society. Hopefully this brilliant writer will one day receive the recognition she deserves.

Tough tales

Pictures: GETTY IMAGES, NATIONAL GALLERIES OF SCOTLAND

Victoria Drummond

The female marine engineer who beat discrimination and saved lives at sea

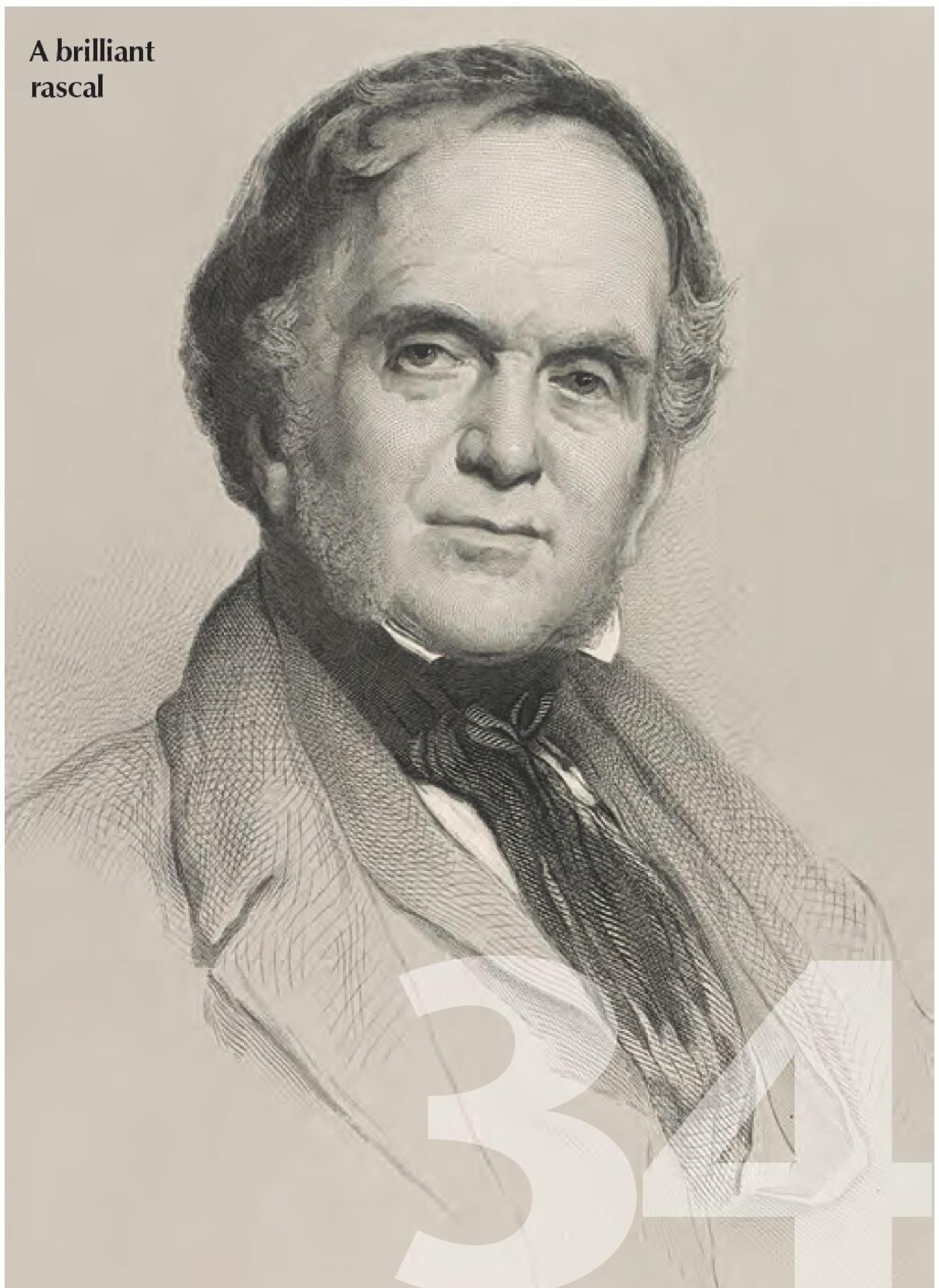
DESPITE being born in a castle with Queen Victoria as her godmother, Victoria Drummond rejected a life of leisure. Instead, she trained to become the first female marine engineer in the UK. During the First World War she was an apprentice at the Northern Garage in Perth, and studied maths and engineering. She then moved to Dundee's Caledon shipyard before taking to the high seas.

She was the only female engineer aboard ships travelling across the world, and her crewmates adored her. However, she faced discrimination from higher up and was denied senior engineering roles, "failing" many exams until the Board of Trade later admitted it was automatically failing her because she was a woman. At the outbreak of the Second World War, every British shipping firm turned down Victoria's job applications. Instead she went to work on foreign vessels, and when her Panamanian cargo ship was attacked, her quick thinking saved the crew.

She was awarded an MBE and the Lloyd's War Medal for Bravery at Sea. In 1959, Victoria sailed as a chief engineer for the first time, after passing the Panamanian exams, and retired aged 67 after an impressive 49 voyages.

An engineering inspiration

William Playfair



A brilliant rascal

The celebrated architect's namesake was a true scoundrel of statistics

THERE were two famous William Playfairs. One was among Scotland's greatest 19th century architects. His uncle William, on the other hand, was considered the black sheep of the family. The unofficial patron saint of data analysts and Excel spreadsheet aficionados, the older Playfair led a riveting life.

Born near Dundee in 1759, the older Playfair invented many types of statistical graphics. In 1786, he published his *Commercial And Political Atlas* that included bar, line and pie charts – the future of data visualisation. William moved to Paris, taking part in the storming of the Bastille, then became involved in the Scioto scandal, selling land in America – which didn't belong to the company – to French families. William embezzled the cash and fled.

While working as a secret agent for the British, he masterminded a counterfeiting operation that caused the collapse of the French currency. Other ventures included a failed bank, blackmailing a Scottish Lord and being sued for libel while editing a newspaper.

Engineer, millwright, accountant, draughtsman, investment broker, political economist, pamphleteer, publicist, land speculator, banker, journalist and editor – as well as secret agent and blackmailer. In short, William Playfair was a brilliant wee rascal.

Jamie Andrew

The quadruple amputee climber survived the most tragic of circumstances and now pushes himself to the limit while raising thousands for charity

ON a clear day in January 1999, Jamie Andrew and his best friend Jamie Fisher looked up at the blue sky and twinkling peaks of the Mont Blanc massif and decided to change their plans.

They were in Chamonix to go snowboarding with friends, but this pair of keen mountaineers knew that such beautiful Alpine weather was too good to miss. Instead, they would spend the next few days scaling the north face of Les Droites.

It was an uneventful climb until a surprising and savage blizzard rapidly engulfed the two men. They had no choice but to wait it out on the summit.

As the hours turned into days, the wind whipped around them. They ran out of food and water as the temperature plummeted to minus 30°C and the snowdrifts towered around them.

Three days into their ordeal came the hopeful whirr of a helicopter, but conditions were still so bad that it was blown off course, unable to rescue the stranded climbers. Several further attempts were also aborted.

Despondent, the men did their best to keep their spirits up, but the bitter cold was threatening to overwhelm them.

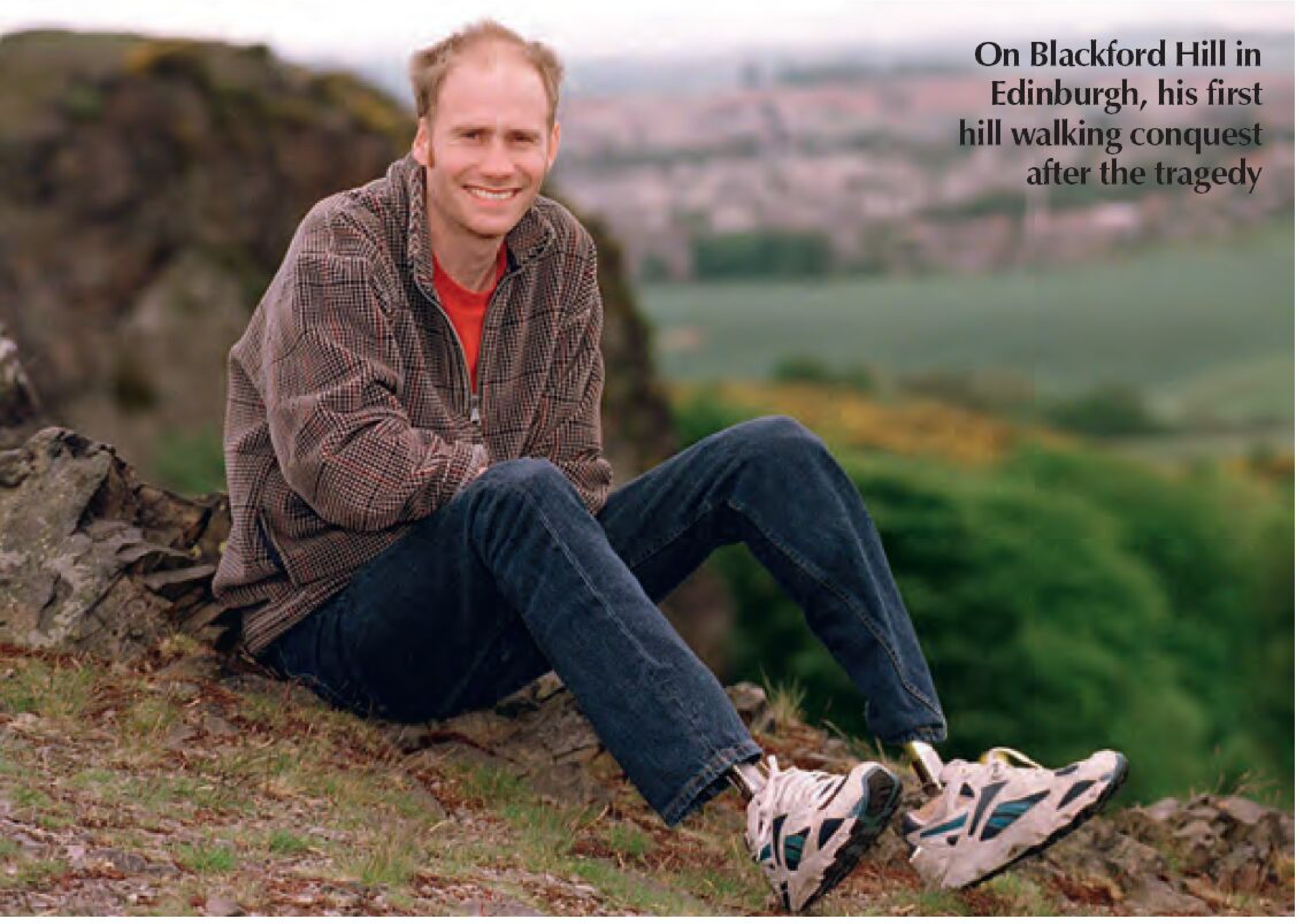
Two more nights passed before tragedy struck and hypothermia killed Jamie Fisher. His friend, resigned now to his fate, sat beside him on the mountain and waited.

But a new morning arrived, and against the odds, Jamie Andrew lived to see it.

Improving weather meant the rescue helicopter returned just in time to save him. Days later in hospital, his severely frostbitten hands and feet were amputated.

For many, the grief of watching a dear friend die combined with the shock of adjusting to life as a quadruple amputee would be too much to bear.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK



On Blackford Hill in Edinburgh, his first hill walking conquest after the tragedy

For Jamie, however, a second chance at living was a physical and emotional journey he was ready to take.

It was, of course, far from easy, but his determination and fighting spirit meant that in three and a half months, he had learned how to walk again with his new prosthetic legs.

And just four months after his rescue, he was at the top of Blackford Hill in Edinburgh, having successfully completed his first hill walk since losing his hands and feet.

The following year, Jamie not only married his partner Anna, but he climbed Ben Nevis, too. Since then, he has taken on a host of challenges: he has run the London Marathon, climbed Kilimanjaro, become the first quadruple amputee to reach the top of the Matterhorn, and done everything from caving to paragliding – raising tens of thousands of pounds for charity in the process.

During the 2020 Covid-19 pandemic, Jamie climbed the height of Everest up and down his 6.7-metre (22-foot) staircase, as well as doing steps on his garden decking, to raise money for the NHS.

To add to the lockdown challenge, Jamie abseiled from a second floor window at his home and finished by climbing a step ladder on to the roof.

His biggest and most rewarding challenge, however, has been fatherhood. In 2004, he and Anna welcomed a daughter, followed by the arrival of twins two years later. When it comes to being a role model, Jamie Andrew is one of the most inspiring dads around.

On Ben A'an in the Trossachs

35

> “For Jamie, a second chance at living was a journey he was ready to take”

Alexander Nasmyth's 1828 portrait of Burns standing near Auld Brig O' Doon at Alloway

36

> *"For balance, he also penned his fair share of crude drinking songs"*

Robert Burns

The many poems and songs of the humble Ploughman Poet covered the full range of human emotion and continue to resonate centuries after his passing

THOUGH The Bard himself probably would not mind, omitting Robert Burns from this list of 100 top Scots would be something close to blasphemy.

The humble Ploughman Poet from Ayrshire is still beloved the world over more than 200 years after his death, aged just 37. In fact, after Queen Victoria and Christopher Columbus, there are more statues of Robert Burns in the world than of any other non-religious figure.

It might have something to do with his skill with a quill.

Burns wrote more than 550 poems and songs in his short lifetime – many of which are still sung today.

His verses showed a profound understanding of human emotion and a keen observation of the world around him, which resonates with readers across generations.

In *To A Mouse*, Burns considers the damage mankind causes to the natural world; in *A Man's A Man For A' That* he advocates brotherhood among all men; and in *The Rights Of Woman* the radical poet spoke out against war.

For balance, it must be said that he also penned his fair share of crude drinking songs for his pals and many a flattering ditty to woo the lassies.

Ae Fond Kiss is generally considered one of the greatest love ballads ever written, and *Address To The Toothache* shows his wit and humour even in the agonies of an infected tooth. Dental surgery in Burns's day was generally done by the local barber, and something best not dwelled upon.

Sadly, such pain and poverty were daily struggles for Burns. Born the eldest of seven children in a tiny, thatched cottage in Alloway, Ayrshire, Burns grew up with irregular schooling and the strains of labouring on the farm.

Writing and collecting verse were his true passions, though neither paid enough to keep the wolf from the door.

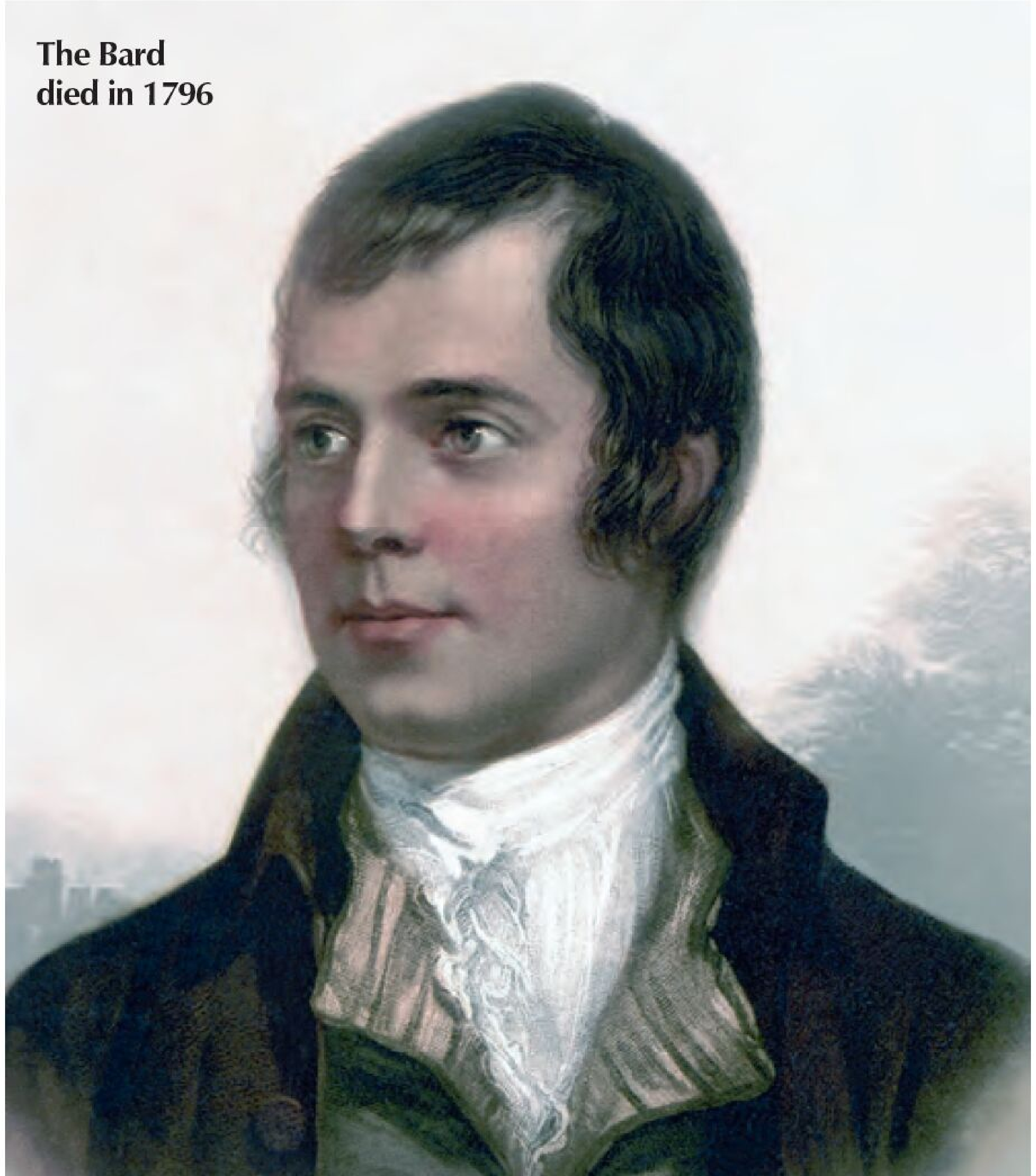
He released two editions of his now-famous collection, *Poems, Chiefly In The Scottish Dialect*, and held down many jobs in later life – farm labourer, flax dresser, exciseman and surveyor – but never fully escaped poverty.

"Then, all unknown," Burns predicted in a letter to his friend James Smith, "I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, forgot and gone!"

How wrong he was.

Far from fading into obscurity, Burns' works have been translated into more than 57 languages, making him he most diversely translated Scots poet in history.

Burns clubs are found worldwide, and on The Bard's birthday on January 25 each year, it is estimated that more than 9.5 million people around the world take part in a Burns Supper, raising a toast to the immortal memory of Scotland's most famous son.


The Bard died in 1796

A statue of Burns in Leith, one of dozens around the world

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Loretto

Creating Exceptional Scots

Loretto is Scotland's oldest boarding school, combining history and tradition with incredible opportunities for the modern world.

Situated to the east of Edinburgh, Scotland's capital city, Loretto's leafy campus covers 85 acres and is easily accessible by road, rail and air.

Loretto is home to around 600 girls and boys and enjoys comprehensive academic, pastoral and sporting facilities including our world-class Golf Academy, which attracts global talent due to its rich history, facilities, location and US College programme.

Our school is built upon the ethos instilled by our first Headmaster, Dr Hely Hutchinson Almond, whose strong belief in the development of the individual - in mind, body and spirit - and in the value of community remain integral to the pastoral care, sporting and academic excellence delivered at Loretto.

Through our diverse yet rigorous curriculum and incredible range of co-curricular activities, we pride ourselves on helping boys and girls to excel in mind, body and spirit, enabling them to realise their full potential.

We are dedicated to creating exceptional lives and over the years, many notable individuals from across the globe have begun their lives at Loretto. Your child could be next.

Just like our school, our Open Days are kept purposefully small, allowing you to experience for yourself Loretto's exceptional campus and community. We would be delighted if you would join us.

Your first step is to contact admissions@loretto.com where our team will be delighted to book in your visit, or supply you with further information.

Jimmy Quinn

Jamie The Silent, aka the Bhoy From Croy, had a stellar football career, scoring the goals that would help his beloved Celtic win countless trophies

IN 1900, Jimmy Quinn was working as a miner in the village of Croy, North Lanarkshire when his footballing talent caught the eye of Celtic manager Willie Maley.

Playing for his local side, Smithston Albion, Jimmy had already been spotted by Sunderland, but turned down their offer as he didn't want to move so far away.

Training in Glasgow, less than 25km (15 miles) from home, seemed ideal. However, it still took some encouragement to get him to sign.

Eventually, on Hogmanay that year, he provisionally joined the team, and less than a fortnight later, the deal was officially done. Over the next 14 years, he became one of Celtic's most legendary players.

Jimmy started out as a left-winger, a good one at that, but it took a while for him to end up in the position he was born to play: centre-forward. Power and pace led to his nickname the Croy Express, and he was a force to be reckoned with.

The Mighty Quinn (another well- earned nickname) scored on his debut against St Mirren in January 1901.

He was the first player to net 200 goals for the side, with his tally rising to 217 in 331 matches.

Some of those goals were simply sensational. You don't need to be a supporter of either of the Old Firm teams to understand the significance of his hat-trick at the 1904 Scottish Cup final against rivals Rangers, for instance – Jimmy's skill took Celtic from 2-0 down to winners that day.

He helped the club to the top of the league six times in a row, as well as lifting five Scottish Cups. He also played for his country, scoring seven goals in 11 games for Scotland.

At the end of January 1915, however, having been plagued by a knee injury, Jimmy hung up his football boots and went back to work down the mines in Croy.

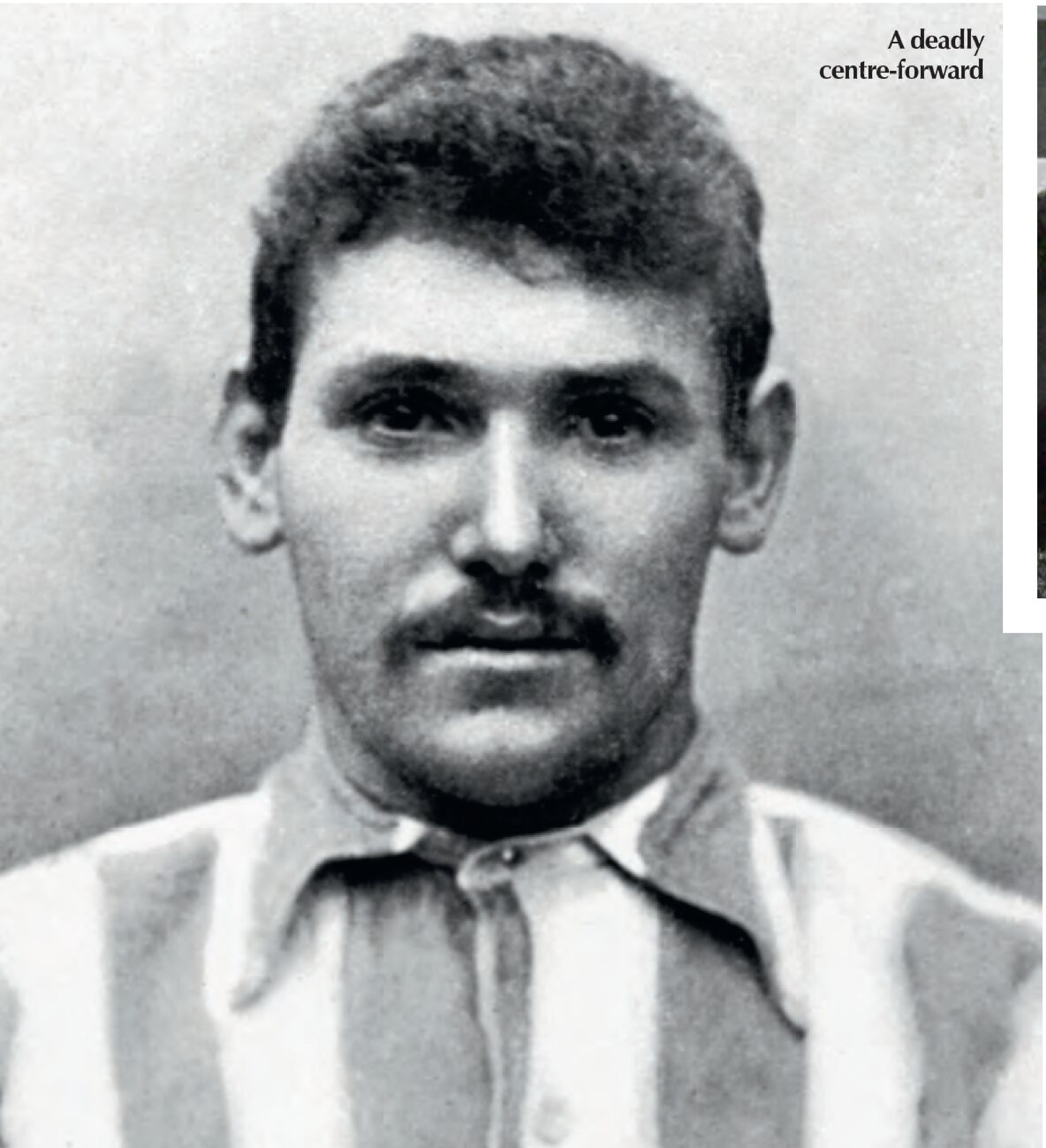
Undoubtedly a superstar footballer, he was devoid of the bravado of some of today's top players. He was so shy his teammates dubbed him Jamie The Silent!

In 1945, aged 67, Jimmy Quinn died. Yet more than a century since his retirement, he's still among the club's top five goalscorers of all time, immortalised alongside the likes of Jimmy McGrory and Henrik Larsson.

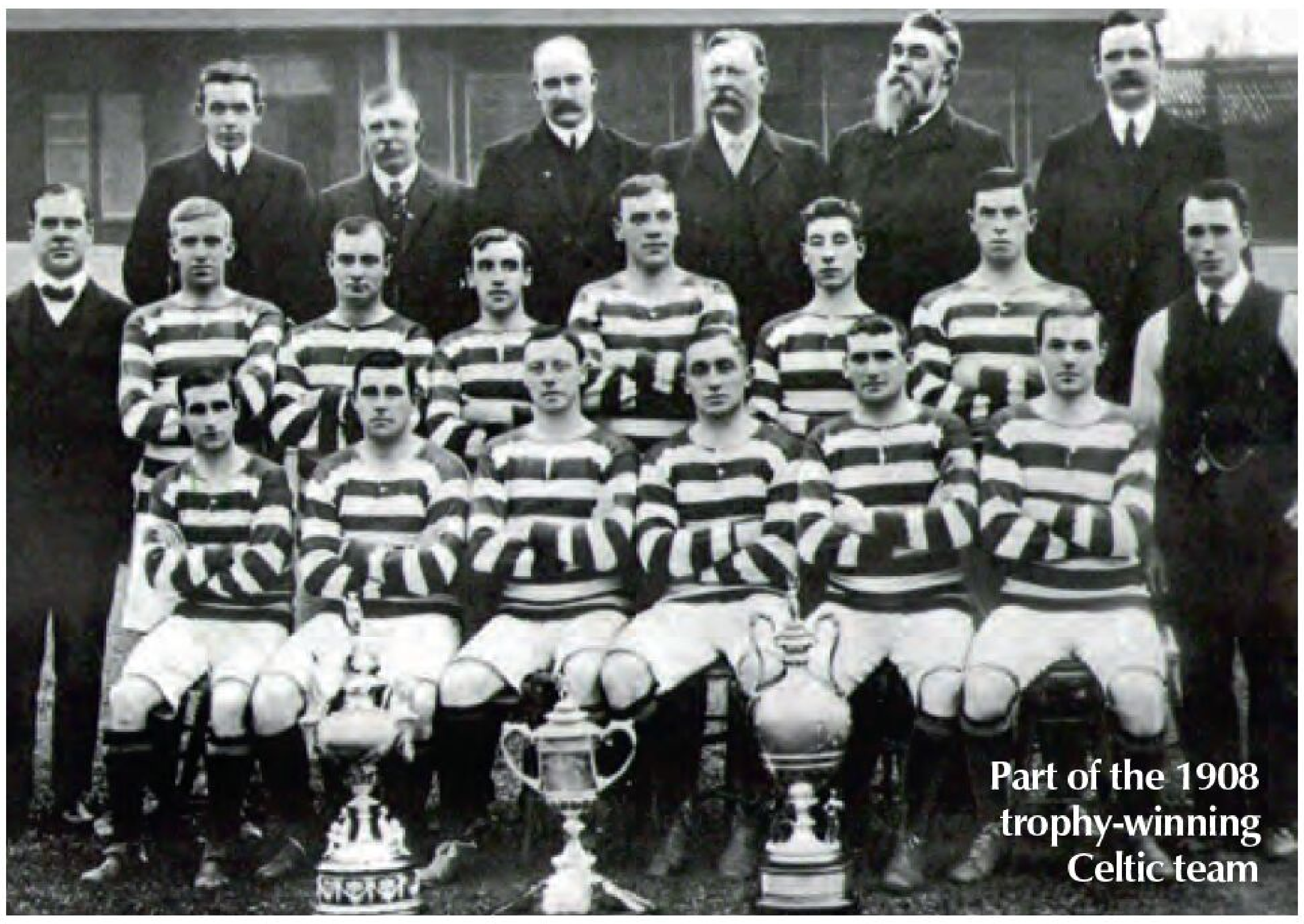
The Bhoy From Croy, who once wondered whether he was good enough to play for Celtic at all, is a Scottish sporting hero.

> *"Devoid of the bravado of today's top players"*

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK



A deadly centre-forward



Part of the 1908 trophy-winning Celtic team

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June Almeida

This trailblazing scientist from Glasgow discovered the first human coronavirus decades before Covid-19 had the whole country banished into lockdown

IT'S an image we're all painfully familiar with after the last few years – the spiky orb of Covid-19 looming ominously on government charts and test kits. Many of us won't have heard, however, of the pioneering Scottish virologist who discovered the first human coronavirus in the 1960s.

Growing up in Glasgow, June Almeida – or Hart, as she was then – had dreams of pursuing science as a career, but university was too expensive. Instead, in 1947, she left school at 16 and found a job as a lab technician examining diseased tissue, first at Glasgow Royal Infirmary and then at St Bartholomew's Hospital in London.

After moving to Toronto with her first husband, June became an electron microscopy technician at the Ontario Cancer Institute. It was a pivotal role and she began conducting research and publishing papers.

She hit upon a ground-breaking technique to help identify, analyse and diagnose viruses by using antibodies to clump together those pesky particles, making it easier for scientists to spot them under their microscopes.

Taking a position at St Thomas's Hospital Medical School, a peculiar virus made its way to her lab, thanks to David Tyrrell – the director of the Common Cold Unit near Salisbury.

David wondered if June's magical microscope mastery might shed some light on the sample, and she realised the viruses were familiar – she'd spotted similar ones in animals.

She'd even written a paper on the topic, which hadn't been published because those reviewing it erroneously thought they were just looking at rather rubbish images of influenza.

Thanks to June, it was obvious this wasn't flu. The hitherto elusive group of viruses became known as coronaviruses, a Latin nod to their protein crowns.

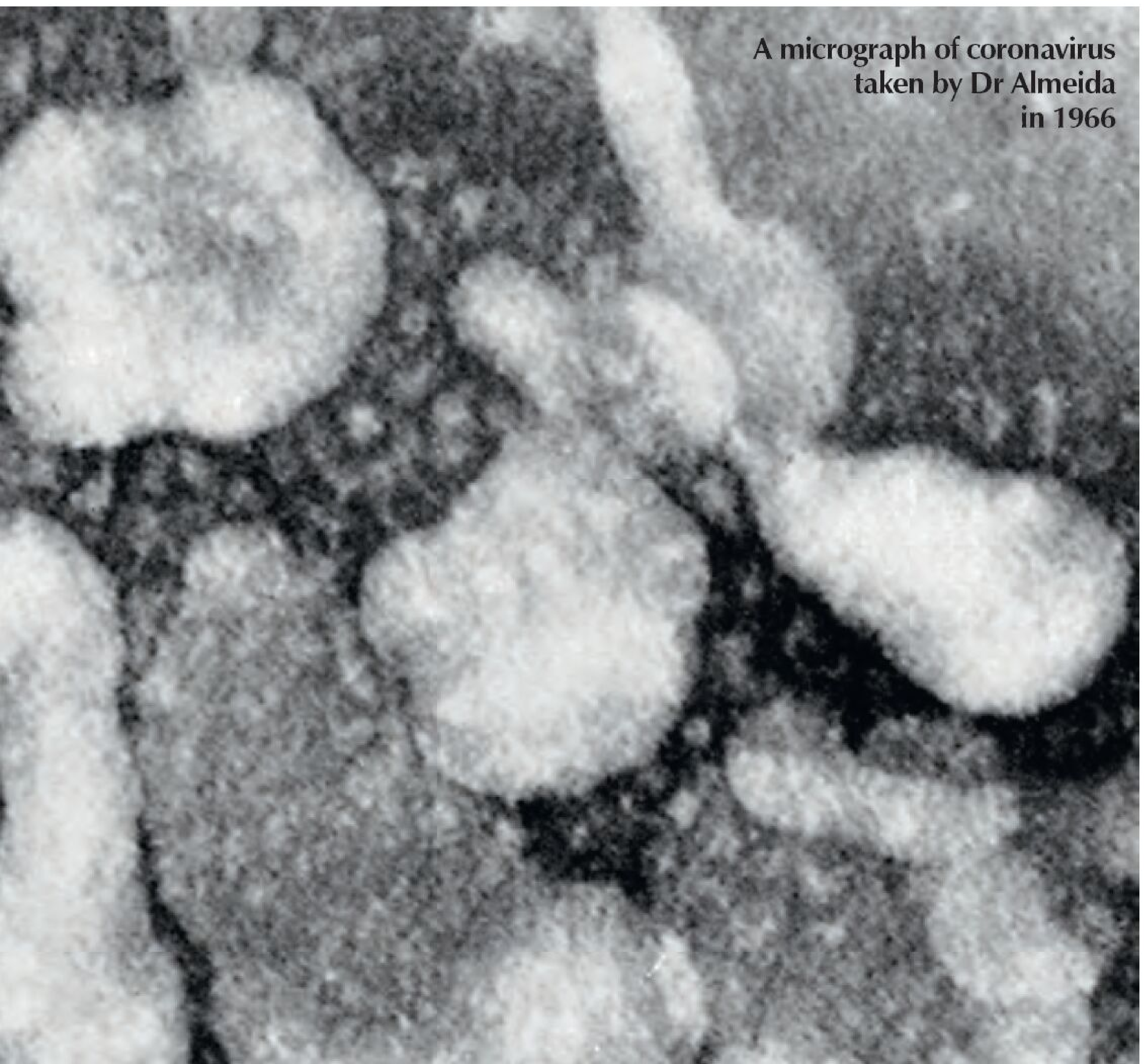
June was also responsible for the first visualisation of rubella and made early images of HIV – and her techniques are still used today.

Dr June Almeida, who died in 2007, has been celebrated at last – the Covid-19 lab at Guy's Hospital in London was named in her honour, and a children's book has been written about her.

It's a fraction of the recognition she deserves but, given the nature of her work, perhaps it's no wonder that it took a pandemic to highlight her achievements.

Pictures: GETTY IMAGES, ALAMY, JOYCE ALMEIDA

Magical mastery of the microscope


A micrograph of coronavirus taken by Dr Almeida in 1966

"She hit upon a ground-breaking technique to help diagnose viruses"

38

At work in the lab in Toronto in 1963

AFI
American Film Institute
American Film Institute

At a Los Angeles awards ceremony in 2006

39

> “It wasn’t always glitz and glamour for the future star – he started work as a milkman”

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Sean Connery

From humble beginnings, Sir Sean rose to the summit of Hollywood with his iconic portrayal of James Bond – but the patriotic star never forgot his roots

THE name is Bond. James Bond." Well, his real name is Sean Connery, and there's an entirely separate story attached to that famous moniker...

Although he found fame in the iconic role of 007, author Ian Fleming's legendary secret agent, Connery grew up to working-class parents in Edinburgh alongside his younger brother, Neil. As you can imagine, it wasn't always glitz and glamour for the future star. Tam – Sean is his middle name – started work as a milkman before the age of 16, delivering glass bottles around the city centre which etched permanent memories of the street names in his head.

In 1946, the following year, Connery joined the Royal Navy to train in the naval gunnery school and in an anti-aircraft crew to subsequently serve as an Able Seaman on *HMS Formidable* until the age of 19. A rather ironic career path to choose given the combative characters he would later play!

Alas, it took several more small jobs like lorry driving, gym instructing, modelling, and lifeguarding before Connery eventually started acting in his late 20s. Although his acting career began as a backstage hand at The King's Theatre in Edinburgh, Connery slowly worked his way up to star in *South Pacific*, followed by films *Another Time, Another Place* and *Darby O'Gill And The Little People*, until he finally landed *Dr No* in 1962.

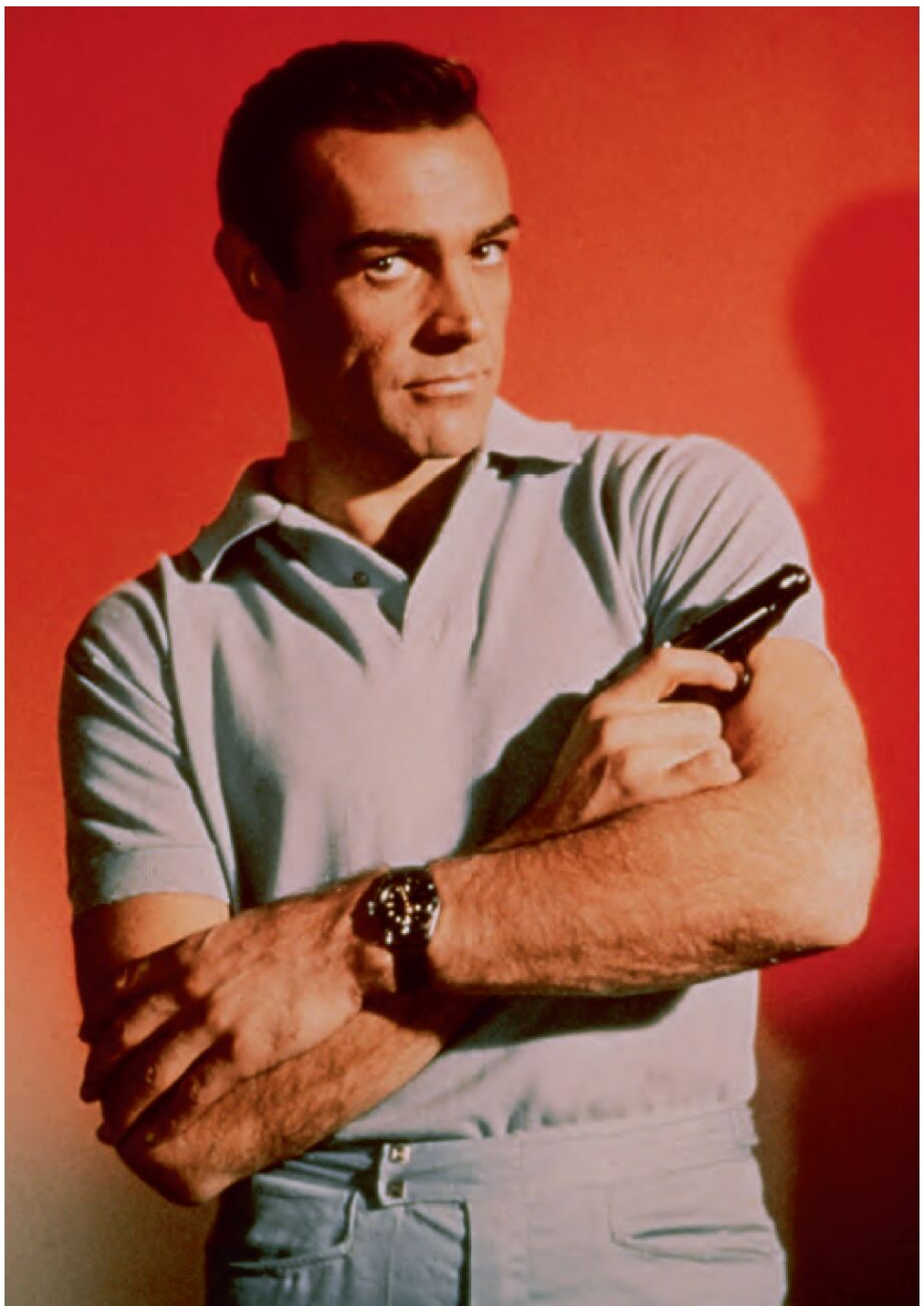
After some initial hesitation about signing up for the James Bond franchise, the movie's landslide success gave Connery his big break, and he would go on to star in six more. But Connery was a Scot beneath it all, and he never forgot his roots. Despite breaking into Hollywood and enjoying huge success across the globe, he remained an ambassador for Scotland and advocated for the country's independence in 2014.

Sir Sean, who was knighted by the Queen in 2000, had plenty of other big stints after Bond, including *The Man Who Would Be King* opposite Michael Caine – a lifelong friend of his – and *Robin And Marian* with Audrey Hepburn. He sadly passed away in 2020 aged 90, but his rich career earned him prestigious trophies including an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor in 1988's *The Untouchables*, and three Golden Globes.

Left: The proud Scot pictured with his wife Micheline in 2000

Far Left: Connery played Bond with a steely edge

Bottom: As the secret agent in 1964's iconic *Goldfinger*



Margaret, Maid Of Norway

Appointed Queen of Scots at just three years old, the tragically short life of this young ruler heralded a crisis and changed the course of the nation's history forever

THE Maid of Norway might sound like an odd nickname for a ruler of Scotland, but that's not even the strangest part of Queen Margaret's short, yet fascinating, life story.

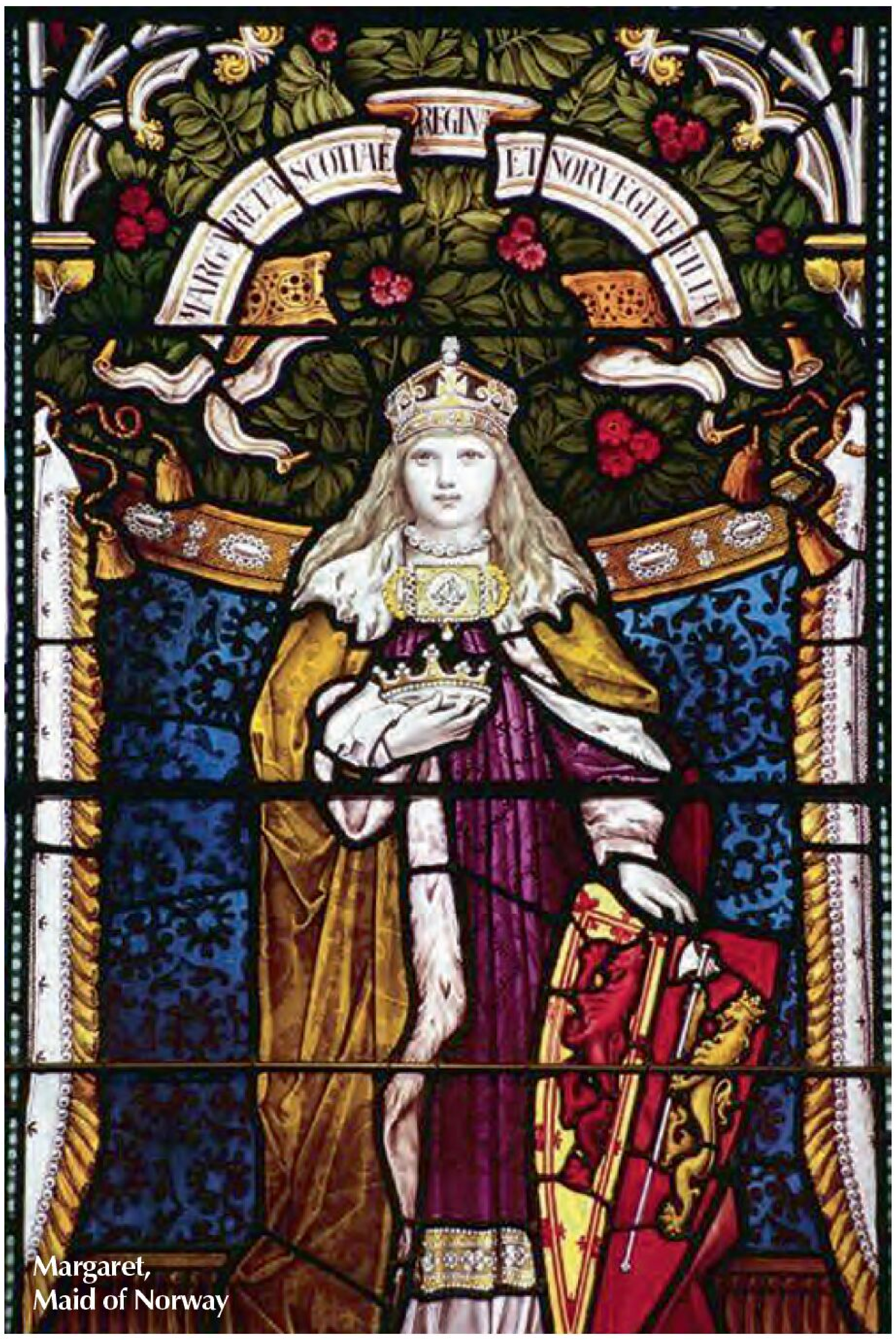
Born in 1283, she was the daughter of Margaret of Scotland and King Eric II of Norway. Her mother – whose father was King Alexander III of Scotland – died while giving birth to baby Margaret.

Life had been cruel to Alexander III. His beloved wife, another Margaret, died in 1275. Then, in 1281, their youngest son David died, followed in the next three years by their daughter Margaret and son Alexander. By 1284, the king had no children to inherit his throne. When he remarried Yolande de Dreux, Alexander hoped for more children, but tragedy was again just around the corner.

In March 1286, the king fell from his horse while riding home from Edinburgh one stormy night to be with his wife. He was found with a broken neck in Kinghorn, Fife, the next morning.

Scotland was without a king, and nobody had a clue who should succeed him. One name kept popping up – his granddaughter, three-year-old Margaret, Maid of Norway.

The Scottish nobles weren't that keen on a three-year-old ruling the country. The fact that Margaret's father was the king of Norway, a historic an enemy of Scotland, made them doubly uneasy.



Margaret, Maid of Norway

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

Then came some happy news – a few days after Alexander's funeral, Yolande announced she was pregnant.

Six guardians of the realm were appointed to rule Scotland while everyone waited for the newest royal to arrive.

Sadly, in November that year, heartache struck once more. Yolande's baby was stillborn. Margaret would now be queen.

After several monarchless months, Scottish civil war was a distinct possibility. King Eric didn't want his young daughter to cross the sea to Scotland at such a fraught time, so she stayed in Norway and "ruled" from there.

After three years, however, Norway started to wonder when exactly their most precocious royal would be officially crowned.

This being the Middle Ages, Margaret needed a husband if she was going to be a proper queen, even though she was still a child. The Norwegian king called upon Edward I of England to find his daughter a husband. Edward chose his own six-year-old son.

The Treaty of Birgham was drawn up to guarantee Scotland's continuing independence. It was agreed that this marriage would be no more than a personal union between England and Scotland.

In August, 1290, Margaret set sail for Scotland and her coronation at Scone. She was in good health when she left home, but became ill during the journey. Some reports say she was struck down by food poisoning, others claim sea sickness was the cause.

Either way, by September when the ship docked in South Ronaldsay, Orkney, she was very unwell. A week after arriving on the island, the Maid of Norway died. She was just seven years old.

Scotland was once again without a monarch, and 13 men came forward to claim the throne. They included Robert Bruce – grandfather of Robert the Bruce – and his rival, John Balliol. Even King Eric II half-heartedly put forward his name.

The guardians found it impossible to choose a future king. Edward I was drafted in to pick. The Treaty of Birgham was now null and void, so the English king seized his opportunity.

He told the guardians that any competitor for the crown would have to accept him as their overlord before he made a decision. The men agreed. Edward plumped for Balliol, but his short reign as King John was a disaster. The people of Scotland quickly lost faith in their king when he failed to stand up to Edward's demands.

The Auld Alliance – an agreement between Scotland and France to defend each other in the event of English invasion – was formed.

Furious, Edward I wasted no time in invading Scotland, kickstarting the decades-long Wars of Independence.

It soon became clear that the tragic death of a little Scots-Norwegian girl had sparked a bloody battle that would dramatically change the landscape of Scotland's future.

> *"The tragic death sparked a bloody battle"*

40

Her death led to the Scottish Wars of Independence

Una Maclean

Dr Maclean had five children alongside her successful career

The doctor, author and academic's life was one of unforgettable adventure

GROWING up as a child of the manse on the Applecross peninsula, Una's Sundays were strictly for worship – even using coloured pencils was forbidden. After becoming a doctor (and an atheist), she headed to work in Yemen and Nigeria.

Graduating top of her class at the University of Edinburgh in 1949, she racked up an impressive list of letters, including a PhD.

Dr Maclean married and started a family. At the same time, her career flourished. In the early 1950s she moved to the Aden Protectorate (today part of Yemen) with first husband Peter. As the only female doctor in the area, her patients were women in harems.

In Ibadan, Nigeria, Una met her second husband, future Labour politician John Mackintosh. Focusing on community medicine, she encouraged Yoruba healers to try Western methods if traditional cures failed, inspiring her first book, *Magical Medicine* in 1971.

Una taught at the University of Edinburgh for over 20 years, wrote five books and more than 50 papers and articles, some on the work of Nigerian playwrights Wole Soyinka and J. P. Clark.

She enjoyed a dram and hosted unforgettable dinner parties that often ended in dancing. A supporter of Scottish independence, Una enjoyed lively political debate. She died in 2012, aged 87.

Catherine Spence

This formidable feminist brought progressive politics to Australia

DUBBED the "Grand Old Woman of Australia", the writer, preacher, reformer and feminist Catherine Helen Spence was a truly remarkable and progressive woman.

Born in 1825 in Melrose, she emigrated to south Australian with her family in 1839. Whilst acting as a governess she began writing and soon had articles and poetry published. In 1854, not yet 30, her first novel *Clara Morison; A Tale Of South Australia During The Gold Fever* was published. It appears to have been one of, if not the first, novel written by a woman in Australia.

From writing, her focus soon moved on to social issues. In 1872 she founded the Boarding Out Society which sought to find family homes for orphans. Her political activity was also increasing. In 1893 she attended the Chicago World Fair to speak on proportional representation. Lectures continued in the following years across the globe. Women's suffrage was also to the fore – she was Australia's first female political candidate in 1897. Also a deeply religious woman, she became alienated from the Church of Scotland and joined the Unitarian Church where she occasionally preached. Dying in 1910, there are numerous memorials to her in Adelaide.

A political powerhouse

Images: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

John Baird

The radical who fought and died for social reform and workers' rights

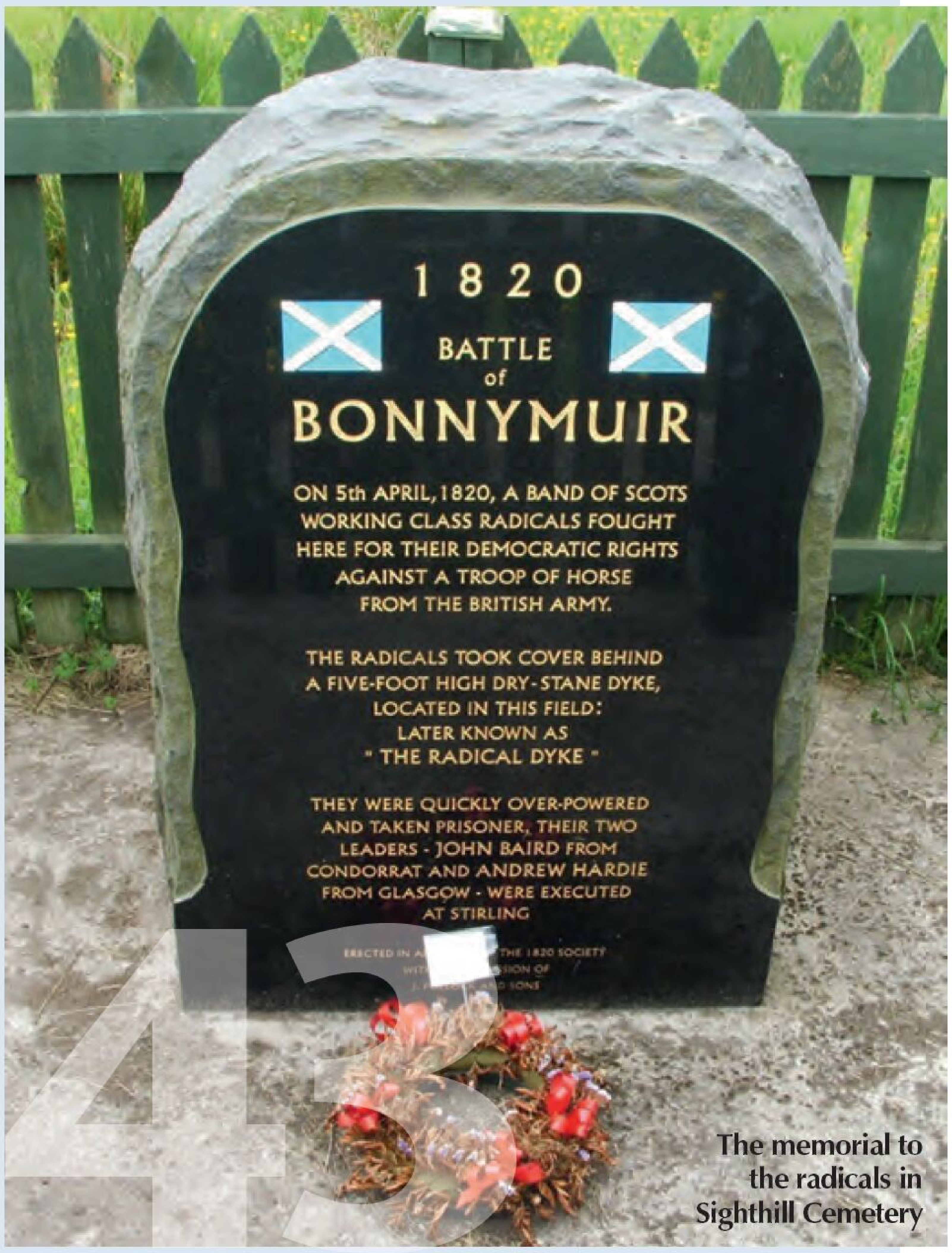
IN April 1820, a war broke out in Scotland. Those at the heart of the week-long Radical War sought better working conditions and living standards, as well as universal suffrage. Leading them was John Baird, of Condorrat, North Lanarkshire.

Joining the British Army in 1806 he fought in the Napoleonic Wars, declared a deserter in 1813. Avoiding arrest he became a weaver, but grew disillusioned as pay was cut. Baird joined the Condorrat Radicals, one of several secret societies in Scotland.

After the Peterloo Massacre in Manchester, when peaceful protesters were killed by cavalry, an uprising was planned. Around 60,000 workers went on strike. Baird and Andrew Hardie led protest marches, but were intercepted by cavalry at Bonnymuir. The leaders were charged with high treason and sentenced to death, as was James Wilson, another radical leader.

On September 8, 1820, they were hanged then beheaded. John told cheering crowds, "What I have hitherto done, and which brought me here, was for the cause of truth and justice."

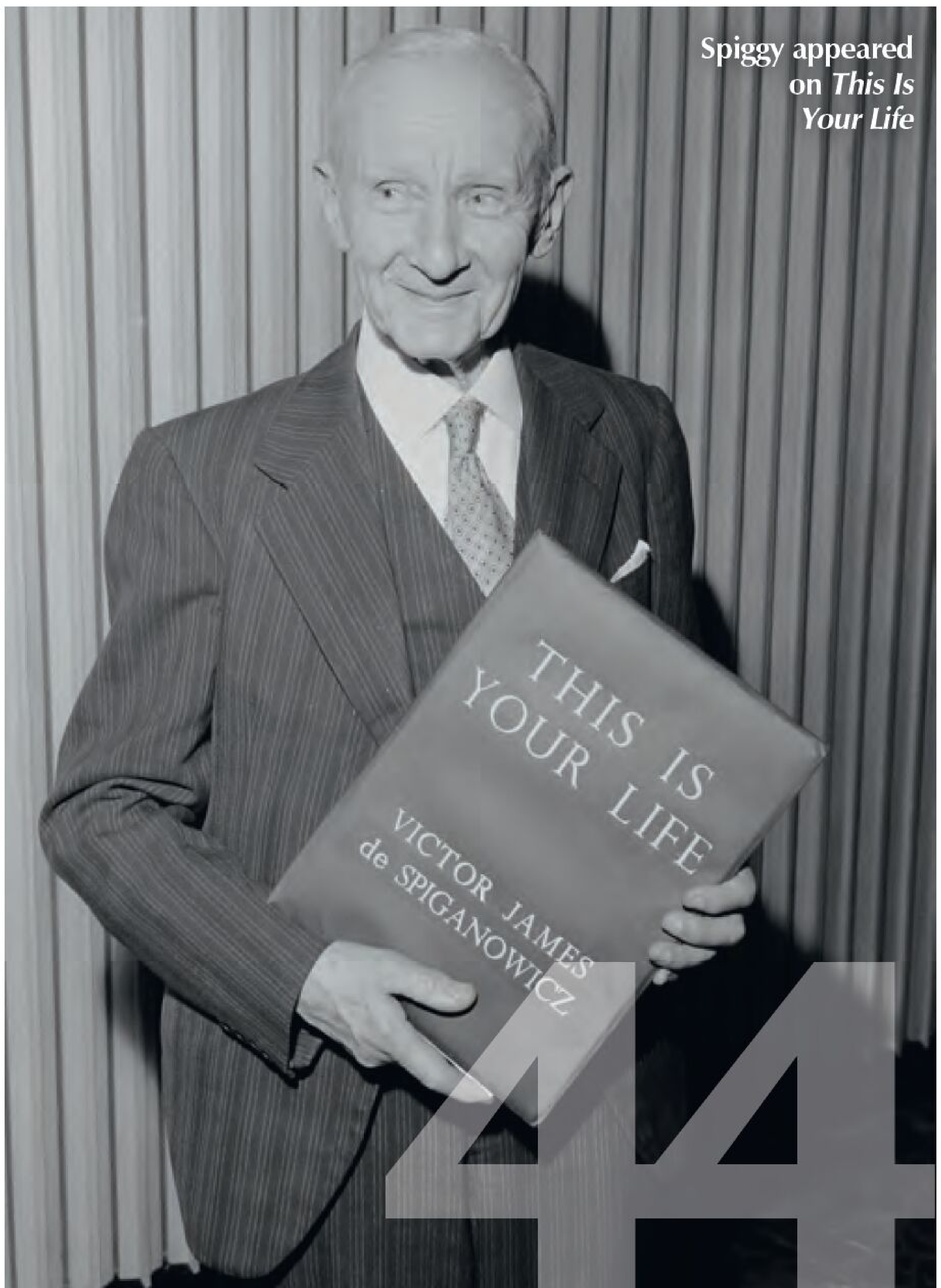
Years later, King William IV pardoned those convicted. In 1847, the bodies of Baird and Hardie were reinterred at Sighthill Cemetery in Glasgow, with a memorial.


1820
BATTLE
of
BONNYMUIR
ON 5th APRIL, 1820, A BAND OF SCOTS
WORKING CLASS RADICALS FOUGHT
HERE FOR THEIR DEMOCRATIC RIGHTS
AGAINST A TROOP OF HORSE
FROM THE BRITISH ARMY.
THE RADICALS TOOK COVER BEHIND
A FIVE-FOOT HIGH DRY-STANE DYKE,
LOCATED IN THIS FIELD:
LATER KNOWN AS
" THE RADICAL DYKE "
THEY WERE QUICKLY OVER-POWERED
AND TAKEN PRISONER, THEIR TWO
LEADERS - JOHN BAIRD FROM
CONDORRAT AND ANDREW HARDIE
FROM GLASGOW - WERE EXECUTED
AT STIRLING

43

The memorial to the radicals in Sighthill Cemetery

Victor de Spiganovicz


THIS IS YOUR LIFE
VICTOR JAMES de SPIGANOWICZ

Spiggy appeared on *This Is Your Life*

44

A humanitarian who left many legacies for Scotland's young people

VICTOR DE SPIGANOVICZ was an architect, writer, hostel owner, wartime ambulance driver and aircraftman, welding workshop manager, youth club founder and more.

Born in Odessa in 1881, his family moved to Britain after his father died. It seems he attended the Royal High School of Edinburgh, becoming an assistant, then an architect at the city's school board. After a spell travelling, Spiggy, as he was known, started his own architecture practice.

He loved writing, inundating the BBC with scripts, and published novels and pamphlets. Problems of working class youngsters concerned this descendant of nobility. He saw hardship as he cycled in Edinburgh, and founded Spiggy's Club, helping boys learn skills. He co-designed a building for Causewayside Lads' Institute. A friend of Robert Baden-Powell, he introduced Scouting to Scotland.

Refused for First World War active service, he persuaded a doctor to pass him at grade C. According to the Imperial War Museums he was in the Royal Scots, Royal Flying Corps and Royal Army Service Corps. Another project was a hostel for cyclists in Berwickshire. When the Second World War began, he travelled around inspecting youth hostels. Victor died in Aberdeen in 1970, and donated his body to the University of Edinburgh medical school.

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Aqeel Ahmed

Originally destined to become an accountant, inspirational Aqeel swapped spreadsheets for sparring to become the golden boy of Scottish boxing

SOME athletes are practically born doing the sport they love. Not so Scotland's Aqeel Ahmed, who didn't actually start boxing until he was well into his teens – and even then it was only because all of his pals were doing it.

Soon, though, he was struck down by a chronic bout of boxing fever, and it was clear that a hobby which began as a way to keep fit was about to blossom into a whole new life for Aqeel.

Plans to become an accountant were paused to make way for a career as a boxer. The accolades started piling up and Scotland had an exciting new boxing star.

By 2014, his impressive fighting skills had earned him the chance to battle it out on the international stage when he was chosen to be part of the Scottish squad competing on home turf at the Commonwealth Games in Glasgow.

During the tough training, winning medals wasn't his only motivation, however. Aqeel takes his position as a role model very seriously.

As the only athlete on the team with south Asian roots – he comes from a Dundonian-Pakistani family – Aqeel hoped his appearances on television would inspire a younger generation of budding boxers, especially those who share his heritage.

And they couldn't help but be inspired.

On the day he turned 22, Aqeel won a place in the quarter-finals when he beat Kenya's Alumasa Matayo Keya. Not only were lots of his family proudly watching at the Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre, they were also celebrating Eid al-Fitr, a Muslim holiday that marks the end of Ramadan.

Traditionally a time of feasting and celebration, Aqeel couldn't even have a slice of his own birthday cake because he needed to maintain his weight for the next round. Nothing could dull the sweetness of his sporting achievements, though.

Aqeel has continued to inspire boxing fans young and old since then. He's the only amateur Scottish boxer in history to be crowned British light-flyweight champion three years in a row, and on top of that he had another outing at the Commonwealth Games in 2018, and represented Team GB at the European Games and World Championships.

In 2019, he was promoted to GB Boxing's Podium Squad, having been part of their Podium Potential Programme.

That meant he split his time between Scotland and the squad's base at the English Institute of Sport in Sheffield.

It also meant he was a serious contender for a place on the British Olympic team in the future.

While that hasn't transpired, he has since carried on doing what he does best: training hard, fighting even harder, and being a shining example to aspiring young boxers.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

GLASGOW 2014
STING
STING
10-OZ

Left: Landing a punch on Alumasa Matayo Keya at the Glasgow Commonwealth Games in 2014

SCOTLAND
Gold Co
2018

An inspiration to young boxers

45

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Dewar heading into
Downing Street in 1998

Donald Dewar

The Labour politician was too modest to ever embrace the title of "father of the nation" but his key role in the charge for devolution ensured his legacy remains

TODAY, there is a new voice in the land, the voice of a democratic Parliament. A voice to shape Scotland, a voice above all for the future."

On a clear July day in 1999, these words echoed through a new parliament, their impact not just resonating to the gathered public and politicians, but to Scots across generations.

Scots huddled round their screens to watch history unfold as a Scottish Parliament gathered for the first time in nearly three centuries. The tenacious individual credited with delivering it was Donald Dewar, dubbed the "father of the nation" – though the title mortified him!

When thinking of the architect of devolution, you could be forgiven for picturing someone loud and larger than life, but much of Dewar's charm lay in his measured approach. Fundamentally, he was a gentle but kind man, attributing his self-professed shyness to being an only child from older parents.

As a young man, Dewar attended the University of Glasgow. His time there saw him gaining degrees in History and Law as well as invaluable debating skills in the raucous Friday night Union debates – the perfect set of training wheels for Westminster!

Dewar's first seat was secured, not in Glasgow where he was born and bred, but in Aberdeen South. At just 28, he snagged a marginal seat for Labour, though this was snatched back by the Conservatives in 1970. Following this, Dewar returned to his roots to pursue a successful career as a solicitor.

Though law came naturally to his logical and articulate nature, it was politics that held his heart. In the years following his loss of Aberdeen South he hunted for another parliamentary seat, eventually securing Glasgow Garscadden following the unexpected death of Willie Small in 1978.

Deeply moved by the deprivation in his constituency, Dewar's socialist leaning politics were cemented at this time. While he opposed independence, he was a strong cultural nationalist who loved his country – especially the football!

Following a landslide referendum in 1997, Dewar led the charge on the Scotland Act of 1998. As Secretary of State for Scotland he drafted this important act which would see Scotland establishing its own parliament.

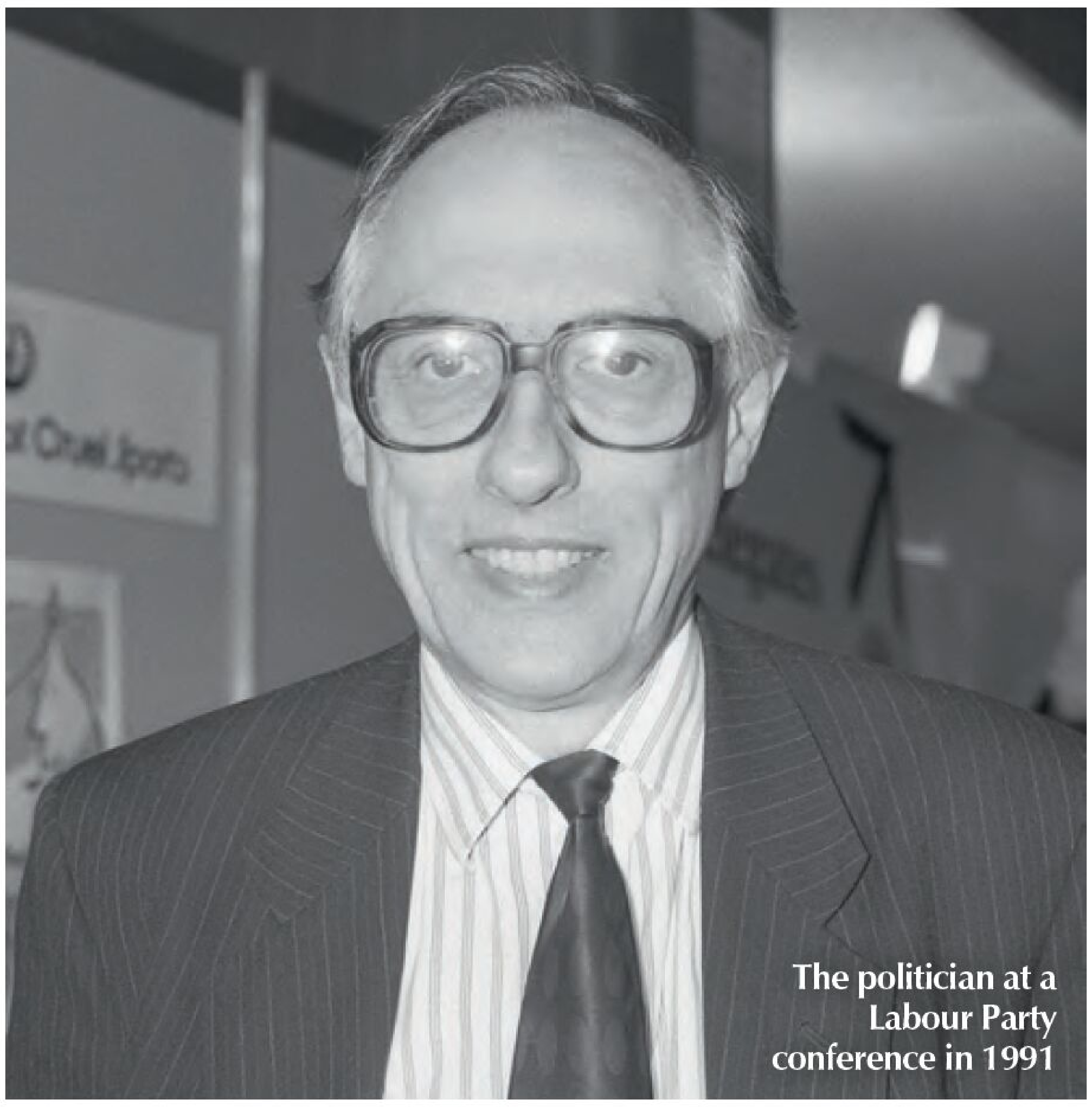
It was in 1999 that this passionate politician finally brought Scotland to its feet.

Donald Dewar was voted in as Scotland's first First Minister, and a key figure in its history. His death in 2000 shocked the nation, but his legacy remains.

From statues and buildings to trains and debating competitions, Scotland hasn't forgotten this modest yet remarkable man.

Labour Scottish
Lab

Scotland's first First Minister



The politician at a Labour Party conference in 1991

> "Though law came naturally to his nature, politics held his heart"

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Elsie Inglis

Groundbreaking medic, suffragist and founder of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, Dr Inglis saved lives in Edinburgh and on the battlefields of the First World War

THE traditional male disbelief in our capacity cannot be argued away," pioneering doctor and suffragist Dr Elsie Maud Inglis wrote. "It can only be worked away."

She founded the Scottish Women's Hospitals during the First World War, despite a grotesque "go home and sit still" dismissal by the War Office when she offered them a ready-made medical unit staffed by qualified women. Her hospitals – by 1916, found in France, the Mediterranean and on the Eastern Front – showed women could serve their country and so deserved the vote.

In her own words, Inglis was an "old maid who could not stand dirt and muddle". One of her staff said she was "willpower incarnate". She had an early determination to qualify as a doctor, which became legally possible for women when she was 12.

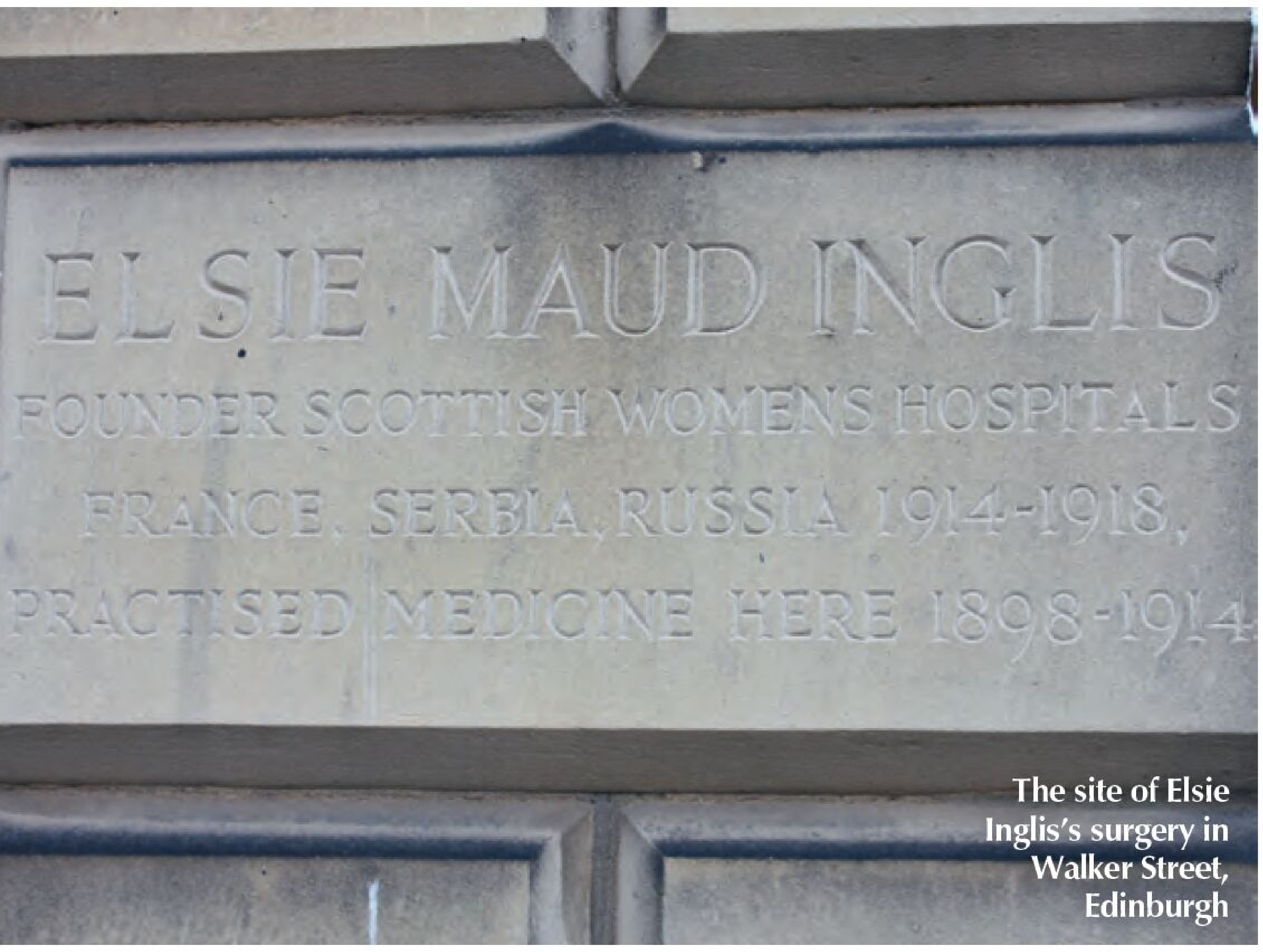
In her 20s she founded a medical school for women; in her 30s she opened her own hospital. She spent 20 years as a GP in the Edinburgh slums.

Born in India to magistrate John and his wife Harriet, Inglis had a "sunny, happy childhood". Her parents believed their daughters' education was as important as their sons'. The family later settled in Edinburgh but Inglis' hope to study medicine was put on hold after her mother died in 1885 and she took over the household.

Eventually, she joined the newly-opened Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, run by trailblazing doctor Sophia Jex-Blake.

However "JB"s uncompromising approach led to a legal dispute. Inglis, supported by her father and his friends, set up the Scottish Association for the Medical Education of Women. She completed initial training under Sir William McEwen at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. With qualifications from the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, Inglis worked at the New Hospital for Women in London and the Rotunda maternity hospital in Dublin, gaining her Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery in 1899, from the University of Edinburgh.

images: SHUTTERSTOCK, WIKIMEDIA COMMONS


ELSIE MAUD INGLIS
FOUNDER SCOTTISH WOMENS HOSPITALS
FRANCE, SERBIA, RUSSIA 1914-1918,
PRACTISED MEDICINE HERE 1898-1914

The site of Elsie Inglis's surgery in Walker Street, Edinburgh

Five years earlier she had set up a medical practice with fellow former student Jessie McLaren MacGregor, targeting Edinburgh's poor women, alongside a midwifery and training centre. It was the forerunner of the Elsie Inglis Memorial Maternity Hospital. She was secretary of the Edinburgh National Society for Women's Suffrage and used such organisations to create the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service.

Her offer, rejected by the British Government, was speedily accepted by the French. Her first 100-bed hospital was based at Royaumont Abbey from 1915-1919 and grew to 600 as it coped with the aftermath of battles such as the Somme. She also worked to end a typhus epidemic in Serbia by improving hygiene.

Inglis was captured, repatriated to the UK and raised funds to establish a hospital in Odessa, Russia. She died of cancer at the Station Hotel in Newcastle upon Tyne, on November 26, 1917.

Inglis was honoured with an official lying-in-state in St Giles' Cathedral. Watching the funeral cortege, "crowds eight-deep lined Princes Street under their umbrellas" while "in the meaner streets, women lifted children she had brought into the world, so they would remember they had seen her coffin pass".

Dr Inglis was "willpower incarnate"

Women's suffrage was a key concern of Elsie's

47

"An old maid who could not stand dirt and muddle"

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“The incredible story of the courageous countess spread far and wide”

Agnes Randolph

Armed with intelligence and guile, the mighty Black Agnes taught an invading English earl never to underestimate a woman defending her home and castle

IT was January 13, 1338, and the Second War of Scottish Independence had been raging on for almost five-and-a-half years. William Montagu, 1st Earl of Salisbury and loyal servant of King Edward III of England, was on his way to an imposing castle overlooking the harbour in Dunbar, East Lothian, accompanied by 20,000 men, confident of an easy conquest for the English army.

After all, the man of the house, Patrick, 9th Earl of March and 8th Earl of Dunbar, was away fighting, leaving wife Agnes – a woman! – in charge. But Salisbury was about to learn over the next five months why he should never underestimate a Scottish woman.

When Salisbury and his troops turned up at Dunbar Castle demanding the Countess of Dunbar – nicknamed Black Agnes for her dark eyes and hair – surrender her home, she replied, “Of Scotland’s King I haud my house, I pay him meat and fee, and I will keep my guid auld house, while my house will keep me.”

Loose translation: “Not in a million years, sunshine.”

Salisbury began hurling large boulders at the castle, but Agnes gathered her maids, and whenever there was a lull in rock-throwing, they sashayed onto the ramparts wearing their finest clothes.

The English army looked on with incredulity as the women dusted away the damage with their white lace handkerchiefs.

Agnes wasn’t relying on handkerchiefs for protection, of course. The few guards she had at the castle were busy squirrelling away the English boulders ready for the next phase of the countess’s plan.

She watched as Salisbury ordered his men to ready their giant siege tower with a battering ram. The sow hurtled towards the castle and with, military precision, Agnes ordered her guards to drop their stored-up boulders on it from the ramparts above.

The sow was smashed beyond repair. Desperate, Salisbury sent for Agnes’s brother, John Randolph, the 3rd Earl of Moray, who had been captured by the English. Salisbury paraded Randolph around the grounds, before looping a rope around his neck and threatening to hang him if his sister didn’t hand over her castle.

Once again he underestimated the Countess. She called his bluff and told Salisbury to go right ahead and kill him, because if they did, she would inherit his earldom. This was a lie – but the English believed her and decided not to kill Randolph.

Weeks passed and spring arrived, and with his most powerful weapon broken into a thousand pieces and his bargaining chip wasted, Salisbury turned to even dirtier tactics. Hoping to starve out Agnes and her staff, his troops cut the castle off on all sides, meaning the delivery of food was impossible.

However, Agnes’s friend, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, heard about the siege at the castle, and brought boatloads of food by sea, smuggling it into the castle through a partially submerged door that Salisbury’s men had failed to find.

The following morning, Agnes sent out fine wine and a freshly-baked loaf to the thwarted troops. Salisbury realised the castle’s larder was now fully stocked for the season. The Countess was going nowhere. Ramsay had also brought with him 40 men, giving Agnes a tiny – but mighty – army.

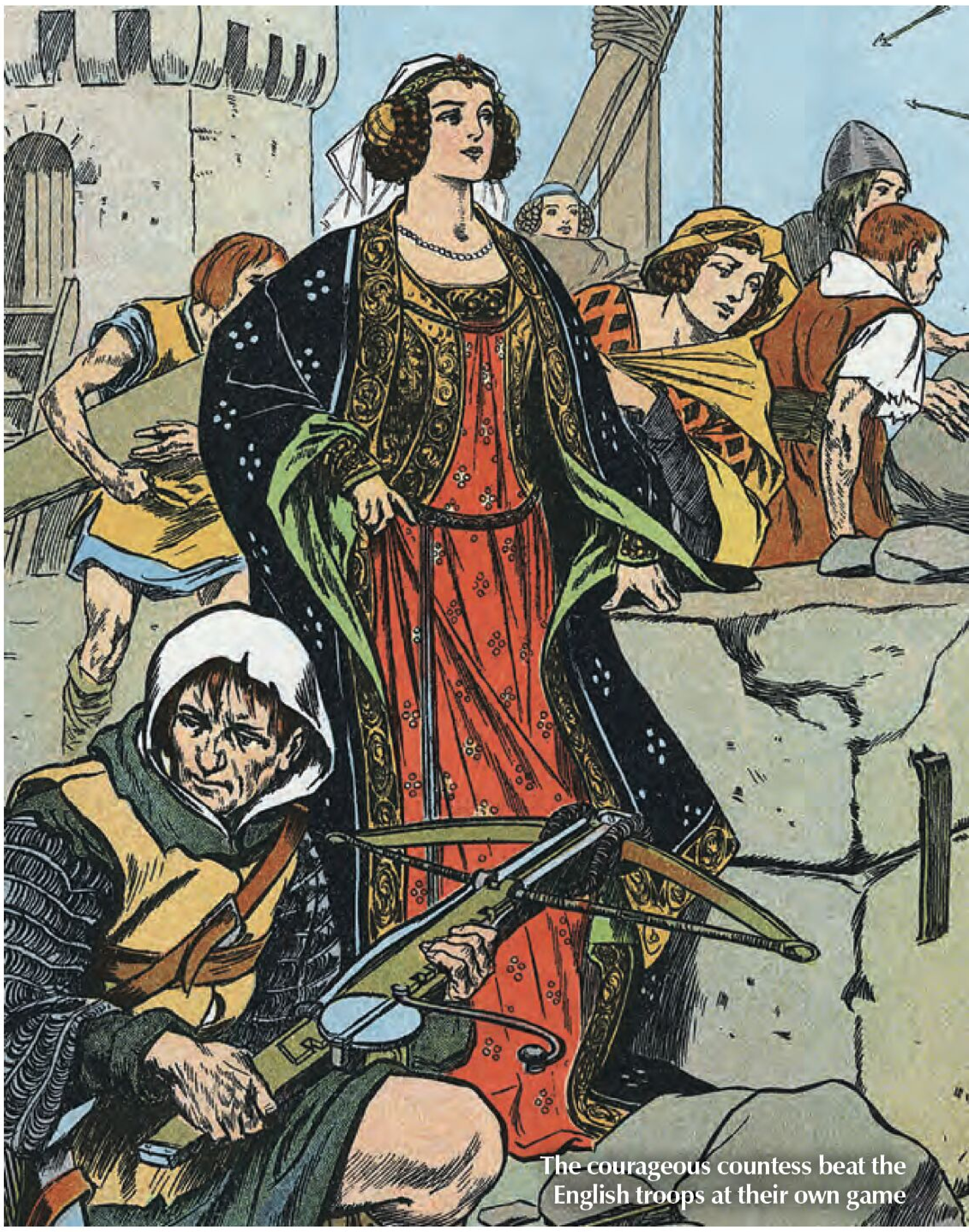
By the beginning of June, Edward III was spectacularly unimpressed by the farcical siege, which had cost him a whopping £6,000 and with no castle to show for it. The final straw came when Agnes’s men stormed out of the castle and attacked Salisbury’s soldiers. Five months after they had arrived at Dunbar Castle, it was time for the English army to admit defeat.

An embarrassed Salisbury withdrew his troops, turning back to salute Agnes, who stood on the battlements watching his retreat.

The extraordinary story of the courageous countess spread far and wide, and was even immortalised in a ballad.

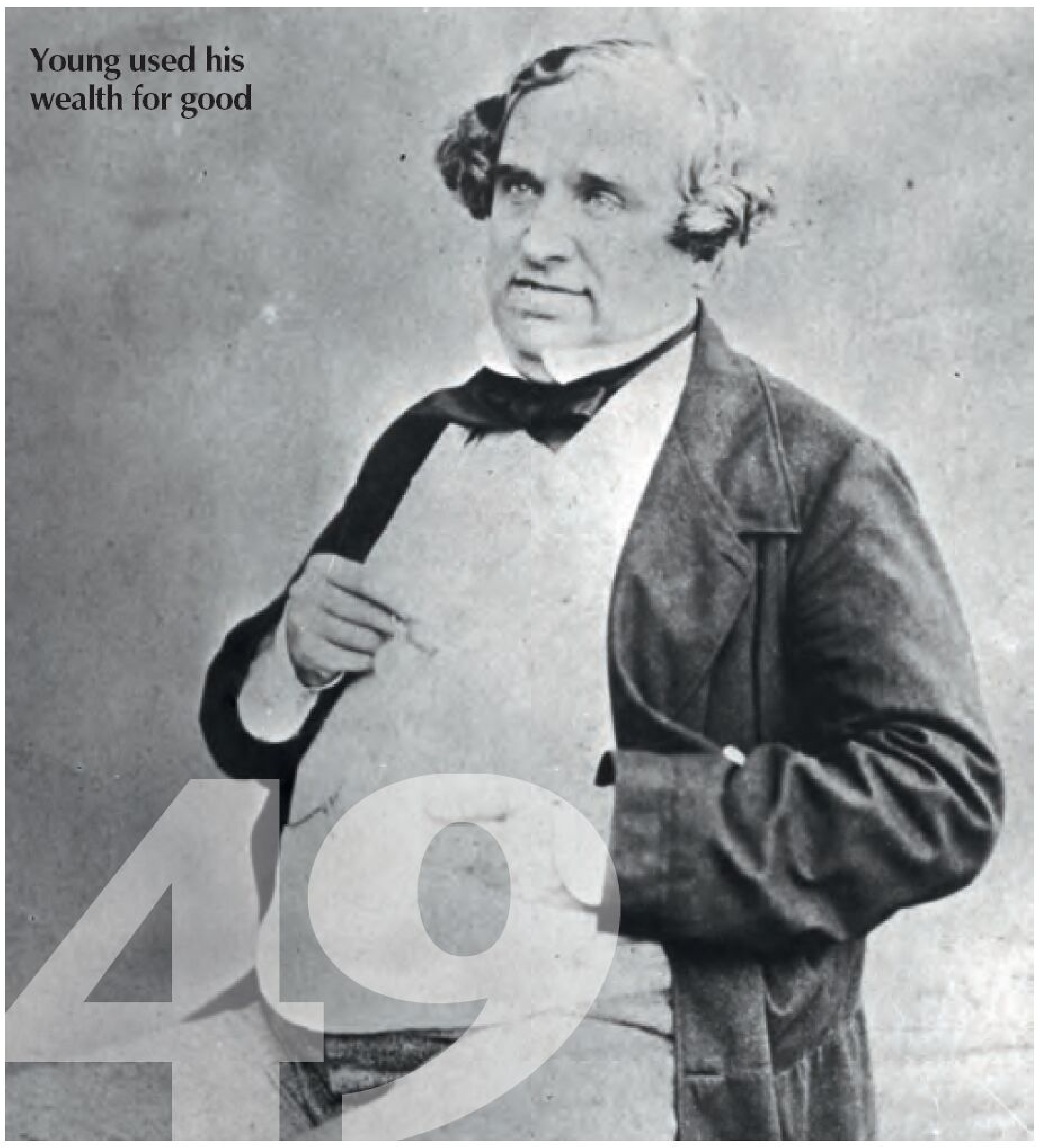
The war finally ended in 1357 after 25 years of bloodshed, and Scotland remained an independent kingdom until the Act of Union in 1707. For her part in the fight for Scottish independence, Black Agnes is remembered as a true hero. Quick-thinking, brave and bold, the Countess of Dunbar is the formidable, hanky-waving woman who took on the Earl of Salisbury and his army – and won.

Pictures: ALAMY



The courageous countess beat the English troops at their own game

James Young



Young used his wealth for good

As the original oil baron, this Glaswegian chemist made an important discovery

JAMES YOUNG is considered to be the first chemical engineer and was nicknamed “Parrafin” for good reason. A fascination for science saw him enrol in evening classes in 1830 at Anderson’s University – now Strathclyde University – in Glasgow, taught by Professor Thomas Graham, a renowned Scottish chemist.

Despite the teenager’s scant education, James’s keen scientific brain impressed Professor Graham, who asked him to become his lab assistant. James followed the professor to University College London, before making his own way in chemistry.

His discovery of the method of distilling paraffin from coal and oil shales changed his life. In 1850, he took out a patent for the method, and the following year, James and his business partners opened the world’s first commercial-scale oil refinery in Bathgate in West Lothian. Nine years before America drilled its first oil well, Bathgate became a boomtown thanks to James’s new technique.

James was the original oil baron, and used his riches for good. He helped fund many of his great friend David Livingstone’s expeditions. After Livingstone’s death, James supported his family, and continued to contribute greatly to the anti-slavery movement which they both supported.

Jean Cameron

Women posties got a practical uniform thanks to pioneering Jean

LIKE so many women during the Second World War, Jean Cameron played her part in keeping the country going. Her role involved cycling and walking 24km (15 miles) a day. No matter the weather, this rural postie helped her local Angus community in Glen Clova stay connected.

She had to wait for an official uniform, though. As a stop-gap, she donned her own jacket and trousers. Jean gave her measurements to the district postmaster in Forfar, for a proper uniform. He reminded her that she’d forgotten her skirt size. The 19-year-old quickly corrected him. Jean explained she had no use for a skirt – she needed breeks.

Women postal workers in Britain weren’t able to choose uniform trews back then – they were expected to wear skirts. But a few months later, something momentous happened. One day, the mail arrived as usual at the post office in Glen Clova, but there was a special parcel for Jean. It was her new uniform – a hat, jacket and some newly-designed women’s trousers in a fetching shade of blue. Bosses at General Post Office HQ in London had listened to Jean. Named “Camerons” in honour of the woman who inspired them, the trews were a hit and by winter 1943, almost all UK female posties had opted for them.

Pushing the envelope

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, GETTY IMAGES

Wyndham Halswelle

The record-breaking Scottish runner with a controversial Olympic legacy

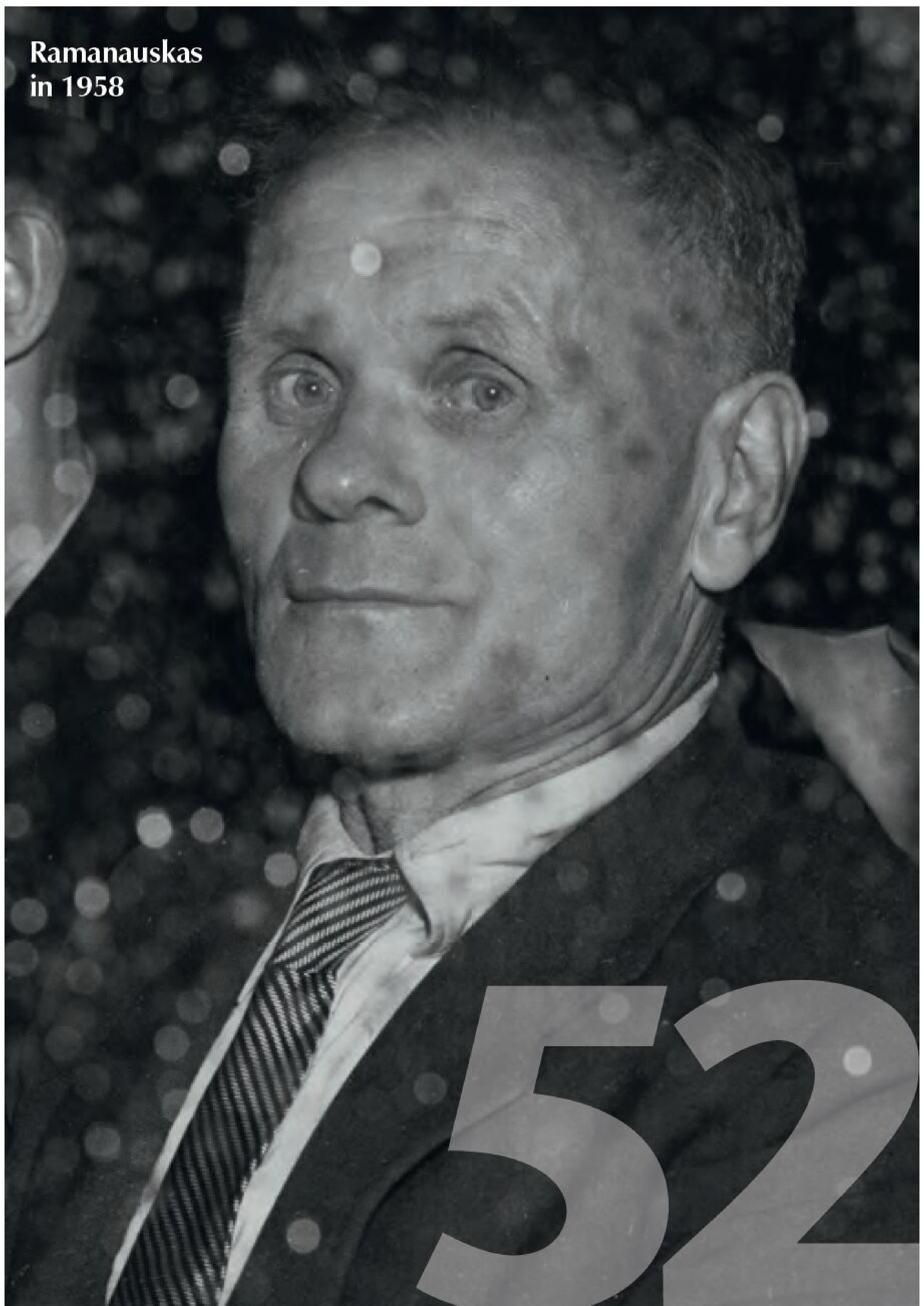
AT the 1908 London Olympics, Scotland won its first gold track medal. But the race was mired in controversy, and prompted its conflicted winner to retire from athletics.

After setting several world records, Scots runner Wyndham Halswelle's moment of glory arrived at the Games' 400m final. In the home straight, William Robbins was out in front, closely followed by fellow American John Carpenter and Halswelle. As the Scot tried to overtake, Carpenter blocked him. The umpire spotted this, Carpenter was disqualified, and the race was declared void. It was rerun two days later, but Robbins and his teammate John Taylor refused to race. Halswelle wasn't at all keen on the idea of running alone, but was ordered to take part. In what remains the only Olympics walkover final, he crossed the finish line in 50.2 seconds to win gold.

The scandal led to lanes being used from the 1912 Olympics onwards. It was too late for Halswelle, however, as the kerfuffle in London had put him off athletics for good and he retired shortly after. His life was cut tragically short at age 32 when he was killed by a sniper during the First World War – while trying to rescue a fellow soldier.

A tarnished victory

Jonas Ramanauskas



Ramanauskas in 1958

He may have been a career criminal, but "Johnny Ramensky" died a war hero

JONAS RAMANAUSKAS was no ordinary lawbreaker. He was also a wartime hero, putting his nefarious skills to excellent use as a Commando during the Second World War. He was born into a Lithuanian family near Coatbridge at the start of the 20th century, before the family moved to the Gorbals.

His name soon morphed into John Ramsay, but it is as Johnny Ramensky that he's better known. Young Johnny started getting into trouble, and a stint in Polmont Borstal marked the beginning of more than 40 years of on-off imprisonment. Petty crime made way for full-scale burglaries. He also became the first man to break out of Peterhead Prison – a feat he repeated five times.

In 1943, he had a shot at redemption when he was released from jail and began Commando training in the Highlands. His penchant for safecracking was suddenly a valuable commodity, and soon he was sneaking behind enemy lines in Europe. He's believed to have visited 14 foreign embassies in Rome to blow open their safes and swipe vital documents and, he later claimed, Nazi loot including jewellery and portraits.

For his courage, Johnny was awarded a medal after the war. The lure of his old life of crime turned out to be too much to resist, however, and he was soon back behind bars. He died in 1972, having suffered a stroke in Perth Prison.

Jackie Stewart

The racing star is a knight of the realm and king of the track, winning three world titles and proving instrumental in improving the safety of Formula One

TO be a Formula One racing champion, it is said you need nerves of steel, a stout heart, quick reactions and – most importantly – supersonic driving skills.

One man who fits that bill and won three World Drivers' Championships between 1969 and 1973 is Dunbartonshire-born Jackie Stewart. But Sir Jackie – he was knighted for services to racing in 2001 – had more to contemplate than the chicanes of Silverstone, the Nürburgring and the world's other top circuits.

Jackie suffers from dyslexia, a condition that caused him to leave school early. Paradoxically, this meant starting work in his dad's garage aged 16 – which indirectly led to him taking on a career behind the wheel. However, it was shooting that first interested a young Jackie Stewart. "My grandfather was a gamekeeper at Lord Weir's estate at Eaglesham," he says. "So I grew up with a shotgun and a fishing rod in my hand."

His dad started him shooting at 14 and he turned out to be a natural. He was also proud of his older brother Jimmy who was making a name for himself in motorsport. Their father, Bob, had bought Jimmy a car to race in the Ecurie Ecosse team and he progressed to the highest levels, even competing in the 1953 British Grand Prix, where he was up to sixth before spinning off.

"I was going to races with him with my autograph book, which I still have. That was my reason to be interested, but I never thought I would be able to do it. I was happy with my shooting and working as a mechanic in the garage."

Pictures: ALAMY

elf
STEWART
DUNLOP
Ford

With his car before the 1970 British Grand Prix

That all changed when a customer of Bob Stewart's garage, Barry Filer, gave the young mechanic an opportunity to drive one of his cars as a reward for keeping them so well. That was in a Porsche, but he subsequently went on to drive Barry's Marcos and Aston Martin. "David Murray at Ecurie Ecosse then saw me and I raced for them, including in events down south where I won a lot of races."

It was down south that he met racing driver Ken Tyrrell who contracted Jackie to race for his Formula Junior team after a test in 1963. That was just the start of Jackie's burgeoning and extremely successful racing career – a career of three World Championships in 1969, 1971 and 1973. There were 27 wins, 43 podiums and 17 pole positions.

His racing life was filled with great victories but some of the most awe-inspiring drives were ones he didn't win. In 1967, during the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa, he was forced to drive the whole race one-handed as the other kept the car in gear. He finished a close second. Stewart held the record for most wins by a Formula One driver for 14 years until Alain Prost won the 1987 Portuguese Grand Prix, and the record for most wins by a British Formula One driver for 19 years until Nigel Mansell won the 1992 British Grand Prix.

Small wonder that he gained a heroic status on the track.

It was a near-death experience in Spa, Belgium, in 1966 that Stewart became an outspoken advocate for motor racing safety. He ran off the track at 165mph, careering into a shed before coming to rest in a farmer's outbuilding. In these days there were no track crews to extricate him, and he lay trapped for 25 minutes with ruptured fuel tanks pouring into the cockpit before he was eventually rescued.

Jackie realised that there was something wrong with overall safety and pressed for mandatory seat belt usage and full-face helmets for drivers, which are now unthinkable omissions in modern racing.

He also lobbied track owners to modernise their tracks, including organising driver boycotts of races at Spa-Francorchamps in 1969, the Nürburgring in 1970 – joined by his close friend Jochen Rindt – and Zandvoort in 1972 until barriers, run-off areas, fire crews and medical facilities were improved.

Crashes in Grand Prix racing still happen, but 99 times out of 100, the driver is unhurt. Jackie once reckoned that a driver who raced for five years had a two-thirds chance of being killed in a crash. Nowadays, that chance is lessened by 100 times or more.

That makes Jackie Stewart a hero in many ways, both on and off track.

> *"Small wonder that Jackie gained a heroic status on the track"*

HISTORIC GRAND PRIX CARS ASSOCIATION
DUNLOP
WILLANS

Back in the cockpit at The Goodwood Revival in 2010

53

Mary was surrounded by those who sought her downfall

54

> *“Elizabeth I didn’t seem to know what to do with her forceful cousin queen”*

Mary Queen Of Scots

Intrigue, love, betrayal, murder, execution... great drama dominated the life – and rule – of this ambitious and much romanticised royal

THE life of Mary Stuart is possibly one of the most dramatic and tumultuous in history. Mary was born at Linlithgow Palace, Scotland, became queen aged one week, departed for France as a child and married the French dauphin in 1558 while still a teenager. Her husband, who became king of France as Francis II, died in 1561 and Mary returned to Scotland to rule – all before she was 20 years of age.

In July 29, 1565, Mary took her half-cousin – and Elizabeth I's cousin – for her second husband. Many foreign suitors had been proposed, as the Scots looked to an overseas alliance, so it came as a shock when Mary announced her intention to marry an Englishman, Lord Darnley.

Mary's beau was a son of the Earl of Lennox and grandson of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII of England – the grandfather of the English queen, Elizabeth I. Darnley was therefore among the nearest heirs to England's throne, and handsome, too – and he swept the widowed queen off her feet.

Mary and her consort made a formidable combination, and Elizabeth I was displeased with Darnley's choice. The union made Mary stronger, and Catholic pretensions to replace Elizabeth with Mary were only too clear. The marriage took place, though, and four days of balls and banquets followed, but it was apparent that good looks and proximity to the English throne were all that recommended Darnley. He was weak, insolent and arrogant.

The marriage was the signal for an attempted insurrection by Mary's chief minister, Moray. This caused the first rift between Darnley and the man believed responsible for his eventual murder, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. Mary needed a leader for her army and Bothwell was the obvious choice. She could not say no to Darnley, however, who insisted the appointment be chosen by his father. It was a slight Bothwell would not forget.

Moray's attempted insurrection was dealt with, but the writing was on the wall, as once-loyal subjects rose against Mary. With the honeymoon over, Mary began to see the light, rejecting Darnley's demands that the Scots crown pass to his heirs should she die without issue.

The failed rebellion also brought a new chief adviser for Mary, Italian David Rizzio. Darnley suspected he was the chief obstacle to his designs on the crown. Rizzio, close to the queen and acting as an informer, fostered a dangerous unpopularity. An Italian chief advisor on top of an English king consort had put the Scottish nobles' noses out of joint.

In cahoots with Protestant chiefs, Darnley marched into Mary's cabinet and restrained her while accomplices stabbed Rizzio over 50 times. Despite her grief, Mary played a canny game.

She plotted revenge and began to separate Darnley from his allies, suggesting his co-conspirators couldn't be trusted and that both their lives were in danger.

Mary gave birth to a son, the future James VI of Scotland and I of England, but this did little to mend the increasing rift between Mary and Darnley. Complicating matters further was Bothwell. Although he and Mary were married, the earl had his sights set on her, which meant setting aside his wife and getting rid of Darnley.

While recovering from smallpox at Old Provost's House in Edinburgh, Darnley's lodgings were blown to smithereens – yet his body was found in the garden without a scratch. It is believed he escaped the explosion, only to be strangled or smothered.

The finger of suspicion pointed at Bothwell. He was quickly tried and acquitted, and within three months of Darnley's murder, he and Mary married.

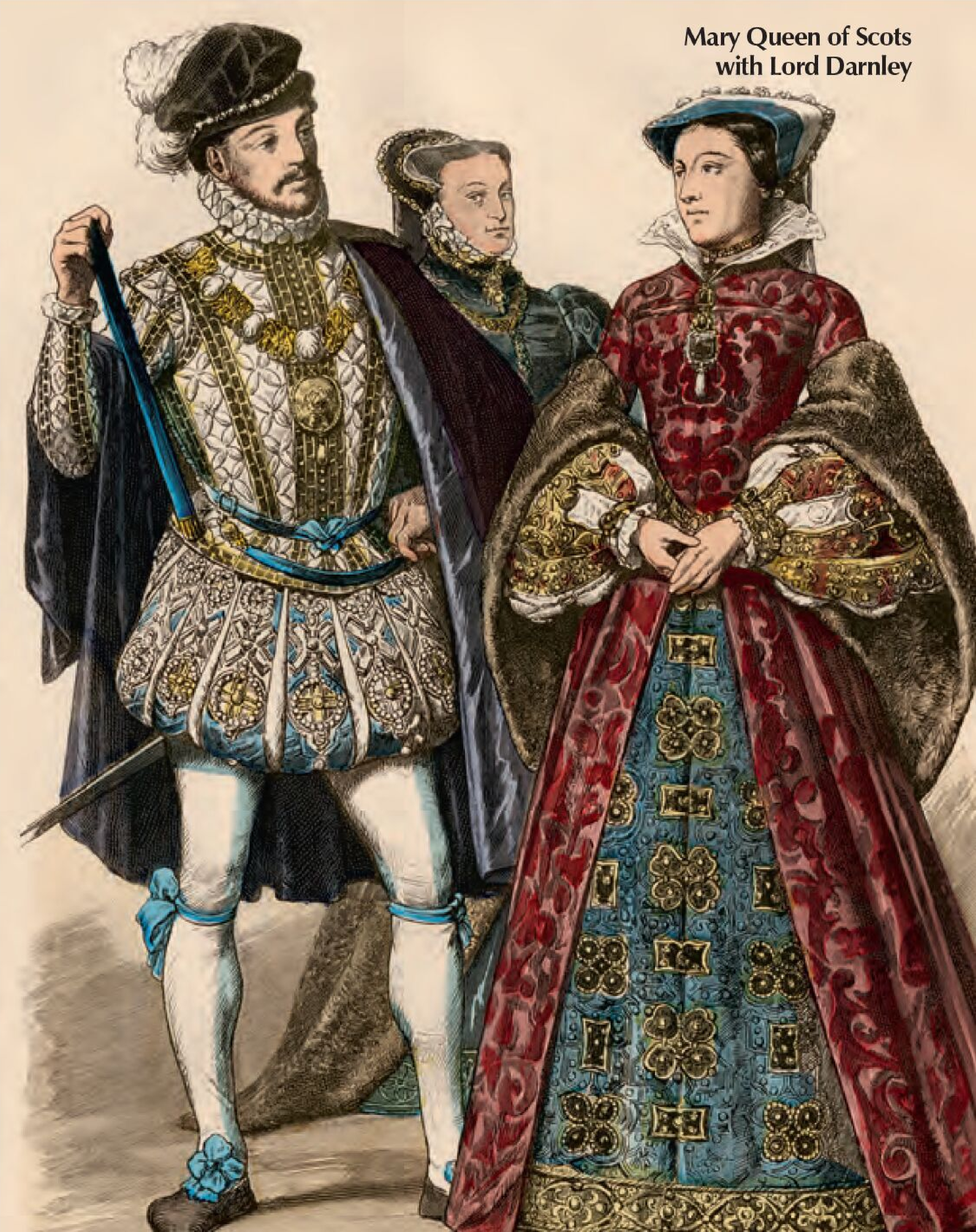
The Scots nobility took matters into their own hands – and took up arms against the queen. With no alternative, she surrendered.

Abdication followed, with Mary eventually throwing herself on the mercy of Elizabeth I. Bothwell was exiled to Denmark, where he was imprisoned and died over a decade later in 1578.

Elizabeth I didn't seem to know what to do with her forceful cousin queen, and Mary suffered 19 years of house arrest. However, the Babington Plot provided the solution. Letters, sanctioning the assassination of Elizabeth and said to be in Mary's own hand, were intercepted, and Mary was tried for treason.

Mary spent her final days at Fortheringhay Castle, in the north of England, and was beheaded in its great hall in 1587. Mary's son, James, inherited the Scottish throne then the English throne after Elizabeth's death, becoming James VI of Scotland and I of England, uniting the two kingdoms in peace – for a short time at least.

Pictures: ALAMY



Mary Queen of Scots with Lord Darnley

Heather Black

Taking the radical approach to treat heroin addicts with empathy and respect, this community hero helped save lives in Edinburgh during the HIV public health crisis

IN the 1980s, Edinburgh was in the stranglehold of an HIV epidemic. The first case was recorded in 1983, and infection rates rose to seven times the national average within five years. The city was dubbed "the AIDS capital of Europe".

Heroin addicts – particularly those living in and around estates such as Muirhouse – were vilified and abandoned.

Tests suggested that in the few years after the virus was discovered, more than 60% of intravenous drug users in Scotland's capital were HIV-positive.

Radical action was urgently needed.

Enter Muirhouse resident Heather Black, who co-founded Support Help and Advice on Drug Addiction, now known as North Edinburgh Drug and Alcohol Centre.

The police had been taking a hardline approach to tackling Edinburgh's heroin problem but, by seizing drug paraphernalia, needle sharing became rife – with the risk of catching and transmitting HIV.

Working alongside medical professionals such as Muirhouse GP Dr Roy Robertson, Heather advocated for the establishment of a needle exchange programme that undoubtedly helped slow the spread of the virus and prevented deaths.

Her understanding that addiction is often a symptom of circumstance was refreshingly forward-thinking – Heather knew unemployment, poverty and poor social housing provision were factors in pushing people towards heroin and treated everyone in the grip of addiction with empathy and respect, fighting their cause with quick-witted determination.

She strove to end the discrimination and disparity that underpinned heroin use and, in turn, HIV's ruthless rampage across the city. She never shied away from asking difficult questions, and wouldn't take no for an answer.

For this formidable woman, the battle against injustice, inaction and inequality was never over – there were always causes that could do with a hefty dose of Heather.

She died in 2020, but Heather had played a crucial part in righting the wrongs of others during one of Edinburgh's most deadly and devastating public health crises, and her trailblazing initiative and unwavering support saved lives.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

Heather dealing with police in the 80s

The Edinburgh estate of Muirhouse

She never stopped fighting inequality

> "Heather never shied away from asking difficult questions"

55

The red ribbon is the symbol of awareness for people living with HIV

Harris Tweed® can only be handwoven at the weaver's home in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland

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Tom Steele

From death-defying car chases to brutal fight scenes, this bold and daring Lanarkshire lad performed some of Hollywood's most breathtaking stunts

AS young Thomas Skeoch waved goodbye to his native Carluke and started a new life in the United States with his family, he couldn't have imagined what the future would hold.

After winning a football scholarship to Stanford University and playing polo professionally, he went on to be an alien, cowboy, Klingon soldier, robot and a masked detective – plus many more alter egos besides.

Tom Steele, as he became known – his stage name inspired by his old job making nails in a steel mill – was one of Hollywood's most prolific and respected stuntmen for several decades, appearing in film until a few years before his death in 1990.

Tom first thought he'd try his hand at acting in the 1930s and after a series of bit parts but no big break, he turned his attention to stunts – soon becoming the go-to guy for daredevil feats including madcap driving and fearless horseback escapades to blood-soaked fight scenes.

His talent for riding meant he worked on many westerns and was the stunt double for stars such as Wild Bill Elliott and Rod Cameron.

An intrepid spirit and incredible skills are vital for stunt performers, but looking a bit like a famous actor is a bonus, making it harder for the audience to notice the temporary switcheroo. In the case of Tom, however, many leading men were hired because they resembled him!

During the Second World War, an old injury from his time in the mills meant he was unfit for the military, so Tom became stunt coordinator at Republic Pictures. He planned all the stunts and appeared in their popular serials.

Despite his professionalism, injuries were a hazard of the job, and Tom was the first in Hollywood to use stunt pads – made from his old football padding.

He was also a key member of a stuntman's collective known as The Cousins. They swapped tips and demanded fairer pay, better insurance and safer working practices.

Performers like Tom were often uncredited, but he's believed to have been in almost 500 movies, serials and TV shows as a stuntman, as well as racking up hundreds more small acting parts. Thanks to the bold and brilliant Tom Steele, there's a little piece of Lanarkshire in La La Land's cinematic history.

> *"There's a little piece of Lanarkshire in La La Land"*

Left: Ready for action in 1943's *The Masked Marvel*

Above: A part in classic 70s western comedy *Blazing Saddles*

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

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An old chum
of Buffalo Bill

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> *“Wandering writer, humanitarian on horseback, pioneering politician...”*

Don Roberto

This fascinating, flamboyant Scotsman began his working life as a cowboy in Argentina and ended up a political powerhouse who helped form the Labour Party

AS career paths go, Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham's certainly veered in unexpected directions. He was just a teenager when he went to South America to become a rich cattle rancher so that he could ease his estate-owning family's burgeoning debts.

Fortune wasn't forthcoming, but adventure was – he was kidnapped by rebel gauchos in Argentina and embraced their way of life, earning himself the fond nickname of Don Roberto.

Later, he made friends with Buffalo Bill in Texas, gave fencing lessons in Mexico, searched for gold in Spain and rode incognito across Morocco – though his mission to explore a forbidden city was thwarted when he was kidnapped again and imprisoned in a castle.

In Paris, he met the woman who would become his wife – Gabriela de la Balmondière, a half-Spanish, half-French, Chilean-born poet – who, in yet another twist, was revealed long after her death to be a Yorkshire lass named Carrie Horsfall.

Don Roberto's political career began soon after his father died in 1883. He returned to the UK and inherited the family estates – on paper.

Inspired by leading socialists of the day, he took his privilege to parliament and changed the political landscape for the better.

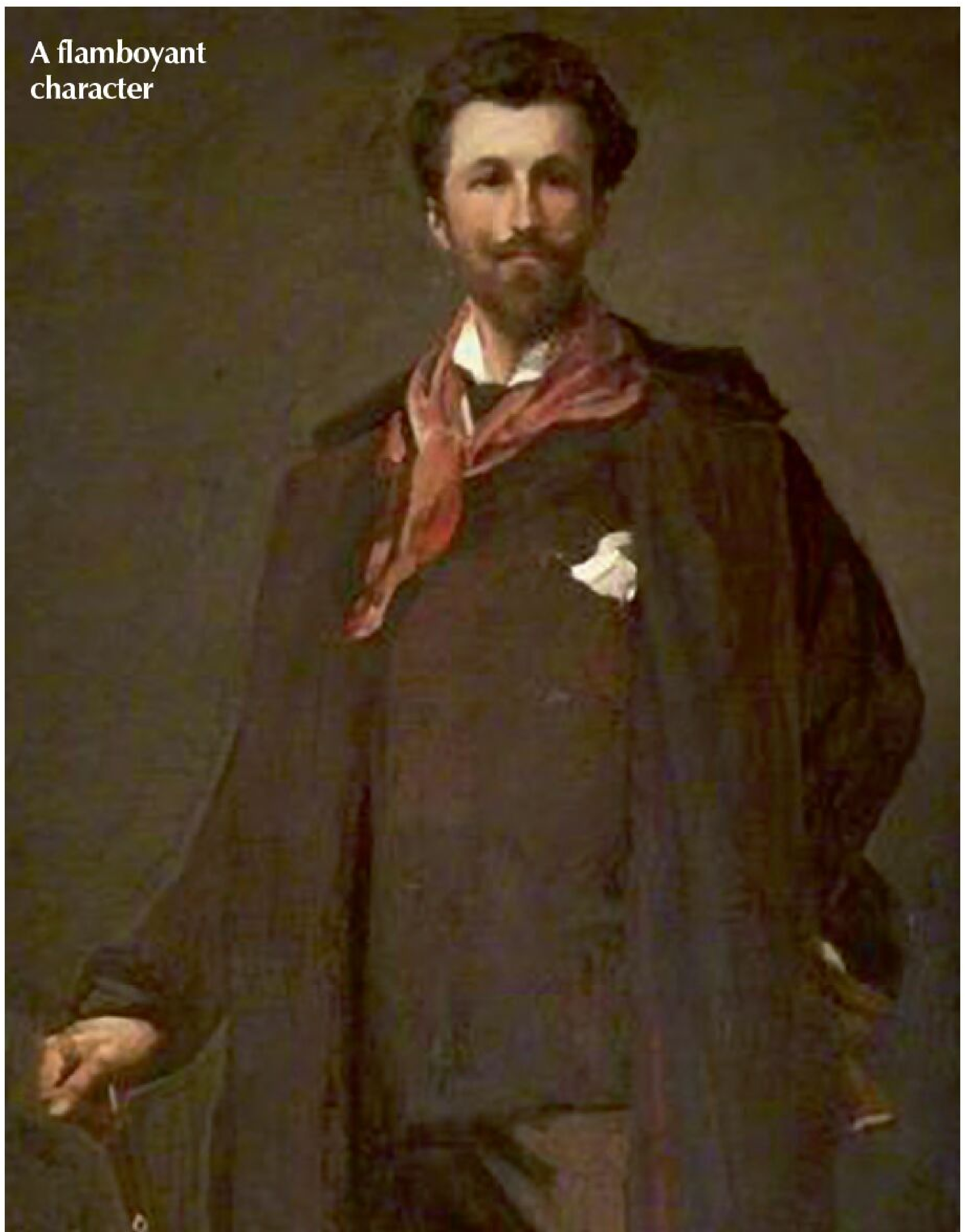
Standing in North West Lanarkshire in 1886, he promised to campaign for free school meals, eight-hour working days, universal suffrage and the abolition of the House of Lords.

He condemned racism and was an anti-imperialist. He helped form the Labour Party and became the first president of the Scottish National Party. Before all that, he won his seat as a Liberal, though he's considered the first socialist in parliament and swore his way to a suspension from the House of Commons – the first MP to commit such a misdemeanour.

The Gaucho Laird, as he was known, was involved in politics until his death in 1936. Despite plaques, monuments and a park in his honour, he isn't as famous as he should be.

Wandering writer, humanitarian on horseback, pioneering politician – the extraordinary Don Roberto deserves to be celebrated.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY


A flamboyant character

Speaking at an SNP event in 1935

Ken Buchanan

Known for his tartan shorts and stellar career, the Fighting Carpenter is regarded as the greatest Scottish boxer who ever stepped into the ring

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

IN December, 1970, Scottish boxing great Ken Buchanan topped the bill at Madison Square Garden, New York, for the first time. A fine achievement for a carpenter from Edinburgh just five years into his professional career – all the more impressive when on his undercard that night was a certain Muhammad Ali.

In the chaos beforehand, Ali found himself sharing a dressing room with Buchanan. The headliner chalked a line down the middle of the room, and told Ali he'd be on the receiving end of his fists if he strayed over the boundary. A stunned silence descended on Ali's team before both boxers erupted – in laughter. From that moment they became firm friends.

Buchanan was well on his way to becoming Scotland's first undisputed world lightweight champion, meaning he held both major championship belts in that division. That triumph came in 1971, with the Fighting Carpenter defeating boxers such as Ismael Laguna and Rubén Navarro in his pursuit of glory. He wowed at the Garden several times in his tartan shorts. The fact he never had chance to fight on home turf in Edinburgh was a lasting regret.

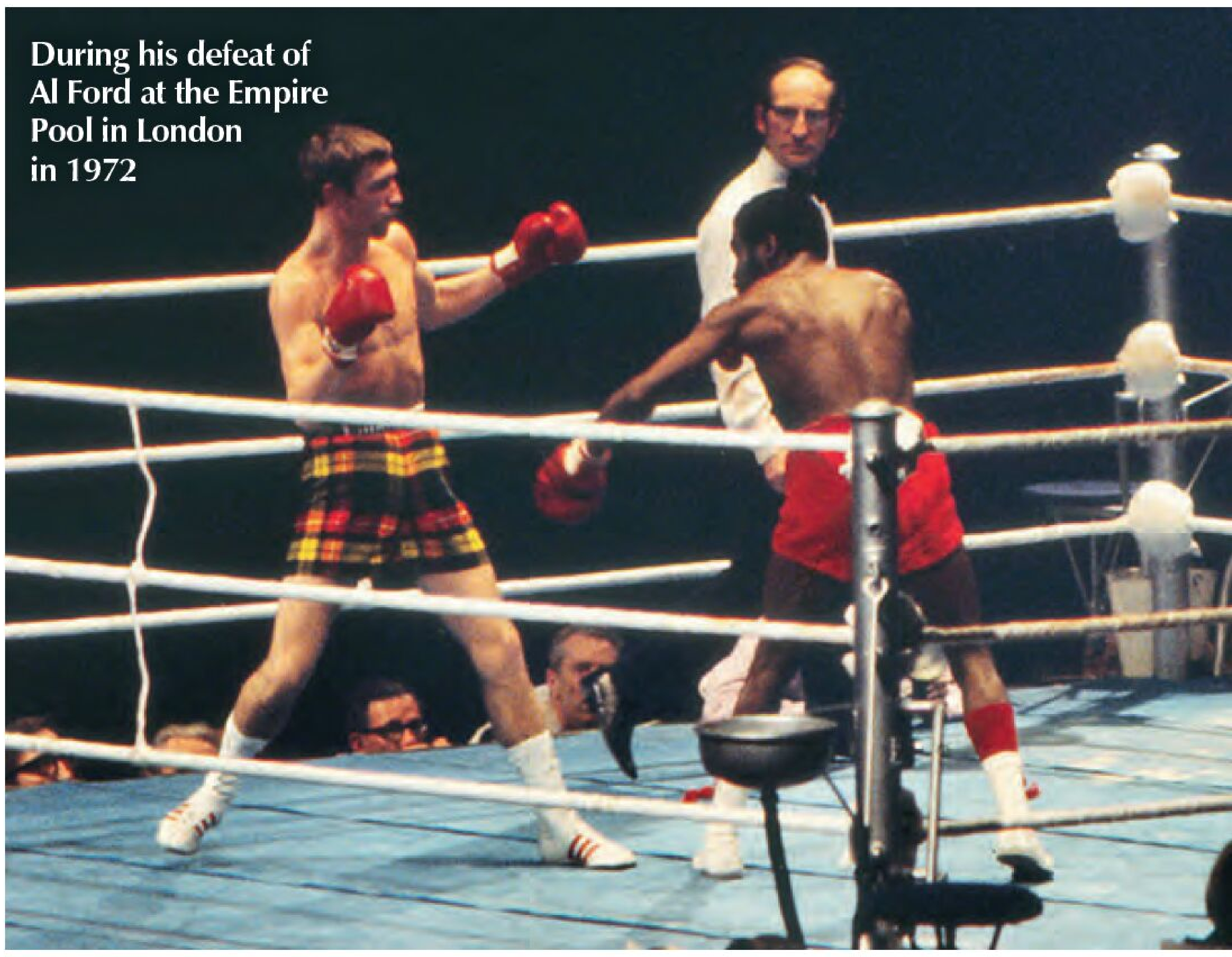
A film about heavyweight legend Joe Louis piqued Buchanan's interest in boxing aged eight, and just months later he was winning in the ring. Little did that wee boy know he would go on to sensational victories (and defeats) that earned their own cinematic moments. *Rocky* fans will recall the "Cut me, Mick" scene in which a razor is put to use to ease a swollen eye, said to be inspired by a moment in Ken's life. And in the 2016 Roberto Durán biopic *Hands Of Stone*, he's immortalised by ex-boxer John Duddy.

Buchanan valiantly fought to defend his title against Durán in 1972 – a bout that ended in controversy with a low blow by the Panamanian. Retiring in 1982, Ken continued to command awe. In 2000 he was the first living British boxer inducted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame, followed by the Scottish Sports Hall of Fame two years later. He struggled with alcohol and, in his final years, dementia. Yet he was able to attend the 2022 unveiling of a statue in his honour on Leith Walk.

He died in 2023, aged 77. Tributes poured in from around the world for a boxer seen by many as Scotland's greatest.

> *"Tributes poured in from around the world"*

Once the undisputed world lightweight champion
WORLD CHAMPION
WBC


During his defeat of Al Ford at the Empire Pool in London in 1972

The young
Fighting
Carpenter

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“The most famous novelist the world had ever known”

Walter Scott

From popularising tartan and saving the Scottish banknote to creating the historical novel, Edinburgh's much-celebrated Renaissance man is a real national treasure

AT 200 feet, the Scott Monument in Edinburgh is the tallest monument dedicated to a writer on the planet. Climb its 287 steps and you can gaze across the capital skyline to Waverley station named after Sir Walter Scott's first novel. It's the only train station in the world named after a book.

This A-list level of adoration might seem baffling. These days, Scott is less celebrated than his contemporary, Robert Burns. But no author has been as critically acclaimed and commercially successful.

Poet, playwright, lawyer, novelist and ballad-collector, Scott was a real Renaissance man and his influences stretch far and wide. He became the first literary superstar and left a remarkable legacy.

Credited with creating the modern historical novel, his idea of inserting fictional characters into historical settings in classics such as *Waverley*, *Ivanhoe* and *Rob Roy* was an instant hit.

In 1814 *Waverley* sold out its first edition of 1,000 copies in just two days, and went on to sell more than all other novels sold in the UK that year put together!

Remarkably, Scott only took up fiction writing at the age of 42. He was one of the best-read, best-reviewed and best-paid poets of the Romantic era. He was offered – and declined – the role of Poet Laureate, and only turned to prose when he found himself eclipsed by the, "mad, bad and dangerous to know," Lord Byron.

When Scott died in 1832, having written 28 best-selling books, he was the most famous novelist the world had ever known.

Remarkably, the identity of the author of these works remained a mystery for 13 years. Scott finally outed himself as the author in 1827 at a fundraising dinner in Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms.

Switching to prose was a gamble and was probably the initial reason for Scott's secrecy. However, the rumours were flying about the author's identity, and the buzz was extremely beneficial to sales.

He was born on August 15, 1771, in a flat in College Wynd in Edinburgh's Old Town, Scott's father was a successful solicitor while his mother was the daughter of a Professor of Medicine.

Six of his siblings died in infancy and he survived a bout of polio as a toddler that left him with a limp. To restore his health he was sent for extended visits to his grandparents' farm at Sandyknowe in the Scottish Borders. Scott developed his lifelong love of Border history, dialect and folklore that inspired much of his work.

Scott qualified as a lawyer in 1792. The romance of the written word still fascinated him, and he began writing at 25. He translated works from German before moving on to writing his own poetry.

In addition to his growing literary fame, Scott maintained a successful career in law. By the 1820s, having been granted the title baronet and elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Scott was almost certainly the most famous living Scotsman.

In 1822, Scott was asked to stage manage King George IV's visit to Edinburgh. Despite some controversy over the King's choice of salmon pink tights and mini-kilt, the day was a roaring success.

The event created an unprecedented interest in Highland dress, turning kilts into the symbols of national identity that they remain.

Scott is also credited with saving the Scottish banknote. In 1826, Scott wrote a series of letters to the *Edinburgh Weekly Journals* under the pseudonym Malachi Malagrowther, championing Scottish banks retaining the right to print their own banknotes. The government was forced to back down.

Ironically, Scott was never very adept at managing his own finances. In 1825, following the collapse of his publishing company he was left with considerable debts. Rather than declare bankruptcy, he proceeded to write his way out of trouble.

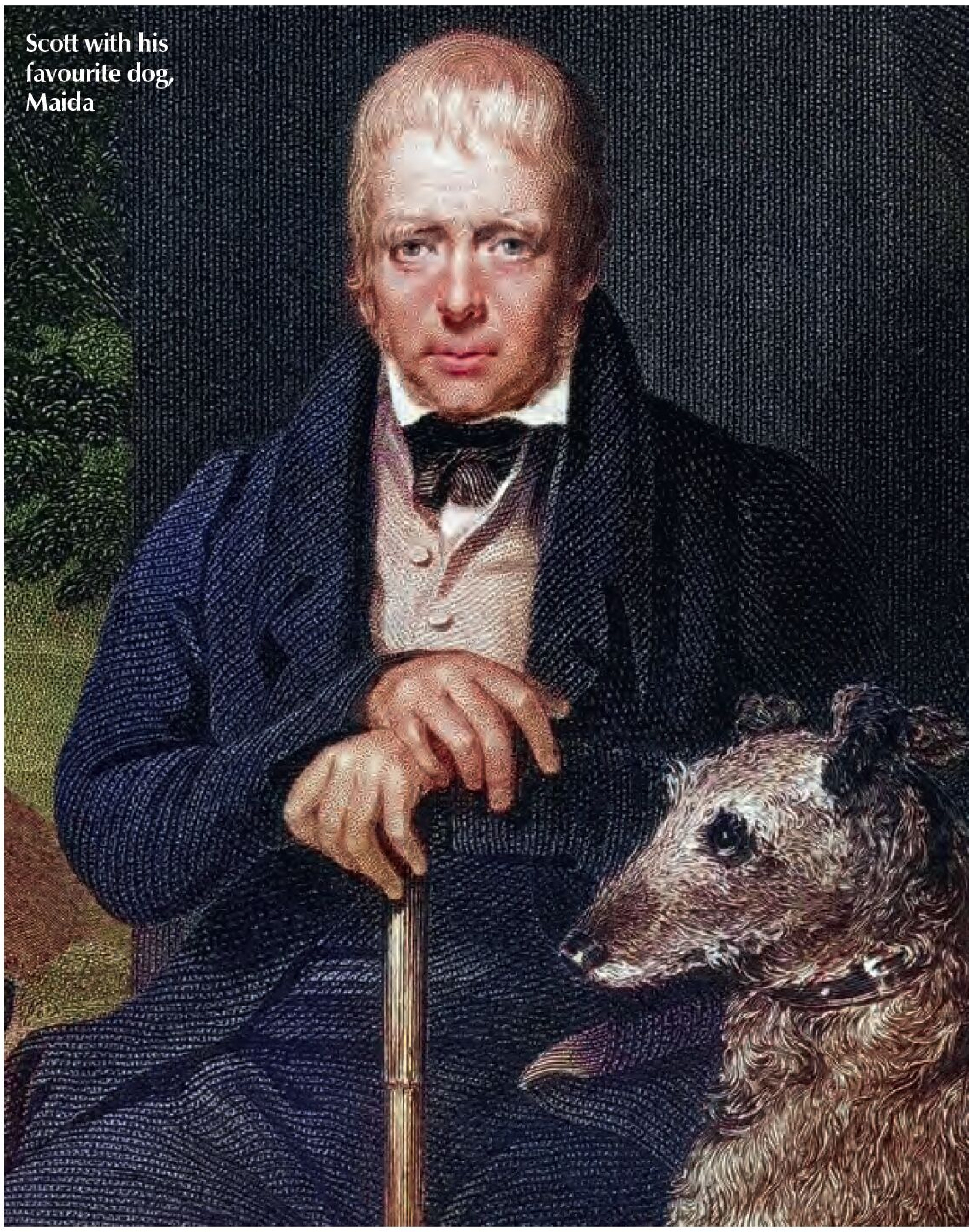
Scott continued to live at Abbotsford, near Melrose, until his death in 1832, aged 61, and was buried alongside his wife, Charlotte, at Dryburgh Abbey.

For the next half century he was a national icon, as revered as Shakespeare. But during the 1880s, Scott lost his popularity.

Scott also introduced the Scots word "glamour" into English literature. Its original meaning was a magical power that made ordinary thing seem like magnificent versions of themselves.

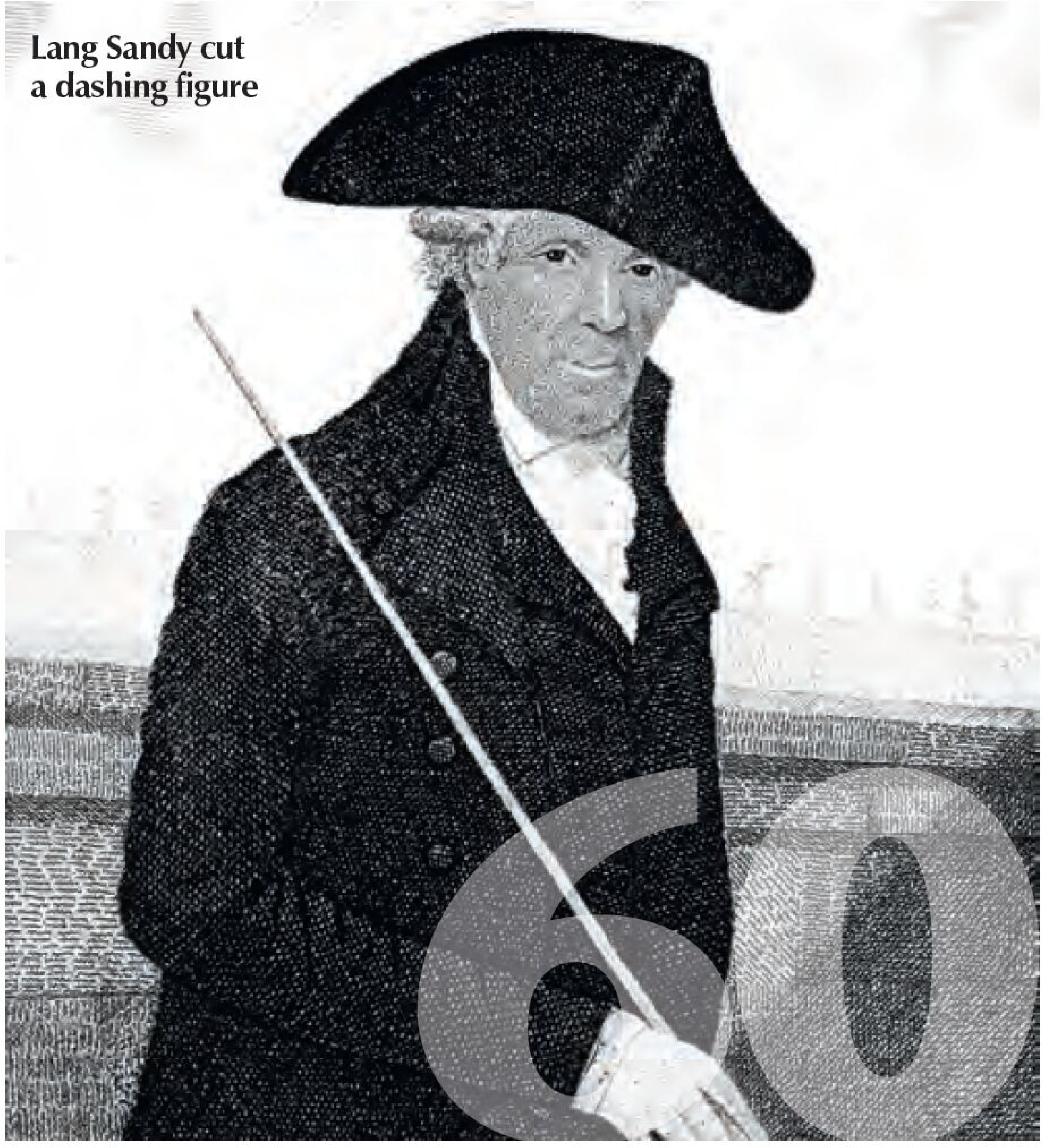
What better way to describe his remarkable literary talent?

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK



Scott with his favourite dog, Maida

Alexander Wood



Lang Sandy cut a dashing figure

"Lang Sandy" was an 18th century surgeon and true Edinburgh eccentric

VENTURING out in Edinburgh – or anywhere in Scotland – without a brolly, even on the sunniest of days, is unwise.

Dr Alexander Wood knew this all too well, but when he took to the streets with a brolly in 1780, he was the talk of the town.

"Lang Sandy" – as the surgeon was known to friends – was the first person in Auld Reekie to own and use a waterproof umbrella.

He cut a striking figure in Enlightenment Edinburgh. He was tall and rather gangly, and had a hefty dose of eccentricity, too.

In fact, the only reason he purchased an umbrella was to keep his pet raven dry. The doctor was frequently accompanied on his rounds by his feathered friend perched on his shoulder, and followed by his much-loved pet sheep, Willy.

Lang Sandy's eccenticity, kindness and generosity won him lasting adoration among locals.

A regular at many of the dining and social clubs of the time, Sandy had legions of fond friends, including Robert Burns whom he had treated for a dislocated knee. Burns later described him as "one of the noblest men in God's world".

Lang Sandy was immortalised by Lord Byron in his poem *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and by Sir Walter Scott in *Guy Mannering*.

Evelyn McNicol

The ambitious mountaineer blazed her own trail over the Himalayas

WHEN Dr Evelyn McNicol's friend, Betty Stark, called her one day in 1952 to ask if she wanted to go to the Himalayas, she agreed immediately, and in 1955, Evelyn set out with Betty and Monica Jackson on the first all-women expedition to the region. The trio sought joy, not glory. But the realisation that they were blazing a trail for female climbers helped them secure funding, despite many naysayers.

Hugely skilled, the three were members of the Ladies Scottish Climbing Club. Evelyn had become a mountaineer at university and, at 28, had scaled challenging peaks around Scotland and Europe. Armed with basic equipment by today's standards, they made their way from Kathmandu to the Jugal Himal, a region unexplored by Western climbers.

Supported by Sherpa guides and porters, they negotiated glacier valleys and gorges, and revised incorrect maps, making the first ascent of a 6,151-metre (20,180 feet) peak they named Gyalgen, after Mingma Gyalgen, their lead Sherpa.

The busy obstetrician loved skiing and watersports, started dog-sledding in her 60s and scuba diving in her 70s – and even revisited Himalaya. She died in Inverness in 2021, aged 94.

Dr Evelyn made her mountaineering mark

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

Williamina Fleming

The Dundonian stargazer who went from housemaid to Harvard

AS Williamina Fleming set sail in 1878 from Scotland to Boston with husband James, the Dundonian could not have envisaged becoming a pioneer of astronomy.

After arriving in Boston, Williamina found herself pregnant and penniless when her husband left her. She needed a job, and Edward Pickering – newly appointed director of the Harvard College Observatory – needed a housemaid.

Pickering hired Williamina to do administrative work at the observatory and, two years later, became the first of his "Harvard Computers". Williamina used glass plate photographs of the night sky to analyse stellar spectra, measuring the brightness of stars and calculating their positions before cataloguing the data.

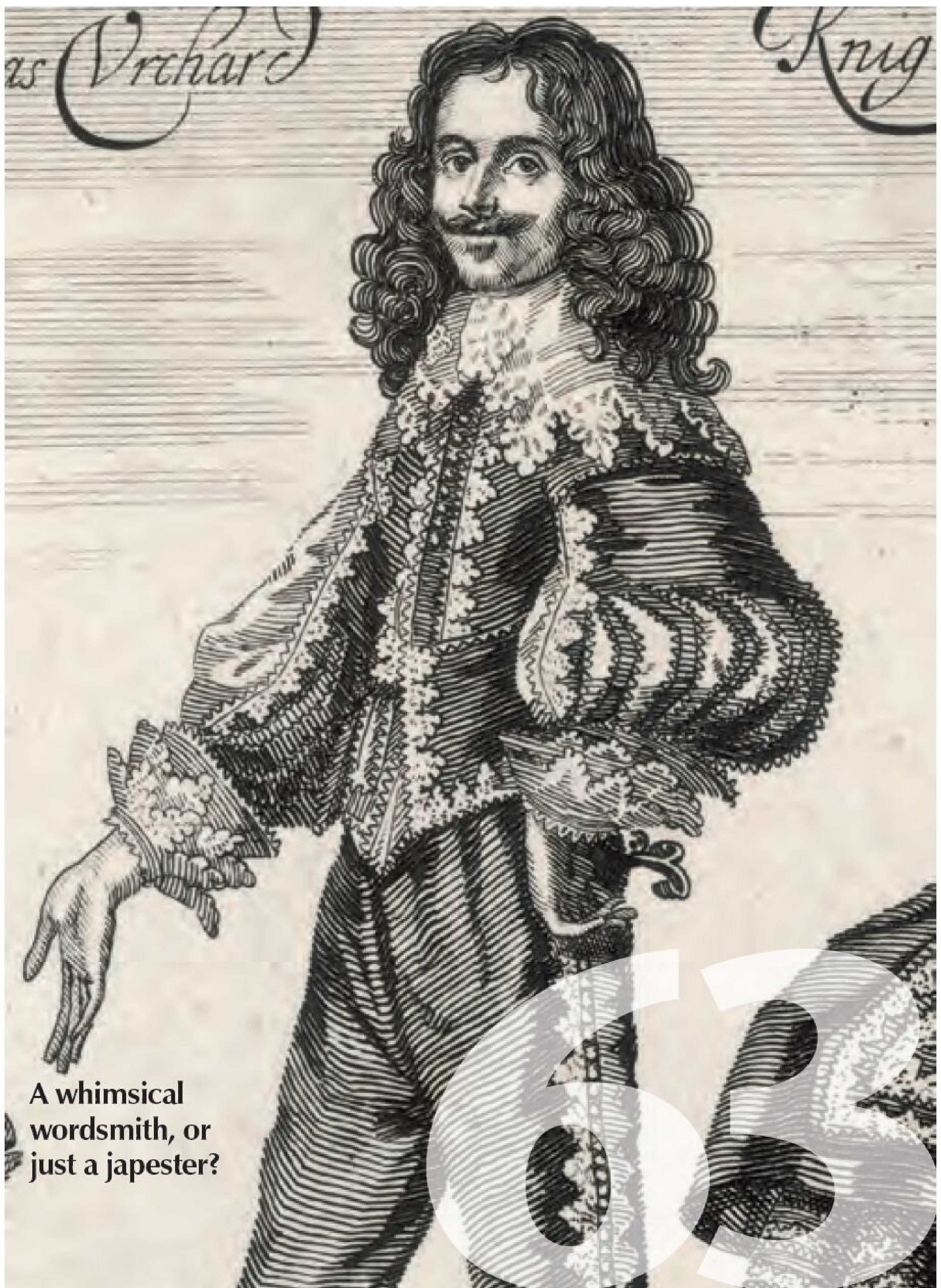
In 1886, she took charge of the huge Henry Draper Catalogue project to index every star in the sky, and devised the Pickering-Fleming System which grouped stars according to the amount of hydrogen in their spectra, mapping more than 10,000 stars; the first white dwarf; 10 novae; and 59 nebulae, including the Horsehead Nebula, among others.

It was many years before she received proper recognition, and her legacy shines bright to this day.

The astronomer's legacy lives on

62

Thomas Urquhart



A whimsical wordsmith, or just a japester?

63

Welcome to the word-wrangling world of a whimsical, literary one-off

THIS is the affabulatory tale of a logofascinated man vocitated Thomas. Feeling a little emblustricated by these strange words? Don't inpulregafize yourself. It's not your jobernolisme, and you're certainly not vinomadeified.

Sir Thomas Urquhart coined many flamboyant words like these. In fact, he made up his own language, setting out his proposal in *Logopandecteision* in 1653. Absurd and fascinating, most historians believe it was an elaborate joke. But this wasn't Sir Thomas's first foray into works of whimsy. After a spell in Europe he returned to Scotland and began writing. Sir Thomas – knighted by Charles I – tackled trigonometry with his 1645 *Trissotetras: Or, A Most Exquisite Table For Resolving All Manner Of Triangles*, which promised to enable students to memorise mathematical formulae. No one has ever learned his system. *Pantochronachanon* in 1652 traced his family tree back to Adam and Eve. His next masteriece, *Ekskybalauron*, then mooted the idea of his universal language.

In 1653, Sir Thomas found his true calling. His translations of the bawdy works of French Renaissance writer François Rabelais are considered a triumph. In 1660, upon hearing that Charles II had been restored to the throne, it is said that Sir Thomas laughed so hard, he died. A fitting end for one of Scotland's greatest eccentrics.

Stephen Hendry

The "golden bairn" of snooker had ice in his veins and a ferocious talent which led to seven World Championships and a legacy of top young Scots potters

A cool and calm competitor

AFTER winning the Scottish Under-16 Snooker Championships at the age of 14, Stephen Hendry began breaking records on the green baize from an early age.

Born in 1969 in South Queensferry, the "golden bairn" was introduced to the sport when his parents brought him a half-size table for Christmas in 1981.

He turned professional at just 16 and, from 1985 to 1989, won a number of titles. In 1989, a landmark moment came with the defeat of Steve Davis in the UK Championships. Davis was world No.1 at the time.

After that victory, Hendry was on fire.

At 21 years and 106 days he became the sport's youngest world champion, and by 1994 he had four world titles under his belt and was awarded an MBE.

Stephen bridged the gap between the hard-drinking players of the 80s and the modern wave of more single-minded newcomers – the professionals.

Few Scots ranked inside the top 64 players when Hendry arrived on the scene.

Players like Eddie Sinclair rode high but still lived on snooker's reputation as a pub sport, famously losing a drinking contest to Bill Werbeniuk after collapsing at 42 pints.

By the time Hendry was in full swing, nine Scots would be in the elite group – it's fair to say he inspired the nation to pick up their cues en masse.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

The Scots star in 1992

Hendry gained a reputation as an "iceman", never one to show his emotions during a match and engaging little with the crowd or other players.

It was something he later revealed his manager had encouraged him to do. When he started socialising at matches with other players, he felt his game took a turn for the worse.

He always said that he had to force a smile when he won – such was his talent, winning was just what he expected to do from the moment the match started.

It was Hendry's immense ability to withstand pressure that saw him become arguably the greatest player of all time, with dozens of titles to his name and in place as world No.1 for eight years on the trot.

Because of his calm demeanour, it's easy to overlook how skilled and exciting a player he was to watch.

He had astonishing cue ball control and showed off some artistic potting skills, all offset by a steely expression that rarely changed throughout the match.

The end of the millennium saw a decline in his performance until he retired professionally in 2012.

At the time, Hendry addressed rumours that he was suffering from "the yips", a condition affecting players of games involving regular, repetitive and precise physical movements. More commonly used to refer to golfers, Hendry said the name "yips" downplayed how devastating an effect it had on his game.

However, after time off – and dabbling in poker and golf – he returned to the sport in 2021 and is now a commentator.

His YouTube channel, CueTips, gives an insight into the training regime that he's followed all his life and that kept him at the top of the game for so long.

Stephen returned to the sport in 2021

64

> “It’s easy to overlook how skilled and exciting a player he was”

Midge is now
living life to the full

“A working-class lad who grew
up in a Cambuslang tenement”

Midge Ure

A synthpop pioneer, charity champion and creative force of countless musical projects, Midge is so much more than simply the guy who sang *Vienna*

MOST midges in Scotland are despised, but there is one we love. For readers of a certain age, Midge Ure needs no introduction – you're probably already belting out your very best "Ohhhhh Vienna!".

A working-class lad from Cambuslang, Midge grew up in a tenement flat where luxuries such as central heating and an indoor loo were a distant dream.

But there was love in abundance – his dad scrimped and saved so half his weekly wage could go towards a £3 second-hand guitar for young James – Midge's real name.

After studying at Motherwell Technical College, Midge played in a band called Stumble, followed by a stint in Salvation.

There were two Jims in the line-up, so one flipped his name to Mij, spelled Midge.

When he took over as the frontman of Slik, as the band eventually became known, Midge caught the eye – and ear – of Malcolm McLaren, who invited him to be lead singer of the Sex Pistols. The offer was declined.

In 1976, Slik knocked ABBA's *Mamma Mia* off the top spot to nab their first – and only – UK chart-topper with *Forever And Ever*. Slik split up the following year, and Midge focused on one-album new wave wonders, Rich Kids.

By the 80s, however, he found himself part of three successful bands – Visage, Thin Lizzy and Ultravox.

As well as co-writing and performing hit songs such as *Dancing With Tears In My Eyes* and the aforementioned *Vienna*, Midge also found time to build a solo career and write – with Bob Geldof – Band Aid's *Do They Know It's Christmas?*, still the second biggest-selling UK single of all time.

There have been tough times, too.

At the turn of the century, Midge's alcoholism after the death of his father almost cost him his family.

A stint in rehab set him on the road to recovery and, with the support of his family, he's been living life to the full ever since.

From teaching himself to play guitar in a cramped tenement to touring the world, Midge Ure continues to blaze his own trail.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Ultravox in 1985

Jackie Kay

With her poetry road trips to unconventional settings, the former Makar has popularised the artform and made Scots realise how important it is to our culture

ASK most Scots folk to name a modern Scottish poet and Jackie Kay would probably be the first name to trip off their lips. Fittingly, some of her first encounters with the spoken word were at Burns suppers she used to attend as a child in Glasgow. She loved the pomp, ceremony and drama of it all, and especially that poetry could be used for special occasions.

As the Makar – National Poet for Scotland – from 2016 to 2021, Jackie wrote in celebration of many of the country's special occasions. Her role saw her take poetry to all the traditional places you'd expect, but she also added some less obvious venues to the list. Jackie has given a reading in the remote Rannoch railway station and shocked staff at one particular care home by ringing the bell and inviting herself in to perform.

Her passionate belief that poetry is – and always should be – inclusive comes from someone who has often felt like an outsider. Born in Edinburgh in 1961 to a Scottish mother and Nigerian father, she was adopted at birth by Glasgow couple John and Helen Kay who had already adopted her brother, Maxwell, two years earlier.

Life in leafy, suburban Bishopbriggs was full of love and laughter. John worked for the Communist Party whilst Helen was the Scottish Secretary of the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament. They were an unconventional, inspirational couple who held lots of parties and went to many peace rallies. As well as the Burns Night outings, the couple took young Jackie along with them to Pint & Poetry nights at the Highland Institute in Sauchiehall Street. It was there that she first discovered Scottish writers such as Liz Lochhead and Tom Leonard.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Bringing poetry to the masses

Multiculturalism wasn't big in 1960s Glasgow. A mixed-race child brought up by white parents was a rarity and Jackie found herself alienated by the constant questioning of where she was really from. Some of her earliest poems were written as revenge for the racism she experienced at school and on the streets, and she later describes this vividly in her first Saltire Award-winning poetry collection, *The Adoption Papers*.

Poetry was her safe haven during these times – her sanctuary. She also used poetry to explore and question attitudes to gender identity. Jackie has identified as lesbian from the age of 16.

Early ambitions to become an actress were put on the back-burner when she met the influential author and artist, Alasdair Gray. Her English teacher had sent some of Jackie's poems to him and recognising her natural talent, he told her that there was no doubt in his mind that she was a writer.

The following year she spent months, while recovering from a serious moped accident, devouring all the literature she could get her hands on and honing her writing skills. She studied English at the University of Stirling before moving to London – originally with ambitions of becoming a dramatist.

As well as poetry collections for adults and children, she has written fiction, stage-plays, radio plays and a biography of jazz singer Bessie Smith.

In 2006, she was awarded an MBE for her services to literature. Feelings of connection and belonging are constant threads in Jackie's work. Her biography, *Red Dust Road*, documents her search for her birth parents – triggered by the birth of her son Matthew.

Despite her adoptive parents giving the search their blessing, Kay experienced tremendous guilt over wanting to find out more about her biological background. She describes how it felt almost like a kind of adultery. The biological parents she discovered were very different from the ones she'd imagined.

Her mother, who had become a Mormon, was struggling from the early stages of Alzheimer's. It led to a fractured and frustrating first meeting for both of them. Her meeting with her father took place in a hotel room in Abuga, Nigeria. An evangelical preacher, he spent hours singing and dancing in an effort to free her from the sin of being born outside of marriage. As she later observed, both parents had found religion and both had turned up to meet her clutching plastic carrier bags. Despite those meetings, Jackie remained a secret to both parents' new families.

These days, Jackie divides her time between Manchester and her parents' home in Glasgow. Her poetry road trips have shown her that Scotland's a far more diverse and inclusive country than the one she left behind all those years ago. It has become a place that she's incredibly proud of and one that, in turn, is incredibly proud of her.

The poet in 2016

66

> “Feelings of connection and belonging are constant threads”

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Isabella MacDuff

The young Countess of Buchan was bold, brave but sadly doomed by her allegiances to Scotland's outlaw king, living her final few years in a cage

AT the coronation of Robert the Bruce in 1306, earls and bishops watched as King Robert I was crowned with a golden circlet. Someone very important was missing, however – and without her, events were not deemed to be official.

Scottish tradition dictated that the Earl of Fife must place the crown on the new monarch's head.

As said earl was just a teenager, and apparently a fan of Bruce's English enemy Edward I, he did not appear.

Instead, his sister Isabella MacDuff – referred to as his aunt in other versions of her story – stepped in.

The young Countess of Buchan dashed to Scone, but arrived late. Keen for all to be right and proper, Robert took part in a re-run of the ceremony, letting Isabella crown him on behalf of the MacDuffs.

As well as being a symbolic gesture, it was a declaration of support from Isabella. She loved her country and its outlaw king, but her allegiances contradicted those of not only the Earl of Fife, but of her husband – he was a cousin of John Comyn III, murdered by Bruce.

With her marriage straddling both sides of the First War of Scottish Independence, Isabella must have known her display of loyalty brought the risk of retribution. When it came, it was shockingly severe.

She was captured by the English a few months later, and Edward sent her to Berwick Castle, where she was imprisoned in a cage. Mary Bruce, Robert's little sister, was suffering a similar fate at Roxburgh Castle.

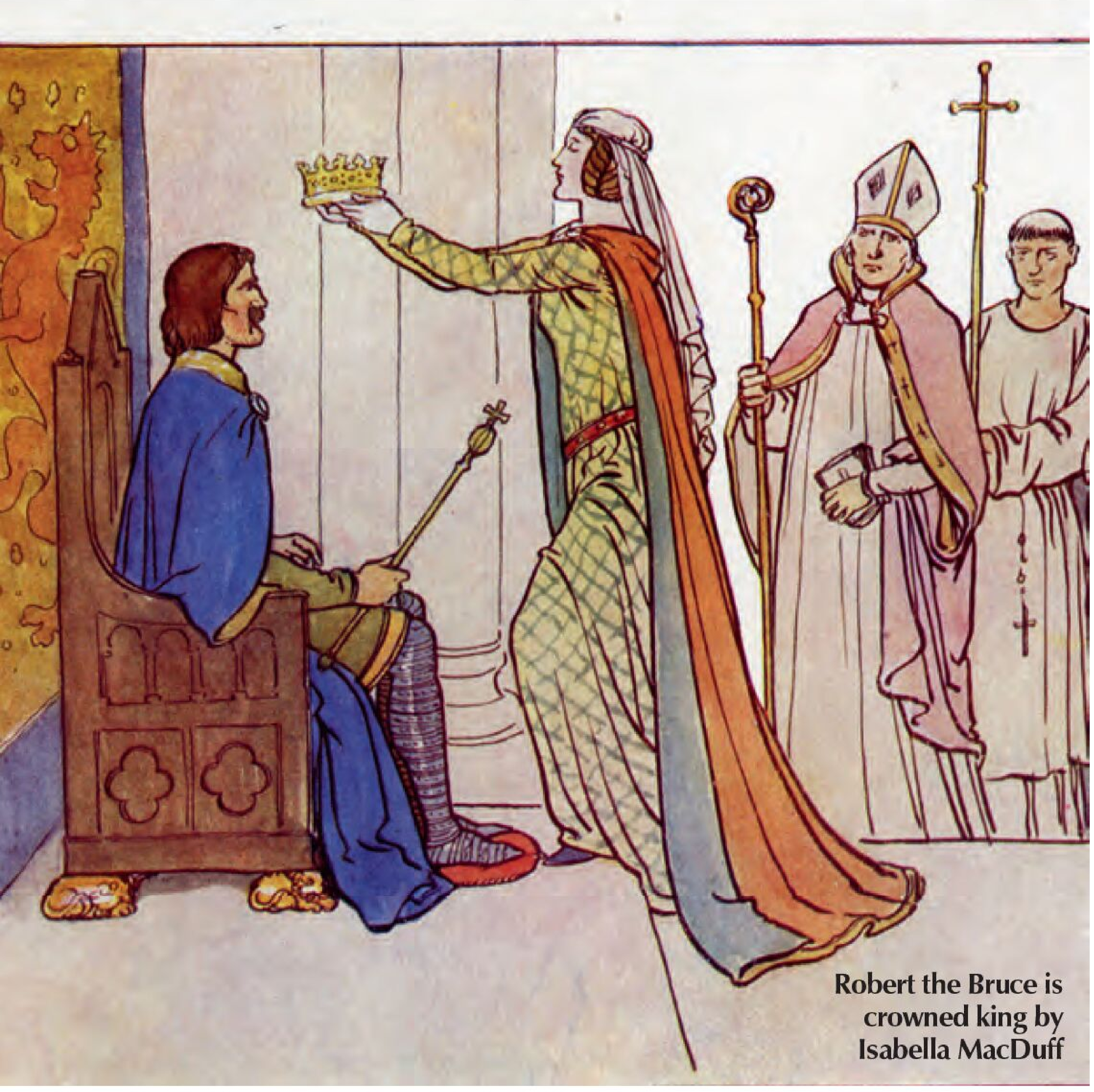
Some accounts say this cage was constructed in a turret; others claim it hung from the walls of the castle, exposed to the weather, in full view of passers-by – a clear and brutal warning to other Bruce supporters, and a way of provoking and tormenting the Scottish king. After an unthinkable four years inside the cage, Isabella was moved to the Carmelite friary in Berwick – but she still wasn't free.

That freedom sadly never came. After 1313, the Countess of Buchan's name is absent from the history books, and there's no record of her returning to Scotland, as many hostages did, in the aftermath of the Battle of Bannockburn.

It's thought that bold, brave Isabella MacDuff died as a result of the hardship she faced while imprisoned, and that ultimately she sacrificed her life for her beliefs.

Pictures: ALAMY

> *"Ultimately she sacrificed her life for her beliefs"*



Robert the Bruce is crowned king by Isabella MacDuff

Above: The scene is captured in a modern tableau at Edinburgh Castle

67

Charles Edward Stuart

68

> “He was sure God would see him triumph”

Bonnie Prince Charlie

Charles Edward Stuart was a Jacobite prince destined never to be king, but the legendary tale of the dashing young hero has captured imaginations for generations

ON New Year's Eve, 1720, the Jacobites in Scotland had an extra toast to add to their usual Hogmanay celebrations – "to the king over the water". Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Catholic heir to the British throne, had been born in Rome.

His followers had to toast his health quietly – and some even silently, passing their hand over their whisky glass to signify "over the water", after loudly proclaiming, "To the king!"

It had been a long 22 years since Charles's grandfather, James Stuart II of England and VII of Scotland, had been parted from his crowns, but many were still eager to get a Stuart back on the throne.

The deposed James started the Jacobite risings which would last almost a century, but wass defeated in the Battle of the Boyne in 1690 and fled back to France. James's son, also James and known as the Old Pretender, continued the fight with the failed risings of 1715 and 1719. He also coined the term Jacobite – meaning follower of Jacobus, Latin for James.

It was his son that was to be remembered in song and legend – the Young Pretender, Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Charles became determined to restore his family to their royal position, fuelled by his father's bitter proclamations that it was his birthright. In December 1743, his father named him Prince Regent and Charles led a French-backed rebellion to Scottish shores.

Several Highland clans met the prince when he came ashore at Glenfinnan, raised the Stuart standard, and promptly marched on Edinburgh. The garrison were caught unawares and surrendered.

Charles installed himself in the Palace of Holyroodhouse, hosting parties to entertain the well-to-do. He was a handsome, romantic host, announcing to all he had "come home" to rule.

Charles achieved a dramatic victory at the Battle of Prestonpans, which won him more troops and much-needed aid from France. The government troops turned tail at the oncoming Highland charge, and it is said that the battle lasted a mere 15 minutes.

As Charles began his march down south to London, King George II finally realised that this Stuart upstart was not going to be deposed as easily as his forebears. He sent his son, Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, north with a replenished army. William was frustrated at his army's retreat. He analysed battle reports of the fearsome Highland charges and came to realise that, as intimidating as it was, angry Scotsmen charging on foot with swords were no match for continued gunfire. As long as his men stood their ground, the charge could be defeated.

Charles was within six days' march of London when his war council advised that their funds were running low. They would be better returning to fight the Duke of Cumberland on home turf. Charles reluctantly agreed and marched north to Inverness with William in hot pursuit. The two forces met at Culloden, just east of Inverness, on April 16, 1746.

Jacobite military advisors warned that the flat, boggy ground of Culloden Moor would limit the impact of his men's charge, but Charles insisted. He believed in the divine right of kings and was sure God would see him triumph.

Belief is not enough in the face of insurmountable odds. Charles's men were starving and ill-equipped. They had been marching for days – including an aborted midnight march to Nairn the night before, in an attempt to surprise William's troops.

Charles commanded around 5,000 men and faced around 8,000-9,000 well-armed and trained government troops.

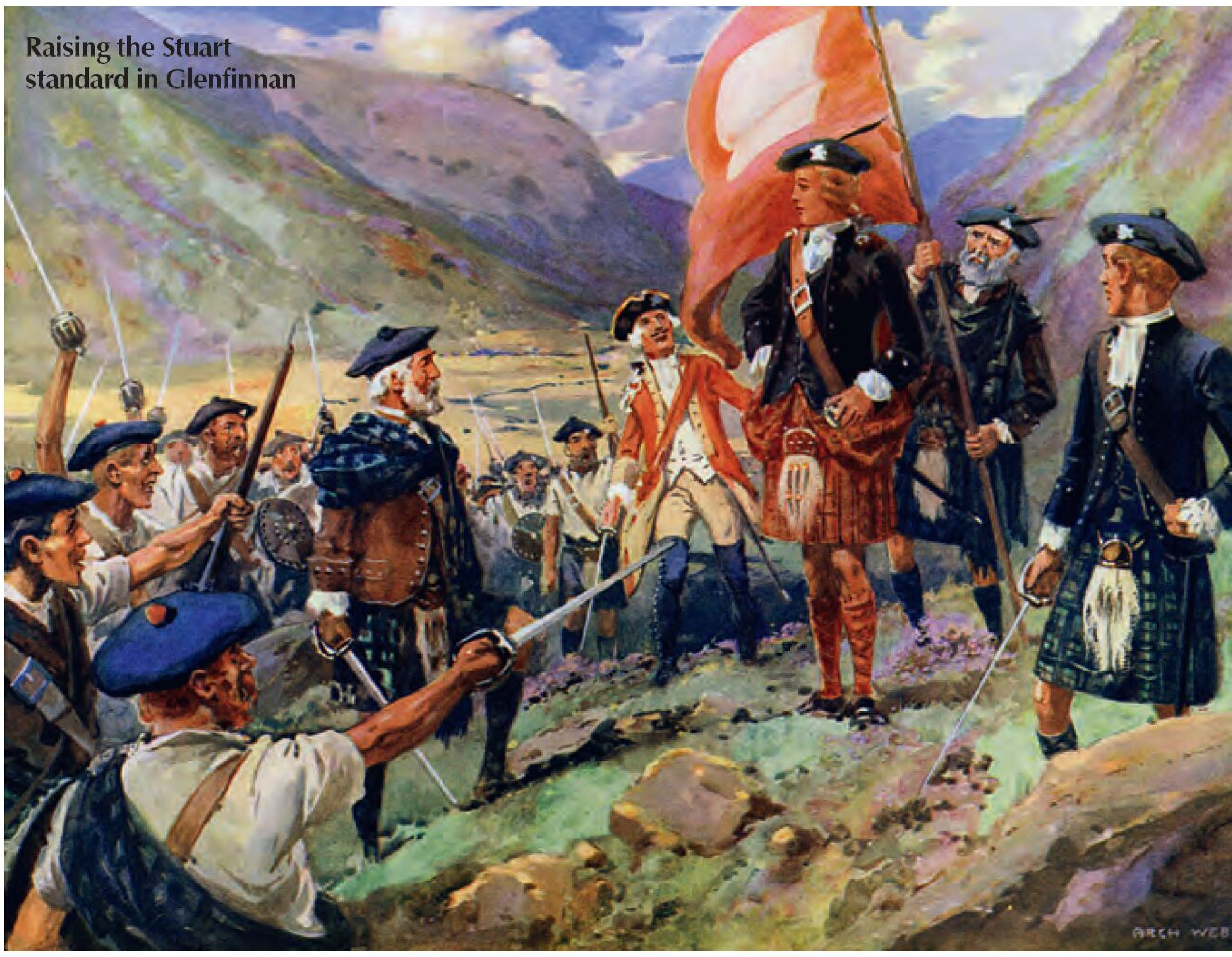
It was the last full-scale battle to take place on British soil. The Highland charge was ferocious, but was hampered by bog and broken up by gunfire. Some Jacobites broke through the government lines, but they were soon blasted into retreat.

William didn't just want to win, though. He wanted to make sure the Jacobite risings were over once and for all. He sealed off the battlefield for three days afterwards, leaving the wounded to succumb to their injuries. Troops were sent into the surrounding countryside after the retreating Jacobites, slaughtering all they found.

Charles escaped, and was smuggled through the Highlands by loyal troops. For five months, Charles was kept hidden in Scotland, occasionally staying in caves in the mountains to avoid capture. The government searched in vain as loyal supporters refused to give him up, despite the £30,000 bounty on the prince's head.

Eventually, on September 20, 1746, Bonnie Prince Charlie was smuggled onto a ship bound for France, never to see Scotland again. He lived the rest of his days in exile. By all accounts, Charles spent his remaining days drowning his sorrows in wine and women. He died in Rome in 1788, having failed to fulfil his quest to be king.

Pictures: ALAMY



Raising the Stuart standard in Glenfinnan

Harry Lauder

The tartan-clad singer and comedian was the ultimate rags-to-riches story and overcame poverty and sniping critics to become the world's first genuine superstar

AS young Harry Lauder toiled down the mines, singing to lift his mood while rats milled around him, he probably didn't have an inkling that one day in the not-too-distant future, he'd be the highest-paid performer on the planet.

He'd been working in the pits from the age of 14, but in his mid-20s, the Portobello-born lad left mining behind, spurred on by his colliery pals to pursue a singing and comedy career.

He got his big break by chance in London one night in 1900, filling in for another artist who was off sick.

Harry was an instant hit and, decked out in full Highland regalia, he carved out a niche for himself.

He had no qualms in playing to the prevailing "och aye the noo" stereotypes of Scotland, including that of the penny-pinching Scotsman. For that reason, Harry became a divisive character in his homeland.

The poet Hugh MacDiarmid was, perhaps, his most vocal naysayer, describing him as an "overpaid clown" – and that's one of his kinder remarks.

Even today, debate rages on about whether Lauder single-handedly created our national reputation for tight-fistedness. For a great many however, Harry's rags-to-riches story and phenomenal career were – and still are – a source of immense pride.

By 1911, he was earning a small fortune, and became, for a wee while at least, the world's highest-paid entertainer. He was also the first UK performer to sell a million records, his biggest hits including the infinitely hummable *I Love A Lassie* and *Roamin' In The Gloamin'*. There's little wonder Winston Churchill called him, "Scotland's greatest ever ambassador".

Sadly, among all his professional triumphs, personal tragedy struck when Lauder's only son was killed in action during the First World War.

Harry channelled his grief into the Harry Lauder Million Pound Fund, raising money in support of wounded Scottish soldiers and sailors. He's believed to be the first entertainer to raise more than a million pounds for charity, and he was knighted in 1919 for his contribution to the war effort.

With his trusty cromach – crooked walking stick – Sir Harry Lauder took Scotland on tour and became the world's first superstar.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Greeted by US actor Danny Kaye in Glasgow in 1949

With Scots tea tycoon Thomas Lipton

Quick Quaker Oats
Quaker Oats
Glasgow
He never forgot his working class roots

The entertainer in 1928

> “Decked in full Highland regalia, Harry carved out a niche for himself”

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FWC

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“He is clever, charismatic and, above all, courageous”

Graeme Obree

As famous for his innovative homemade bikes and eccentric cycling techniques as he is for his sporting talent, the "Flying Scotsman" broke records and social taboos

WHEN Graeme Obree entered his first cycling race, he hopped on his bike in a parka and a pair of Doc Martens, whizzed around and stopped 100 metres before the actual finishing line.

It was an inauspicious start to his career, but it does sum up the rebellious spirit which led to him becoming one of Scotland's cycling heroes – fondly dubbed the Flying Scotsman.

His is an incredible tale of determination.

Graeme has had mental health problems for much of his life. He's survived suicide attempts, alcoholism and grief. Cycling helped him escape this – yet his triumphs didn't always bring relief or joy, and his fear of failure became an obsession.

In the early 1990s, Graeme's bike shop went bust, leaving him in financial trouble.

To reverse his fortunes, he set his sights on the World Hour Record and began building a bicycle for the task. The result was an aerodynamic dream machine named Old Faithful.

He arrived at a Norwegian velodrome on July 16, 1993, ready to make history. He didn't beat the record at first but the next day, crouched over the handlebars in his "tuck" position, the Flying Scotsman pedalled his way into the record books with 32 miles (51.596km).

Graeme continued to impress on the international stage, triumphing at the World Championships.

This Scottish maverick with his DIY bike and offbeat riding style was shaking up cycling, and the world governing body didn't like it. Soon his tuck was banned. So Graeme invented the "Superman", with arms stretched in front – but when other cyclists started to copy it, that was vetoed as well.

After competing in the 1996 Olympics, Graeme's mental health deteriorated. He was diagnosed with bipolar disorder, and wrote a frank autobiography that gave a glimpse into how difficult his life had been.

Then, in 2011, Graeme came out as gay, having struggled with his sexuality for a long time.

He is clever, charismatic and, above all, courageous – a sporting genius whose candid conversations about mental health are breaking down barriers.

Pictures: ALAMY, SHUTTERSTOCK

Graeme in 1993
G. OBREE
SPECIALIZED

Mary Barbour

The strident socialist was the living embodiment of community spirit and successfully led a rent strike to defeat greedy landlords during the First World War

LOOK at any old photo of Glasgow tenement life in years gone by, and you'll spot "She Who Must Be Obeyed". Every row of flats had at least one: the rolling-pin-wielding woman with that unmistakable "don't mess with me" glint in her eye, who took no nonsense from anyone.

Some of them were our mums, nans and great-grannies – and one of them was the inimitable Mary Barbour.

During the First World War Mary lived in Govan. While husbands and sons were away fighting, thousands of workers moved to the area to get jobs in local shipyards and munitions factories. The tenements – many of which were already overcrowded and in a state of disrepair before the war started – were now full to bursting. To make matters worse, landlords saw the demand for housing as an opportunity to hugely increase the rent, leaving many destitute.

Mary was having absolutely none of it. As a staunch socialist and a member of Kinning Park Co-operative Women's Guild, she was no stranger to the power of community spirit. She quickly established the South Govan branch of the Glasgow Women's Housing Association and got to work organising hordes of angry tenants. The landlords, who clearly thought the women would be a pushover, were in for a shock.

In May 1915, Govan became the first area of Glasgow to go on a rent strike, led by Mary. Tenants refused to pay their rent increases, protest signs were displayed in windows, and demonstrations took place.

It wasn't long before the bailiffs came knocking, but they were no match for Mary and her furious band of broads, who were soon nicknamed "Mrs Barbour's Army". Each tenement close had a watchwoman with a bell who warned of officers arriving to evict non-paying tenants.

She'd ring her bell and others would rush to her side armed with flour bombs. If pelting the men with homemade missiles didn't work, they would simply pick the men up and throw them into the

JOHN HENDRY
DECORATOR
RESTAURANT
DAIRY
CAPSTAN
CORFU

The tenements of Govan

71

MARY BARBOUR
1875 - 1958

Above: A statue in Govan marking Mary's impact

Left: A local hero

bins, or pull down their trousers – guaranteed to prompt a hasty retreat.

The rent strikes were so effective, they quickly spread to other parts of the city and further afield to towns across the UK.

By October 1915, 15,000 tenants across Glasgow were refusing to pay their rent – and the number was rapidly increasing by the day.

The turning point in the women's protests came the following month, when 18 people were summoned to Glasgow Sheriff Court to be forcefully evicted. Mary led 20,000 tenants to the courthouse and the nearby City Chambers to rail against the decision.

The sheriff, amazed and panicked by the number of protesters, called David Lloyd George, who was at that time the minister of munitions.

He advised that the tenants on trial should be released, with the promise that the government would put a stop to opportunistic landlords.

The 1915 Increase of Rent and Mortgage Interest (War Restrictions) Act was passed within weeks, meaning rents were frozen at their pre-war rate.

Mary became a local hero and went on to co-found the Women's Peace Crusade, which campaigned for an end to the war, and, in 1920, became one of the city's first women councillors.

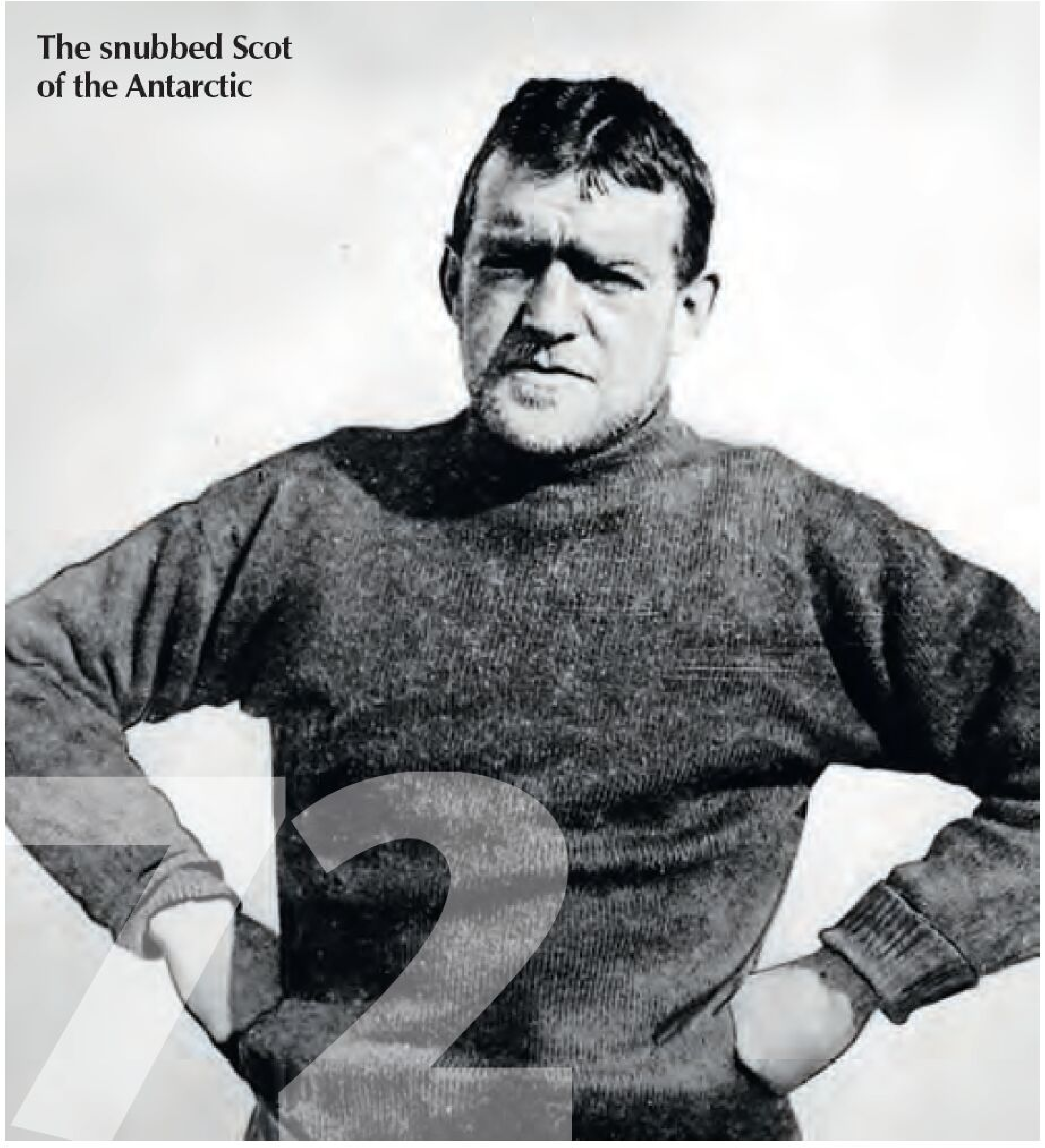
In 2018, a statue of Mary Barbour was unveiled in Govan.

> *"It wasn't long before the bailiffs came knocking, but they were no match for Mrs Barbour's Army"*

Pictures: ALAMY

Henry McNish

72



The snubbed Scot of the Antarctic

"Chippy" was the forgotten hero of the 1914 *Endurance* mission to the Antarctic

HENRY "CHIPPY" MCNISH, a carpenter and shipwright from Port Glasgow, was preparing for the 1914 Trans-Antarctic Expedition when he decided his tabby should join him aboard Sir Ernest Shackleton's *Endurance*.

Mrs Chippy – later found to be a tomcat – was adopted by the crew as a mascot and kept mice at bay, although his grumpy owner was not so popular. Chippy and Shackleton did not get along.

In 1915, the *Endurance* became trapped in ice in the Weddell Sea. Shackleton ordered that some sled dogs and Mrs Chippy be shot to spare them death from the cold. Henry never forgave him for killing Mrs Chippy, and their relationship soured further.

More than a year later, the crew reached Elephant Island and Henry prepared a lifeboat for an 1,287km (800-mile) rescue mission to South Georgia. He accompanied Shackleton and four other men on the epic journey, resulting in a successful rescue.

On his return to Britain, though, despite Henry's efforts, Shackleton put forward his 27-man crew for the prestigious Polar Medal, except four – including Henry. The snubbed Scot of the Antarctic died homeless in Wellington five years later, and though he had a full naval funeral, his grave was unmarked for 30 years.

Isabelle Grant

73

The well-travelled teacher led the way in the fight for blind civil rights

IN 1959, teacher Isabelle Grant decided to explore the world, and over a year she visited 23 countries. Her travel companion was the white cane her pupils nicknamed Oscar.

In her 60s, Isabelle was blind, but with a typewriter in one hand and Oscar in the other, she set out to investigate what education was like for blind children in far-flung places.

Born in Lossiemouth at the end of the 19th century, Isabelle studied at Aberdeen University before moving to America. She began teaching in Los Angeles, but in 1946, her husband died. She was then diagnosed with glaucoma and went blind.

She learned Braille and returned to work but was only permitted to teach blind children. Over the next 13 years she reinvented how blind students were taught. On her sabbatical, she set about improving blind education, creating libraries for the blind in 65 countries, training teachers and revamping school systems. As co-founder of the International Blind Federation, she was a leading light of the blind civil rights movement, receiving a nomination for the Nobel Peace Prize in 1972. In 2016, almost 40 years after her death, her book, *Writing Crooked Paths Made Straight*, was finally published.

Dr Grant improved education for the blind

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

Paula Sage

The remarkable actress who proved that disability is no bar to star quality

WHEN Paula Sage lit up our cinema screens in the 2003 film *AfterLife*, it was obvious a brilliant new talent had been unleashed.

What makes her moving portrayal of character Roberta Brogan – a young woman who, like Paula, has Down's Syndrome – even more extraordinary is the fact that it was her first time working as a professional actor.

Her co-star, *Trainspotting* and *Grey's Anatomy* actor Kevin McKidd, was blown away by her skill, professionalism and in-the-moment acting. He might not be adopting her approach to on-cue crying any time soon, though – when she needed to turn on the waterworks, Paula revealed that she thought about the death of Maurice Gibb, one of her all-time idols.

She impressed audiences and critics alike, and garnered high-profile fans such as Sean Connery and designer Girogio Armani. Paula bagged a Scottish BAFTA, Best Actress at the Bratislava International Film Festival, a role in soap opera *River City* – and an Olympic medal. Yes, you read that right – Paula's netball team took home the silver at the 2005 Special Olympics, too.

Award-winning actress and Olympic athlete

Peter McLagan

Peter studied at the University of Edinburgh

Scotland's first Black MP was a popular and progressive force for good

WHEN he won his Linlithgowshire seat at the 1865 General Election, Peter McLagan made history as Scotland's first Black Member of Parliament. Standing down 28 years later, he had become the longest serving Scottish MP of Queen Victoria's reign. However, his father's involvement in slavery, and subsequent profits from it, contributed greatly to his education, wealth and opportunities.

Peter McLagan Sr was a Scottish slave owner who built his fortune with plantations in Demerara, bolstered by government compensation of around £2 million in today's money after the Slavery Abolition Act of 1833 was passed.

Born in Demerara in 1823, little is known of Peter's Guyanese mother, but he moved to Scotland as a child and studied at the University of Edinburgh, inheriting the Pumpherston estate in Mid Calder from his father before deciding to stand as a Liberal MP.

Popular with constituents, his political beliefs ranged from conventional to progressive. He called for an increase in the number of Scottish MPs, and was in favour of votes for women. Peter invested in shale mining but was declared bankrupt in 1893 and resigned from government. When he died seven years later, businesses and schools in Mid Calder closed as a mark of respect.

Sandy in the more sedate surroundings of home in 2002

76

Alexander Glen

Remembered as a charming, courageous and generous man, the Glasgow explorer's daring globetrotting exploits were rumoured to be inspiration behind James Bond

IMAGINE you thought you were going to a fancy soirée of dancing and drinking, only to discover that you had, in fact, unwittingly signed yourself up for a voyage to the Arctic. That's exactly what happened to Glaswegian explorer and wartime intelligence officer Sir Alexander Glen.

In 1932, Sandy Glen – as he preferred to be known – accepted an invitation to a debutante ball. The evening in question arrived and his chums informed him that they were setting sail from King's Lynn. Glen thought this was all a bit of a palaver for a party, but he soon realised there was no party – he'd somehow agreed to sail with seven others to Spitsbergen on a fishing boat owned by a Cambridge don.

We assume he was dressed to the nines at the time, and probably hadn't packed his sleeping bag or toothbrush, but he gamely hopped aboard. By the time they returned after 6,500km (4,000) miles and two months surveying the mountains, his passion for the Arctic was unshakeable.

The following year, Glen led his own Arctic expedition of 16 men, and returned that winter to live for a few months with the Lapps in Northern Sweden. In the summer of 1934, having been well and truly bitten by the exploration bug, he set sail again, this time in the company of the novelist Evelyn Waugh and their mutual friend Hugh Lygon – who inspired the character of Lord Sebastian Flyte in Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*.

It was a disastrous trip, punctuated by the three men nearly drowning when a glacier began to thaw. Waugh wasn't a great shipmate, and was not happy being ordered around by Glen, so he made life difficult whenever possible. Miraculously, the men returned home in one piece. But that trip wasn't Glen's final encounter with Waugh – he worked alongside him in Yugoslavia during the war. Another naval intelligence colleague was Ian Fleming, who is rumoured to have based James Bond on Sandy. Ever modest, he always denied the link, "I don't think it's true for a moment; I'm far too gentle, far too law-abiding."

Undoubtedly the most significant moment of his time there, however, was meeting Baroness Zora de Collaert, with whom he rapidly fell in love.

He proposed, despite having a wife at home in Britain. They married in 1947, their courtship having survived a terrifying escape from the Nazis and also Glen's hair-raising covert mission back to Spitsbergen to see off the Germans. The couple spent 63 happy years together, 'til death did them part. Sandy passed away in 2004.

After the war, Glen invested in the shipping industry. He was the chairman of shipbrokers Clarksons, and – appropriately for a man whose name sounds like a beach resort – it was under his watchful eye that the company pioneered package holidays. He later became chairman of the British Tourist Authority and director of British European Airways.

He wrote three books about his adventures, including his memories *Footholds Against A Whirlwind*, was awarded several medals for wartime service, and was knighted in 1967.

He may not have believed he was the inspiration for James Bond, but there's no denying that Sandy Glen's life was daring and, at times, stranger than fiction.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Sandy during an Arctic adventure

"His passion for the Arctic was unshakeable"

Christian Fletcher

In the 1650s, Scotland's Crown Jewels were under threat – but thanks to fearless Fletcher and her band of intrepid women, they are still twinkling today

HAVING already ordered that all of England's regalia be destroyed, nabbing Scotland's Crown Jewels was next on Oliver Cromwell's to-do list. But where were they?

Last used at Charles II's coronation at Scone in 1651, taking them – or him, for that matter – back to Edinburgh Castle for safekeeping was out of the question, since Cromwell had seized it after a three-month siege and wasn't averse to executing kings named Charles.

Instead, with the New Model Army fast approaching Scone, it was decided that the Honours of Scotland should be moved to Dunnottar Castle, near Stonehaven.

Cromwell somehow got wind of this idea, though, and his troops made their way up the country to intercept them.

Perthshire noblewoman Katherine Drummond came to the rescue by hiding the precious cargo in sacks of wool and carrying the Honours to Dunnottar herself.

It was clear by this point that the castle would soon fall to Cromwell so the Honours wouldn't be safe for long.

The local minister's wife, Christian Fletcher, masterminded a plot to smuggle them out – despite Dunnottar being surrounded by hordes of angry Cromwellian men.

Assisted by Mary Erskine, Elizabeth Douglas and Anne Lindsay – who kickstarted the rescue mission by hiding the king's papers under her petticoats before nonchalantly strolling out of the castle– Christian managed to get her hands on the crown and sceptre.

She galloped away on horseback, riding close to the cliffs in case she was caught and needed to throw the Honours into the sea rather than let them fall into English hands. She carefully lowered them to the beach below, where a servant was pretending to gather seaweed. The servant – her name has sadly been lost in the mists of time – bundled them and carried them away to safety.

The following month, Christian and the servant returned to the castle and smuggled out the sword in a sack – legend has it they had to break it in half first to make it fit.

The Honours were hidden at the foot of Christian's bed before being buried under the pulpit at Kinneff Kirk, where they remained for eight years. During that time, she hoisted them up every three months to air them and wrap them in fresh cloths.

Following the Restoration in 1660, they were returned to Edinburgh Castle, but not before the women involved had an almighty row about which of them was most deserving of the 2,000 Scots Merks reward offered by the Scottish Parliament.

After some deliberation, it was decided that Christian was the deserving heroine of this tale – although she never actually received the money.

The Crown Jewels had even stranger adventures to come. After the dissolution of the Scottish Parliament in 1707, they were forgotten about for more than a century, only to be found in an oak chest by none other than Sir Walter Scott in 1818.

Then, in 1941, they had to endure their second burial when, due to the threat of a German invasion during the Second World War, they were hidden in different parts of the castle so the Nazis wouldn't find them.

Since then, they've had a peaceful few decades on display in the castle – thanks to quick-thinking Christian Fletcher and her courageous cohorts.

Pictures: ALAMY, SHUTTERSTOCK

Dunnottar Castle

77

The Honours sav

“*The local minister’s wife masterminded a plot to smuggle the Honours out*”

Keeping the Crown Jewels from Cromwell’s clutches

78

The lauded chef in 2013

“Changed our foodie landscape for the better”

At work in his Gleneagles restaurant

Andrew Fairlie

Known for his calm and compassionate kitchens, the Michelin-starred chef's passion for food made Scotland a much more delicious place to live and eat

WHEN he was 15, tarragon changed the trajectory of Andrew Fairlie's life. As a waiter at the Station Hotel in Perth, he sampled some beef chasseur. Upon discovering how this simple fresh herb had transformed the dish, Andrew decided to train as a chef.

After his final exam, he swapped Perth Academy for the kitchen.

Andrew followed his mentor Keith Podmore to London to hone his skills. He set his sights on the world-beating restaurants of France, but his applications were met with rejection letters or radio silence.

His breakthrough was the prestigious Roux Scholarship – he was its first winner in 1984, aged 20.

The scholarship – spearheaded by famous brothers Albert and Michel Roux – gave him the opportunity to work in France with renowned three-Michelin-starred chef Michel Guérard at Les Prés d'Eugénie.

From there, he headed to the Hôtel de Crillon in Paris, and his talent took him around the world.

Never one to rest on his laurels, Andrew was the chef de cuisine on the Royal Scotsman, and presided over a fine dining restaurant at the Disneyland Hôtel in Paris. In the mid-1990s, he returned to Scotland. For years, Andrew was head chef at One Devonshire Gardens in Glasgow, before he opened his own restaurant in 2001.

His eponymous eatery at Gleneagles changed our foodie landscape for the better.

Not for Andrew the aggressive environment of some fancy establishments. He was lauded for his calm, considerate kitchen and his passion for championing young chefs.

It took just eight months for Andrew and his team to be awarded a Michelin star.

A second followed four years later, making it Scotland's only two-Michelin-starred restaurant.

Sadly, between those stars, Andrew was diagnosed with a brain tumour. At the end of 2018, he hung up his chef's whites after announcing that his tumour was terminal.

Andrew died in January 2019, aged 55. Before his death, he set up a scholarship in his name to help aspiring Scottish chefs.

Undoubtedly one of Scotland's greatest chefs, Andrew Fairlie made our country a more delicious place.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY

With fellow judges of the 2009 Roux Scholarship

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John Duns

The 13th-century scholar may have given us the dunce's cap but his deeply considered works on theology and philosophy continue to have influence

FOR decades, a tall paper cone emblazoned with the letter "D" lurked in the corner of classrooms across Europe and America. The dunce's cap was dreaded by Victorian schoolchildren, who had to wear one whenever they struggled with their work or misbehaved.

This hat of humiliation has been consigned to the history books, but it wasn't always a symbol of stupidity and slowness – in fact, it was once worn to signify great intelligence. And it was a very clever Scotsman who invented it.

John Duns – more commonly known as Duns Scotus – was a hugely influential 13th-century thinker and theologian.

Considered one of the most important philosophers of High Scholasticism, Duns Scotus and Scotism – as his brand of thinking is known – had many followers, called Dunsmen or Dunses.

His work is notoriously complicated and nuanced, and his impressive theories led to him being given the grand papal accolade of Doctor Subtilis, or the Subtle Doctor.

Among his most famous writings are arguments for the existence of God and the Immaculate Conception.

But he was also big in the world of millinery or hat design, and lent his name to the headgear his devotees wore to mark them as intellectuals.

Duns Scotus was a fan of pointy hats, which he believed could funnel knowledge into the wearer's brain. The Dunsmen wore these thinking caps long after the philosopher's death in 1308 as a mark of respect.

Scotism fell from grace, however, when the Renaissance Humanists swept aside medieval Scholasticism in favour of classical texts.

By the 16th century, those loyal to Duns Scotus's complex ideas were considered wildly stupid. The word dunse or dunce no longer stood for intelligence and wisdom – instead it became synonymous with those who stubbornly opposed classical studies.

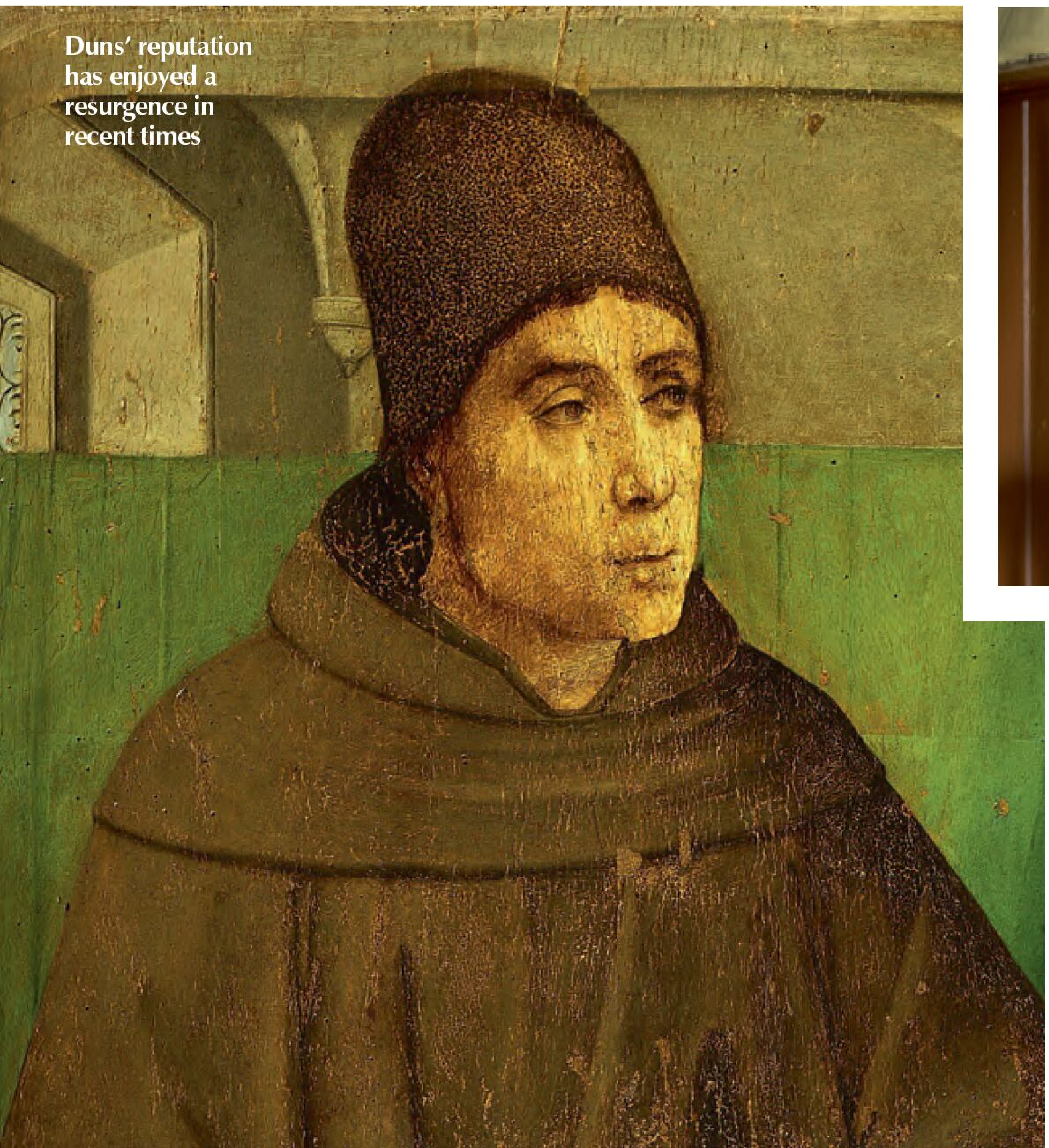
When Duns Scotus went to his grave – possibly still alive, legend has it he was in a coma when buried – he couldn't have suspected that one day his name would be mud.

He's had a comeback in recent times, though, and in 1993 Duns Scotus added the ultimate feather to his ridiculous conical cap when he was beatified by Pope John Paul II.

Hats off to him.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

> *"Duns went to his grave – possibly still alive"*



Duns' reputation has enjoyed a resurgence in recent times

The dreaded dunce's cap

79

Old Tom Morris

The grand old man of golf – player, club maker and course designer – is globally acknowledged as the founding father of the noble game

HE was born in 1821 in a humble weaver's cottage in St Andrews. Yet when Old Tom Morris died after a fall at the age of 87, obituaries were published not just in Scotland's most respected newspapers, but also in *The Times* of London and numerous other broadsheets around the world.

Morris might not have invented golf but he was effectively its founding father. More than any individual before or since, he helped shape the modern game during a long career as player, club-maker, course designer and greenkeeper.

He was a central figure in golf's 19th century transformation from parochial Scottish pastime to one of the most widely played games in the world – seeing golf courses multiply across the rest of the UK, into continental Europe and the British Empire.

Morris saw feather-stuffed balls replaced with gutta percha, then rubber-core balls from America in 1901. He also saw the shift from long, tapered, handmade club heads to mass-produced short, deep-faced alternatives. And, as *The Times* obituary noted, "He lived to see, and to welcome with cordiality, the rise of a brilliant band of English professional players."

Morris was admired by artists, poets, politicians and The Royal and Ancient Golf Club in St Andrews. During his lifetime, arguably only one player came close to out-classing him – his own son, referred to as Young Tom Morris.

It could be argued that Morris senior was simply in the right place at the right time – as he was growing up, the Links of St Andrews and The Royal and Ancient Golf Club were becoming known as the central courses of the game. St Andrews was fast becoming the Home of Golf.

He made the best of increasing public interest in the game – or at least the betting surrounding it – as well as technological changes that made it cheaper to play and more accessible. It helped hugely when Britain's railway network finally reached St Andrews in 1852.

Yet there is no doubt Morris was an astoundingly gifted player. "I began to play when I was six or seven, maybe younger," Morris told a reporter. "A' St Andrews barns are born wi' web feet an' wi' a gowf club in their hands. I wad be driving the chuckle stance wi' a bit stick about as sune's I could walk," he added.

Old Tom went on to win the British Open four times: in 1861, 1862 – this one with a record-breaking 13-stroke victory – in 1864 and finally 1867. These were the second, third, fifth and eighth times the competition was played.

While Morris remains the oldest winner of the Open, his son Young Tom succeeded in winning the championship belt three years in a row (1868-70), and was thus allowed to keep it.

Morris spent all of his life in St Andrews, except for a 14-year period when he, his wife Nancy and their son, Tommy, settled in Prestwick, Ayrshire, where he served as keeper of the greens.

His carefully designed 12-hole course – the first of more than 70 he would design or remodel – was so admired that Prestwick was chosen over St Andrews to host the inaugural British Open in 1860.

On that occasion Morris finished second to Musselburgh's Willie Park Snr, a man later described as one of Morris's chief antagonists during his playing career.

"They were opposed to each other in many important matches for stakes," *The Times* reported, "but so well were they matched that the honours in the end were pretty evenly divided."

Morris returned to St Andrews in 1865, as greenkeeper to the Links now known as The Old Course, and established his club-making shop near the 18th green. He officially retired in 1904, aged 83. Even then, a grateful Royal and Ancient Club committee agreed to appoint Morris as an honorary advising greenkeeper to his successor "in consideration of his long services to the club," as well as providing him with a comfortable pension.

Morris's life was not without heartache. The death of his first son aged four may have been a factor in the family's move to Prestwick.

Old Tom outlived Nancy, all of his children and their spouses – including Young Tom, who died aged 24, months after his own wife and child died during childbirth.

Old Tom was reported to have said, "People say he died of a broken heart, but if that was true I wouldn't be here either."

Morris died in 1908, but his work on St Andrews' Old Course has stood the test of time – arguably still the most famous golf course in the world.

Old Tom pictured in 1905

Images: ALAMY

He helped shape the modern game of golf

80

> *“His work on St Andrews’ Old Course has stood the test of time”*

An unlikely
Jacobite heroine

81

> “Her loyalty, charity and bold spirit won her many fans in London”

Flora MacDonald

Courageous and defiant, this Hebridean heroine's loyalty to Bonnie Prince Charlie after the Jacobite rising of 1745 stands out in the annals of Scottish history

EVERY Scottish child learns The Skye Boat Song at school –

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King,
Over the sea to Skye.

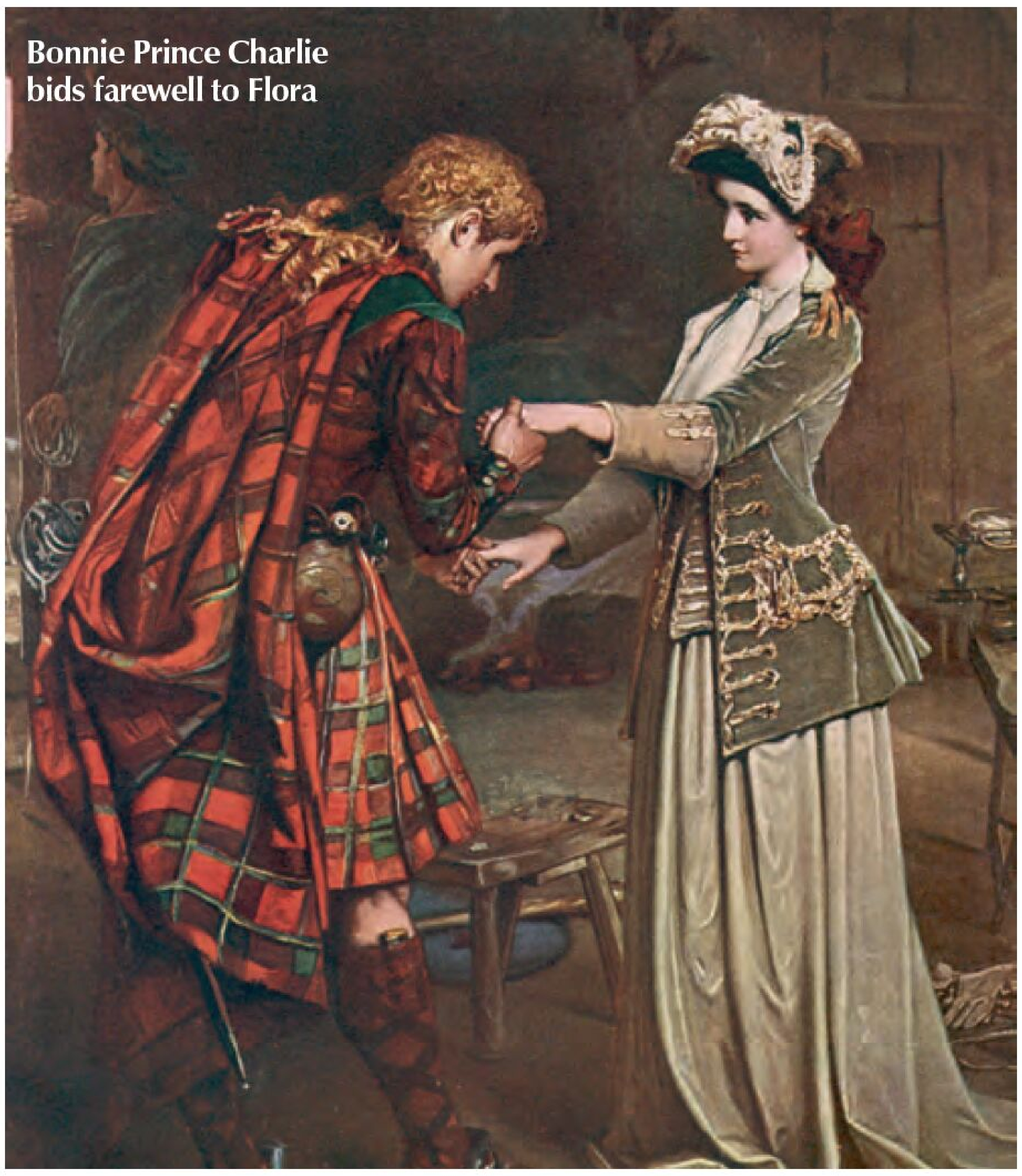
It tells the story of Bonnie Prince Charlie's legendary escape from Benbecula to the Isle of Skye and, ultimately, to the safety of France. Fleeing government troops after his defeat at the Battle of Culloden, the whole daring mission was brilliantly co-ordinated by a canny young woman from South Uist named Flora MacDonald.

Charles Edward Stuart arrived in the Outer Hebrides at the end of April, 1746. As the leader of the second Jacobite rebellion – and the man who had tried to overthrow King George II – he was on the run from the British army. With a £30,000 reward for his capture hanging over his head, the prince knew he had to make a quick getaway from the Hebrides.

He flitted from island to island evading search parties for several weeks, before one of his companions, Captain Conn O'Neill, asked Flora – who happened to be a distant relative of his – to help them.

The MacDonald family were not officially Jacobite sympathisers. In fact, Flora's stepfather was the commander of the local pro-government militia, and her fiancé fought for the British army.

Despite this, and the 2000 Redcoats emplyed in the search for the prince, Flora agreed to help. Thanks to her stepfather – who, despite his allegiance to the government, is rumoured to have been a secret Jacobite – she managed to get her hands on a permit for a sailing to Skye on June 27, taking two servants, one of whom would be Charles in disguise.



Bonnie Prince Charlie bids farewell to Flora

The day of the journey arrived, and Flora set to work transforming Charles into an Irish spinning maid named Betty Burke. The boat set sail to Skye at 8pm that evening with Flora, "Betty" and a crew of six, docking at Kilmuir in the north of the island, now called Rudha Phrionnsa, or Prince's Point.

From there, they sought refuge at the home of Flora's aunt, Lady Margaret MacDonald. She was a Jacobite but her husband, Sir Alexander, was a supporter of the king.

Charles lurked in a nearby cave while Flora deflected questions from Margaret's house guests about the whereabouts of the fugitive prince on the loose in the Outer Hebrides.

The following day, Margaret helped them to travel to Kingsburgh House and onward to Portree, where Flora said her goodbyes to Bonnie Prince Charlie.

The intrepid duo's story has taken on a rather rose-tinted hue over the centuries. It is claimed that the prince presented her with a locket containing a portrait of himself, but it is unlikely there was any romance – she was engaged to another man and she'd only spent 10 days in Charles's company.

Charles sailed to Raasay and waited for a French ship to whisk him away, and in September that year he made his way to France.

Before Charles left Scotland for good, one of the rowers was tortured for information by Redcoats who had spotted the boat as it arrived in Skye. He told them about the curious Irish maid, and Flora was arrested soon after. After a short spell of imprisonment at Dunstaffnage Castle in Oban, Flora was moved to the Tower of London, but she was permitted to live nearby on parole.

Her loyalty, charity and bold spirit won her many fans in London, despite the fact that she'd aided and abetted the man who tried to oust the king. George II's son, Frederick, even visited her in prison, and she told him that she would have done the same for any man in need, no matter what side they were on.

She was released the following year and returned to Scotland, where she married Allan MacDonald. In 1774, the family emigrated to North Carolina but, once again, Flora became embroiled in a battle. As the American Revolutionary War raged on, Flora chose to support the British. As a result, the MacDonalds were forced into hiding, and they eventually lost their home.

Flora moved back to Scotland in 1779. Charles ended up in Rome, where he spent the rest of his life in a drunken stupor. He died in 1788, having never set foot again on Scottish soil.

Flora returned to Skye and died there in March, 1790, and is said to have been buried in one of the Young Pretender's bedsheets. The epitaph on her gravestone in Kilmuir, written by Samuel Johnson, predicts that, "Her name will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour". Flora MacDonald was the unlikely heroine of the Jacobite rising, and her courage and loyalty will never be forgotten.

Pictures: ALAMY

Isabel Newstead

The Paralympic athlete with 10 gold medals to her name is remembered as a true sporting great and an inspiration to anyone who has ever faced hardship and despair

THE best way to sum up Isabel Newstead's spirit in a nutshell is to begin telling her story at an unusual point: the end. When she passed away in 2007, she was busy training to defend her Paralympic shooting title, as well as learning Mandarin to prepare for her trip to the Beijing Games the following year. Even a diagnosis of cancer had not put Isabel's dreams on hold.

Her life was cut cruelly short, but she achieved an awful lot in her 51 years, including 10 gold, four silver and four bronze Paralympic medals.

Growing up in Greenock, Isabel swam competitively, but at 19 years old, while studying music and English at St Andrews University, a virus left her fighting for her life. She was in a coma for weeks, and as the virus attacked her spinal cord, she became completely paralysed. After almost a year in hospital, she was finally able to go home and begin her rehabilitation.

It was a long road to recovery, but in true Isabel style, she never viewed her wheelchair as an obstacle to success. She regained some use of her arms, but knew she wouldn't be able to play the flute again. She still wanted her degree, of course, and in 1978 graduated from St Andrews with an MA in English.

She learned shorthand and how to type, and set off down south in search of a job and independence – but not before her talent in the pool, as part of her training and therapy with the Port Glasgow Otters, had been spotted by the British paraplegic swimming team.

Isabel started competing in disabled swimming events in the UK before being asked to join the Paralympic team. In 1980, she made her debut at the Summer Games in the Netherlands. She wasted no time in marking herself out as a champion, and returned home with three gold medals.

Six more Paralympic Games followed, but Isabel didn't just stick to swimming. At the 1984 event, she not only swam her way to glory but also took part in air pistol shooting, discus and shot put, winning four gold and three silver medals.

Health problems meant she had retired from the pool by the 1988 Paralympics, but she made the podium in track and field and shooting events instead, including yet another discipline: the javelin.

In 1992, her first Paralympics competing with her new surname – she'd been a Barr until marrying her shooting coach John Newstead earlier that year – Isabel didn't win any medals, and at the Atlanta Games in 1996, she fell from her wheelchair during the opening ceremony, breaking her hip.

She was back on brilliant form by the Sydney Paralympics, winning gold in the air pistol while setting a new world record to boot. She was made an MBE for services to disabled sport the following year, and went on to win her final gold medal in Athens in 2004.

Isabel Newstead was a sporting great and an inspiration. When tragedy threatened to ruin her life, she fought back – and won.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

With fellow competitor Deanna Coates and their 2000 Sydney Paralympic Games medal haul

Competing in Sydney

82

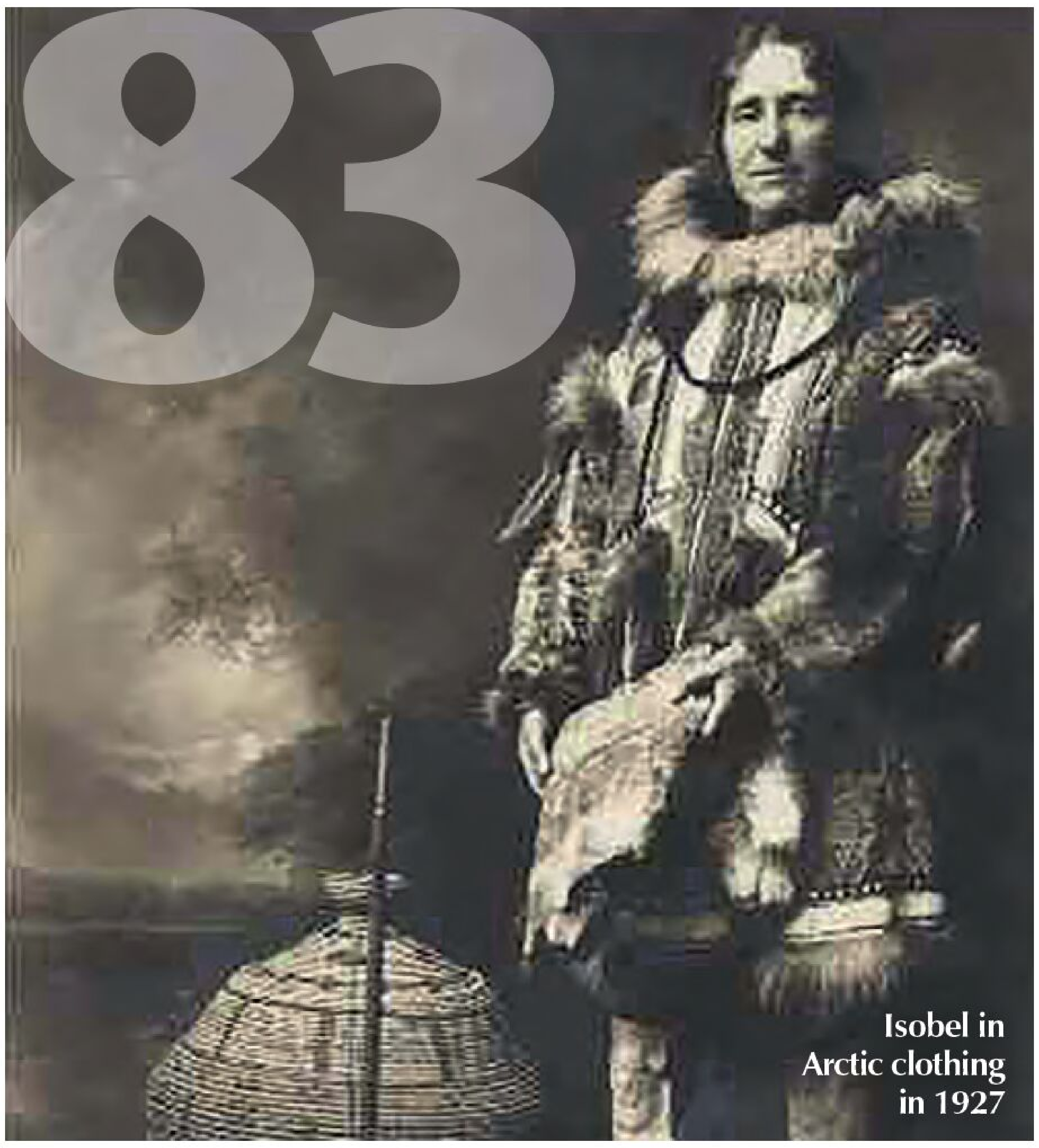
Variety Club
SPORTING AWARD

Winning an award in 2003

> “Never viewed her wheelchair as an obstacle to success”

Isobel Wylie Hutchison

83


Isobel in Arctic clothing in 1927

The intrepid traveller and filmmaker refused to let social norms curtail her life

ACCORDING to a Scottish newspaper reporter in 1939, "Miss Hutchison is, you feel, much too fragile and gentle for the rigours of Arctic exploration."

Botanist, traveller, poet and filmmaker Isobel Wylie Hutchison was born at Carlowrie Castle, West Lothian, in 1889. Financially independent, she started out with "strolls" around Scotland. In 1925 she went to Iceland, alone, to walk from Reykjavík to Akureyri.

Despite warnings of treacherous rivers, harsh weather and lack of maps, not to mention the language barrier, she completed the 418km (260-mile) trek. To visit Greenland she had to get permission from Denmark and state a reason, so she applied to go as a botanist. In 1927-28 she spent several months there. A natural linguist, Isobel mastered Greenlandic and in a series of silent films, documented friends hunting, kayaking, dog-sledding, even dancing. Her plant specimens are in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew and Edinburgh.

Voyages to Alaska and northern Canada came next. Her articles appeared in *National Geographic*, and she published travel books and poetry. A Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London and respected member of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, in 1934 she was the first woman to receive the Mungo Park Medal.

James Chalmers

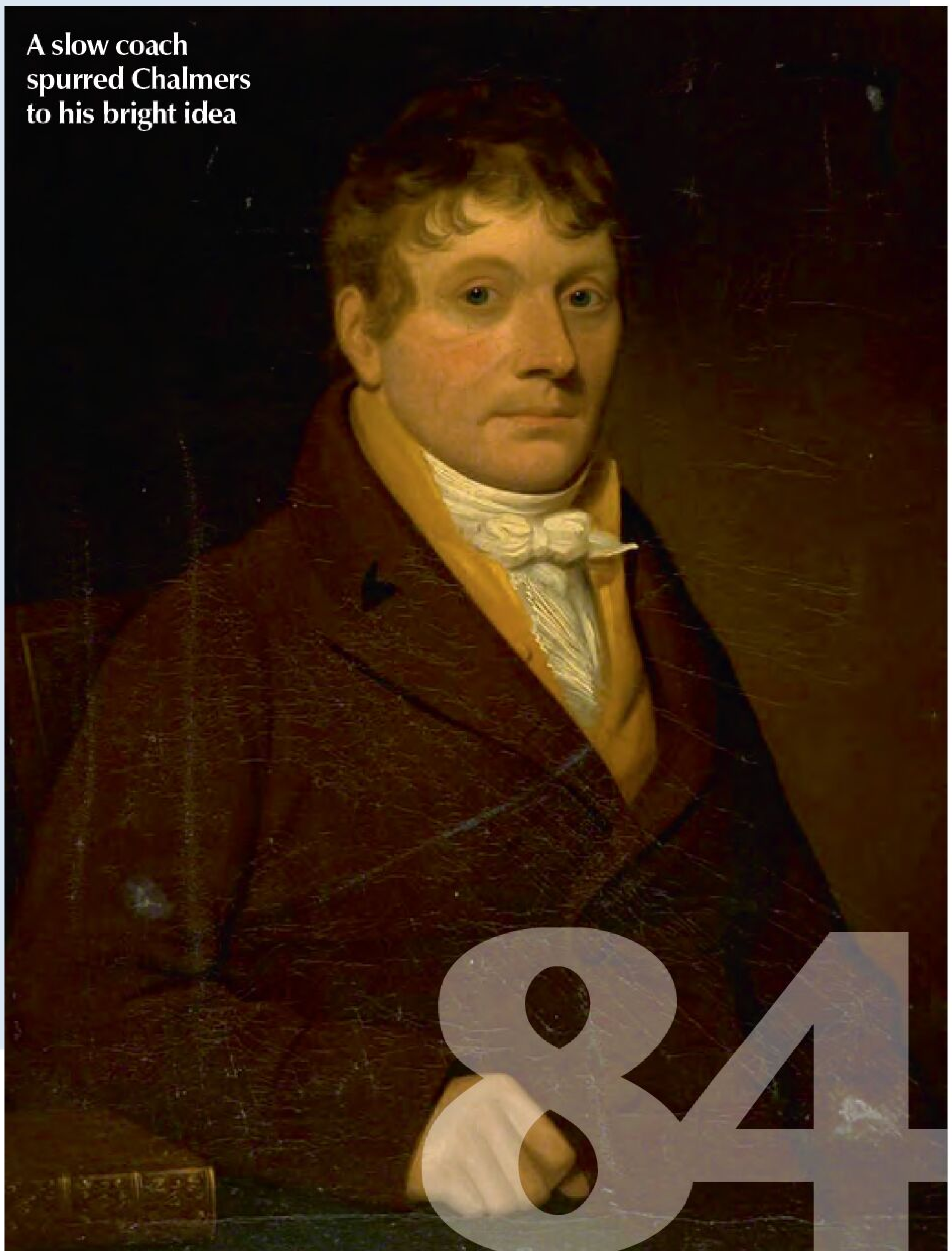
The inventor of the original adhesive postage stamp hailed from Arbroath

THREE years before Sir Rowland Hill's Penny Black revolutionised the way Britain sent its letters, an Arbroath man had invented the prepaid adhesive postage stamp.

Now even Royal Mail agrees that he produced early versions. And in Dundee, where he worked for most of his life, his grave in the Howff reads, *Originator of the adhesive postage stamp, which saved the penny postage scheme of 1840 from collapse, rendering it an unqualified success and which has since been adopted throughout the postal systems of the world.*

James, a bookseller, branched out into publishing. The slow mail coach between London and Scotland was a big frustration. He convinced the Post Office to cut stops, shaving a day off a letter's journey. This magazine reported in 1825 that thanks to his changes the mail system could "almost be termed perfect".

It was still very costly. In 1837 Chalmers wrote to Greenock MP Robert Wallace, a member of the Select Committee on Postage, suggesting prepaid gummed labels. Around this time, social reformer Rowland Hill proposed the same idea. His name is linked with the 1840 Penny Black, but undoubtedly James Chalmers contributed greatly to postal reform.


A slow coach spurred Chalmers to his bright idea

84

Images: SHUTTERSTOCK, GETTY IMAGES, DUNDEE ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS COLLECTION

Marjorie Fleming

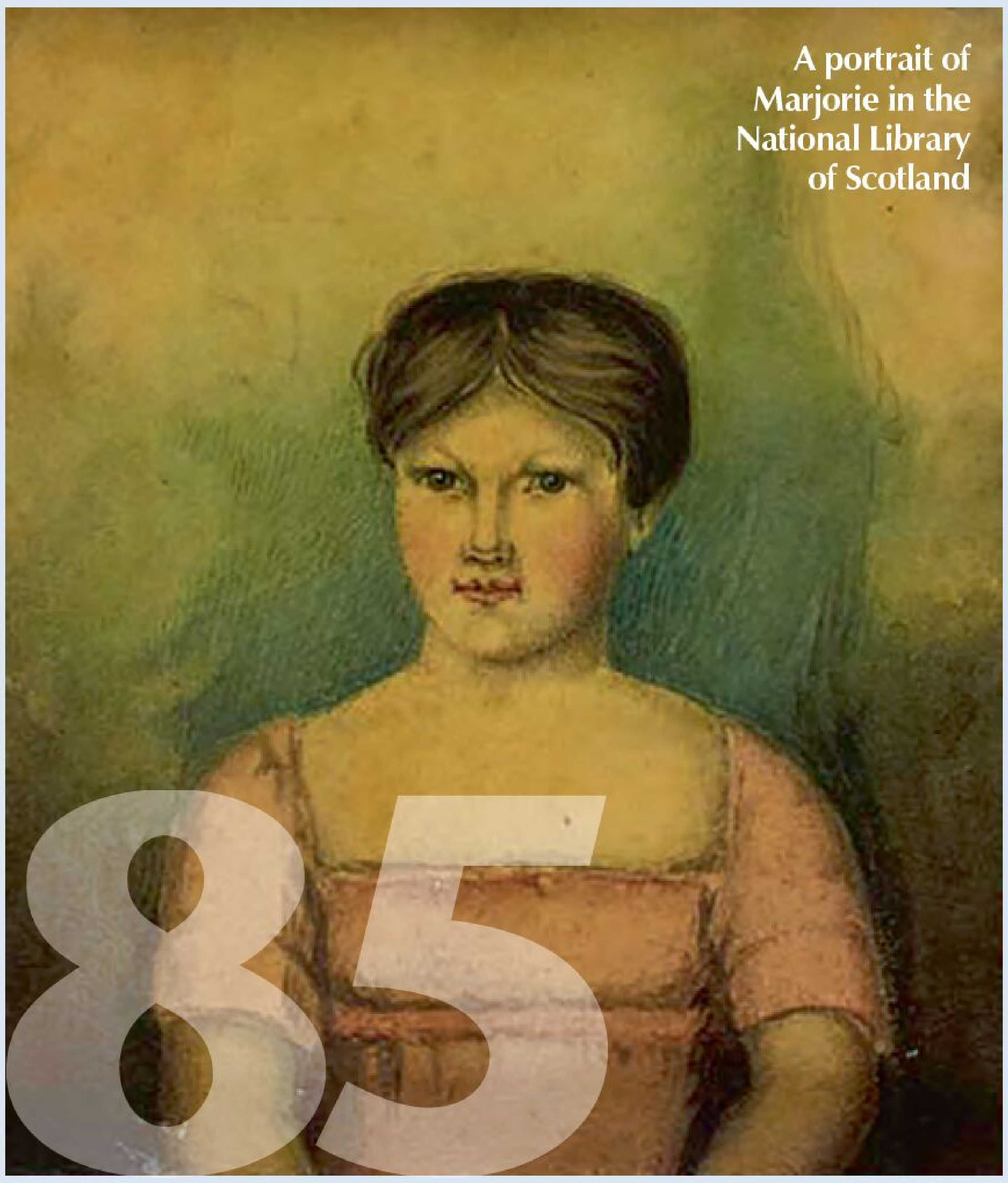
The literary prodigy died tragically young but still left a vivid impression

FIFE girl Marjorie Fleming wrote her life's work – a bounty of literary delights admired by the likes of Robert Louis Stevenson – all before her ninth birthday. Born in Kirkcaldy in 1803, third child of accountant James Fleming and his wife Isabella, Marjorie was taught by her mother before moving to Edinburgh aged six to be tutored by her cousin, Isabella Keith. A voracious reader, Marjorie liked Alexander Pope, Ann Radcliffe and Sir Walter Scott. She began writing poems, letters and a journal, a witty snapshot of a middle-class Scottish childhood.

Returning home, she wrote to her cousin in September 1811, "We are surrounded with measles at present on every side." In November, she succumbed to the disease and in December, a month before turning nine, she died of meningitis.

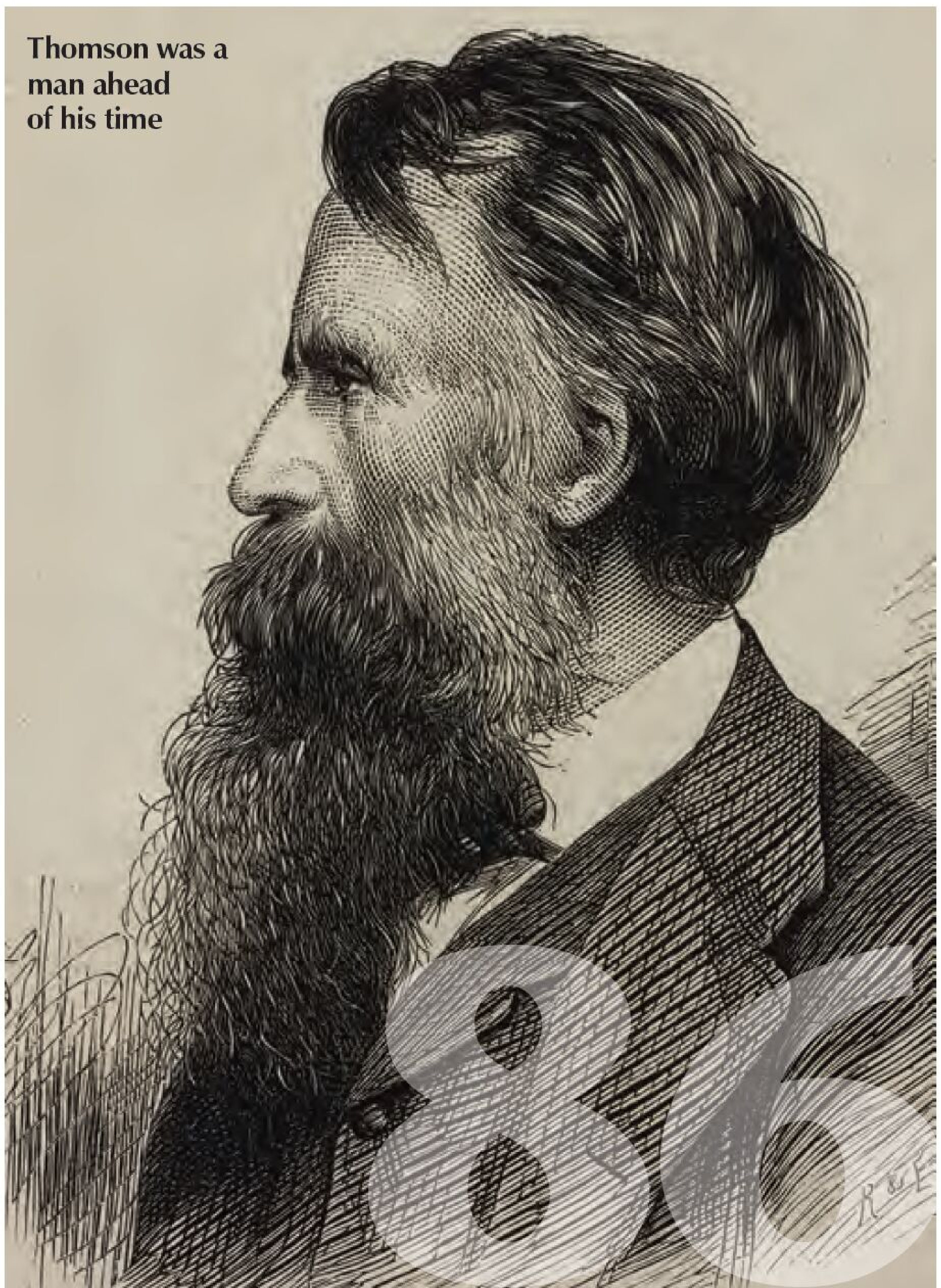
Fifty years later, excerpts of Marjorie's journal were printed in *The Fife Herald*. These snippets, and her life story, captured the public imagination and she was widely read in the Victorian era.

In a 1934 edition of her journal, Robert Louis Stevenson is quoted as saying, "Marjorie Fleming was possibly – no, I take back possibly – she was one of the noblest works of God." Marjorie's manuscripts are in the National Library of Scotland.



A portrait of Marjorie in the National Library of Scotland

Robert William Thomson



Thomson was a man ahead of his time

Thomson received no credit for his tyres, yet his inventive spark never dimmed

IN October 1887, Scotsman John Dunlop reinvented the wheel when he designed a pneumatic tyre for his son's tricycle – a Stonehaven man pipped him to the post by more than 40 years.

Robert William Thomson's inventive career began at 17, when he rebuilt his mother's mangle so that washing could pass through in both directions. Yet she still wanted him to join the ministry.

Instead Robert moved to America, before returning and teaching himself chemistry, astronomy and principles of electricity. He designed a ribbon saw and a prototype for a rotary steam engine.

An engineering apprenticeship followed, and with an Edinburgh firm he masterminded a way to detonate explosives using electricity, saving many miners' lives. He moved into railway engineering and in his spare time, developed rubber wheels filled with air to make horse-drawn carriages faster and more comfortable. He patented the idea in 1845 and it was showcased in Regent's Park, London. A carriage fitted with his tyres and one without travelled side by side. Journalists watched amazed as the carriage with tyres zipped ahead.

However Robert was ahead of his time. Rubber was very costly; motor cars hadn't been invented and cycling was not yet popular.

He remained an inventor to the end. Robert's wife Clara submitted his final patent, for an elastic belt, after his death in 1873.

Macbeth was killed in battle in Aberdeenshire

87

"As for the location of his downfall, Shakespeare was right on the money"

Macbeth

Thanks to Shakespeare's great play, the King of Alba is an often-misunderstood character – in reality, he was a tragic ruler driven by vengeance and self-protection

ONE of the best-known plays in the English language, Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, paints the Scottish king as a power-hungry general, consumed by political ambition.

In the play, Macbeth is guided by witches to murder his wife and King Duncan I, seizing the Scottish throne before a further bloody killing spree ends in madness and death. Lovely.

The real Macbeth, however, is a much more sympathetic character – or as sympathetic as a ruler can be in the violent and unforgiving 11th century.

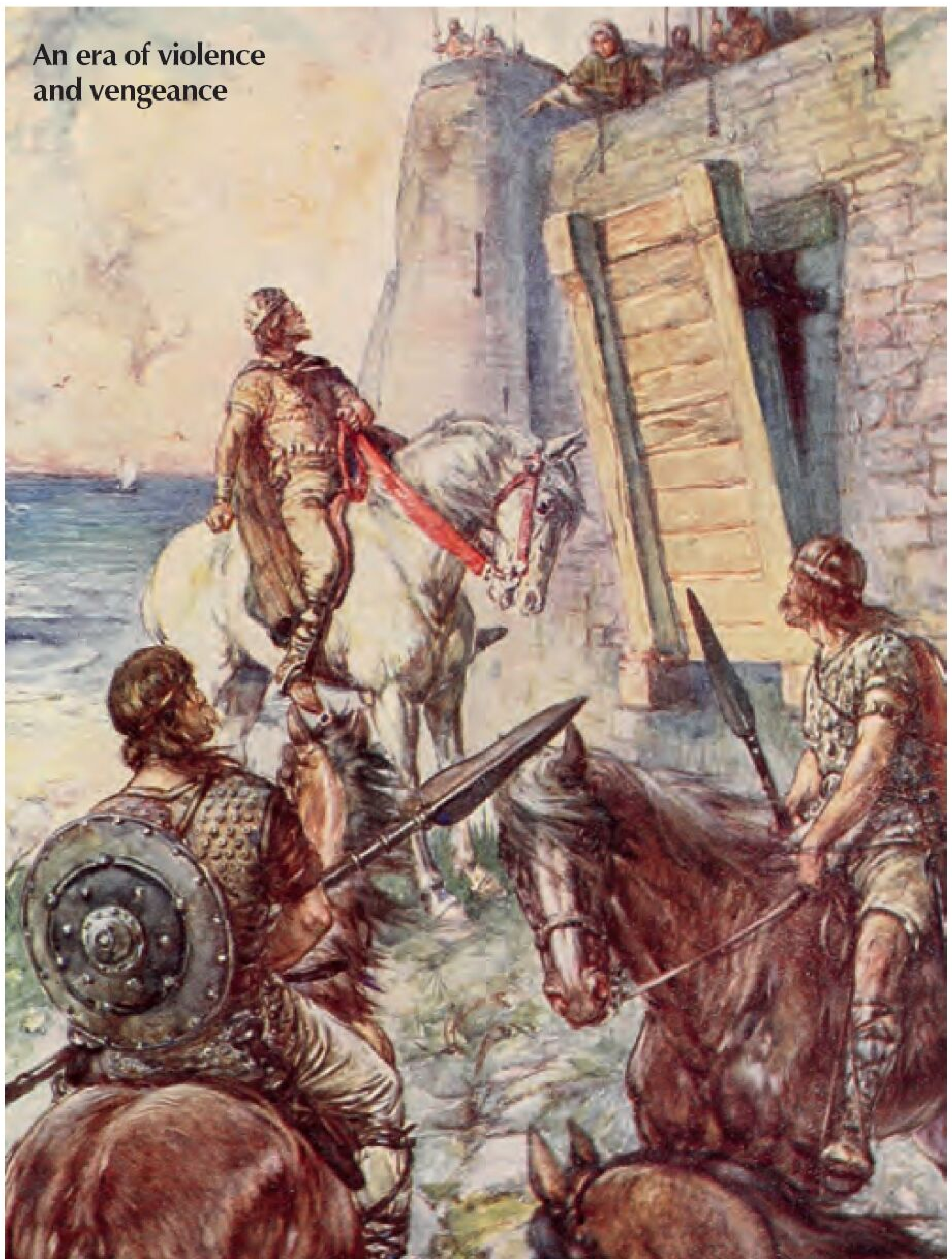
He was born around 1005, son of the mormaer – or earl – of the Province of Moray, into a land yet to become the country of Scotland. The province of Moray stretched from the River Spey in the east to beyond Inverness in the west, and there is still a Moray region of Scotland today.

In the 11th century it was a large semi-independent part of Alba – the kingdom that would become Scotland.

Macbeth was high up in Alba's court and served as one of Malcolm II's war leaders in 1031. While Macbeth was away fighting for Malcolm II, his cousin Gilla Comgain moved in, murdering Macbeth's father and taking over Moray.

In 1032 Macbeth returned to seek vengeance. He killed his cousin and took back the title. For good measure he also married Gilla Comgain's widow.

Perhaps this was a political marriage as Shakespeare implies, not least because the lady, Gruoch, was the granddaughter of a previous king of Alba.



An era of violence and vengeance

Malcolm II died in 1034 and was succeeded by Macbeth's cousin Duncan.

Macbeth must have resented this, especially when Duncan proved to be an unsuccessful war leader. He was defeated twice by the Vikings to the north of Alba and his siege of Durham in Northumberland ended in bloody failure.

Duncan and his war band then came north to take on the troublesome and independent Moray and its leader Mormaer Macbeth. This was presumably to teach Macbeth a lesson for sniggering at Duncan's failed war quests, but we'll never know for sure.

The two met in battle at Pitgaveney, near Elgin, where Duncan was mortally wounded, clearing the way for Macbeth to claim the throne of Alba. He didn't, as Shakespeare would have you believe, kill the king in his sleep.

Shakespeare also tells us that Macbeth's rule was short but, in fact, he ruled from 1040 until his death in 1057, a long time in an era of violent regime change.

As for the location of Macbeth's downfall, however, Shakespeare was right on the money.

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill Shall come against him."

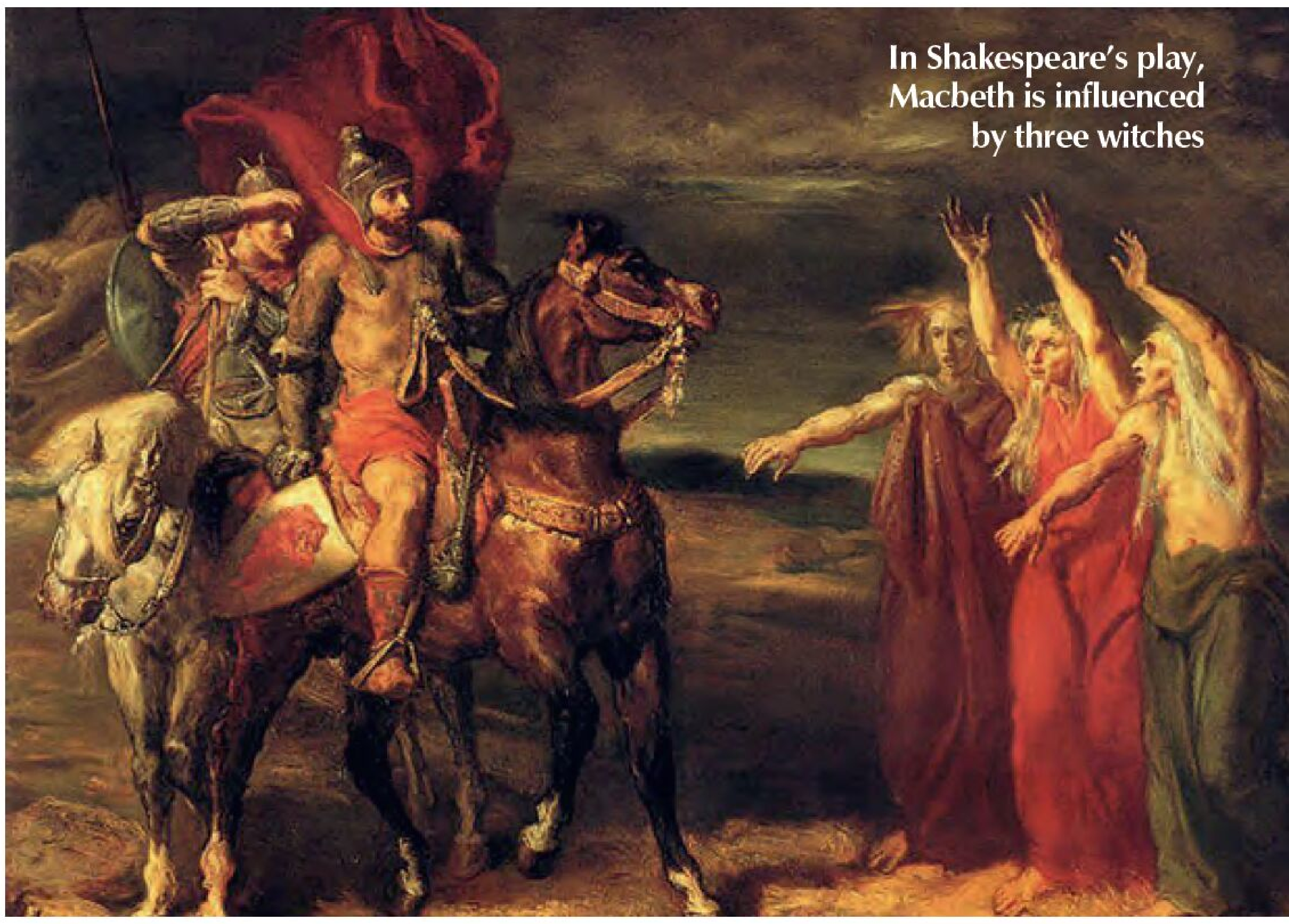
In 1054, Malcolm, son of Duncan, invaded and met Macbeth in battle at Dunsinane Hill, Perthshire. Macbeth was defeated and retreated north.

There is no record of Duncan's army creeping up on Macbeth's using branches of Birnam Wood as a disguise, however.

Three years later Malcolm killed Macbeth in battle at Lumphanan, Aberdeenshire.

Malcolm took the throne, and Macbeth's body was buried on Iona, the traditional burial ground of Scottish kings.

Pictures: ALAMY, WIKIMEDIA COMMONS



In Shakespeare's play, Macbeth is influenced by three witches

Norman McLaren

Little known but much respected, the groundbreaking, award-winning animator's films are as fresh and relevant now as they were in his lifetime

IT was a career that began in the hallowed halls of Glasgow School of Art and ended up in the history books. Hailed as a pioneer in his field, the Stirling-born, Oscar-winning animator and filmmaker Norman McLaren counted Pablo Picasso among his many admirers.

His passion for moving images blossomed while studying interior design in the 1930s, and he became a leading light of the art school's Kinecraft Society. Several of the films he made during that time still survive; his brilliant imagination, technical skill, and penchant for the political are all evident in those early works.

They caught the eye of the trailblazing Scottish documentary maker John Grierson, who offered him a job after graduating from GSA. The General Post Office had its own film division, headed up by Grierson, and in 1936, Norman went south to London to join an inventive team making public information films that were anything but boring.

He stayed in the capital until shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War, when he moved to America. A couple of years later, he was invited by his former boss to join him at the National Film Board of Canada. Grierson tasked McLaren with developing a brand-new animation department.

The methods he used there were highly innovative, and he built on the experimental techniques he'd been honing since he was a student. One of his most famous processes was pixilation, which involves real actors, their poses changing frame by frame to produce a stop-motion film.

It's showcased to great effect in Norman's 1952 short, *Neighbours*, which won several prizes, including an Academy Award the following year, and is widely regarded as a classic.

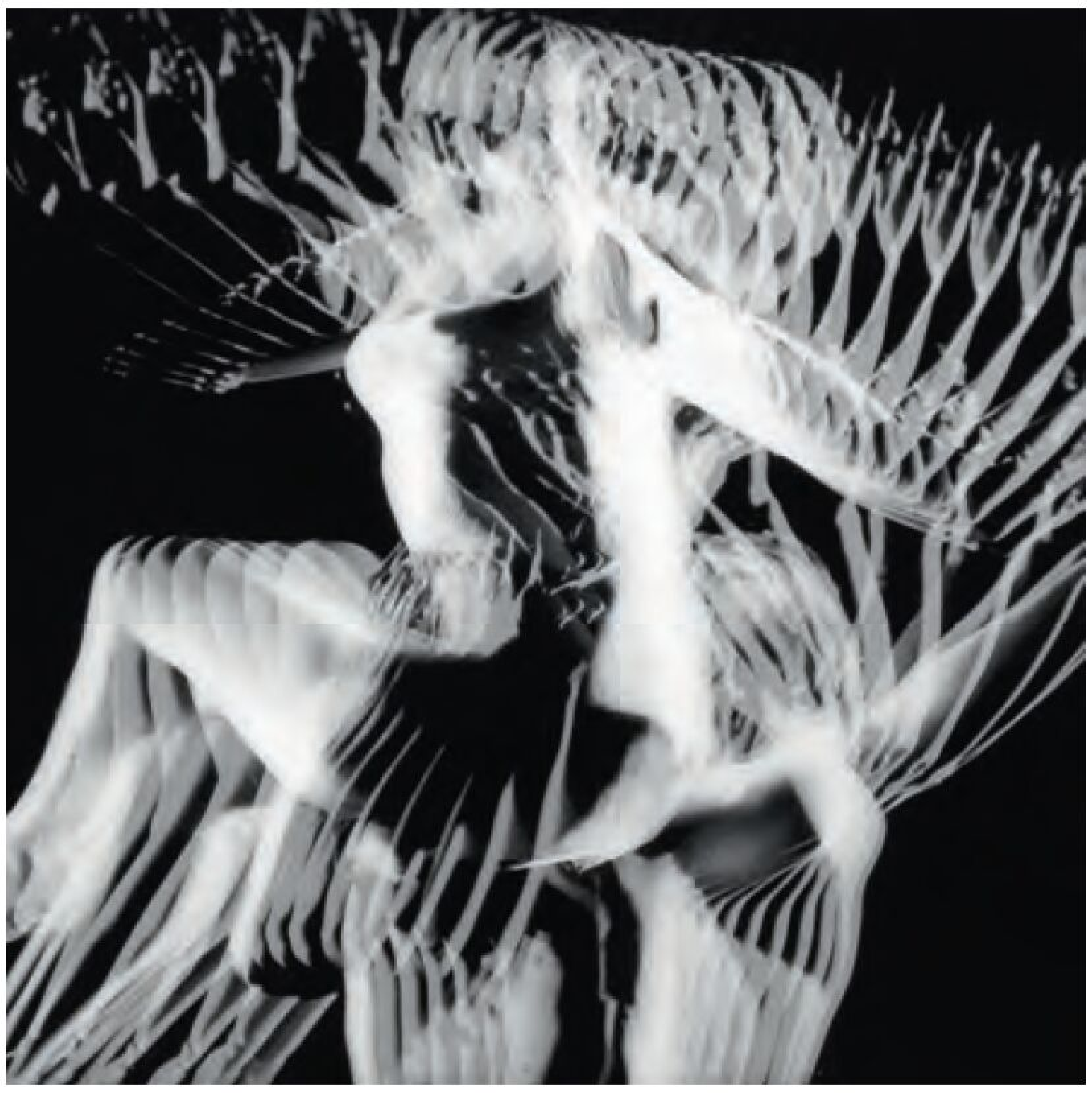
Throughout his career, this groundbreaking animator made 60 films, including *Blinkity Blank, Pas De Deux, Begone Dull Care* and *Rythmetic*, and won over 200 trophies, among them a trio of BAFTAs and a Palme d'Or.

Though many in his homeland of Scotland haven't heard his name, Norman McLaren was one of Canada's most renowned and respected filmmakers.

His eye for the avant-garde and passion for offbeat, handspun methods have made him an enduring inspiration for animators past, present and future.

> "Won several prizes including an Oscar"

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK



Left: Working on a piece in 1947

Above: A still from *Pas De Deux*

The animator in 1956

88

> “*An eye for the avant-garde and passion for offbeat*”

89

A passionate supporter of Black Lives Matter

Graham Campbell

The passionate social activist and Scotland's first African-Caribbean councillor has worked tirelessly to make the country a more diverse, inclusive and anti-racist place

WHEN Graham Campbell was a young lad growing up in Islington, North London, he probably didn't imagine that one day, he'd be a proud and passionate SNP politician living in Glasgow.

But in 2002, he packed his bags and moved to the city, and 15 years later he was elected as Scotland's first African-Caribbean councillor, representing the people of Springburn and Robroyston.

Politics has always been more than a career to Graham. This former London Underground worker's life has been devoted to trade unions and community activism, fighting for the rights of everyone from refugees and asylum seekers to care-experienced children and social housing tenants.

He aims to put power in the hands of the people, and does whatever he can to amplify the voices of those sidelined by society and state.

He certainly wasted no time in shaking things up at his new workplace in 2017. Five months after being elected, Graham encouraged Glasgow City Council to host its first official Black History Month event, and he has been working hard to make his hometown a more diverse and inclusive ever since.

As the SNP's BAME (Black, Asian and Minority Ethnic) convener, Graham challenged institutional racism within Scottish politics and strove for better local and national parliamentary representation for the multicultural Glasgow he so loves.

He focuses not only on supporting present-day Glaswegian people of colour, but also raising awareness of the horrors of Scotland's slave-trading past.

Graham's family comes from Jamaica, where nearly a third of sugar plantations were owned by Scots. His ancestors were Black slaves and white planters – his great-grandfather owned a post-slavery plantation – and his surname is a lasting reminder of Scotland's part in the slave trade.

It is estimated that 60% of surnames in Jamaica's telephone directory have Scottish origins. Some are descended from the Scottish prisoners-of-war exiled to the island in the 17th and 18th centuries, but most have inherited their names from their forebears who were slaves owned by Scots.

Since moving to Scotland, Graham has been instrumental in demanding proper recognition of Glasgow's shameful involvement in slavery, proposing a museum devoted to documenting the city's colonial history, which can be witnessed at every turn on street signs and statues.

He knows that public engagement is key to driving his ideas forward and urging Glaswegians to join him in the battle against deep-rooted racism.

> *"He fights for fairness, for respect, and for people"*

Graham helped organise Glasgow's first Black Lives Matter gatherings in 2015, and social justice and equal rights are at the heart of the many different events he masterminds to capture the imaginations of the city's residents and visitors.

As a Rastafarian, his cultural heritage permeates everything he does – and as a musician, dub poet, and producer of theatrical works, he has a great many talents.

Councillor Graham Campbell celebrates multiculturalism while never shying away from the shocking truth.

He fights for fairness, for respect, and for people – and as we all know, people make Glasgow.

Pictures: ALAMY

Representing the SNP in 2017

Aviemore Adventurer

Aviemore Adventurer
CAIRNGORM
DAY LODGE
THE CAS BAR & SHOP

Get your skiis on

The Aviemore Adventurer (service 30) operates up to every hour between **Aviemore** and **Cairngorm Mountain** Car Park.
No need to book ahead - just hop on!

Stagecoach

Anna Zinkeisen

The dedicated wartime nurse, celebrated artist and unlikely Olympian was a magnificent woman of multitudes whose talent knew no bounds

GROWING up, Anna Zinkeisen and her older sister, Doris – also featured in this magazine as a noted costume designer – used to get into trouble for drawing too much during lessons with their governess.

Little Zinc and Big Zinc, as they were fondly nicknamed, spent their early years on the Rosneath Peninsula in Dunbartonshire – now Argyll and Bute – before moving to Middlesex with their family when Anna was seven years old.

They eventually enrolled at Harrow School of Art and then received scholarships to the Royal Academy Schools.

Anna had specialised in sculpture at art school, and for a short while she created designs for Wedgwood.

Her gorgeous artwork urged Londoners to hop on a bus or the tube to experience all the city had to offer. Anna also painted scenes from around Britain to advertise LNER and Southern Railway train services.

The most significant of her London Transport posters is, perhaps, one she painted in anticipation of the end of the Second World War – made all the more poignant considering Anna's own involvement in the war effort and the part she played in documenting it.

Having helped out as a Voluntary Aid Detachment nurse during the last months of the First World War while she was a teenager, Anna reprised her important nursing role when she began working at St Mary's Hospital in Paddington.

Often turning an empty operating theatre into a studio when she'd finished her shift, Anna vividly depicted the wartime casualty ward and carefully made pathological drawings of the injuries she encountered, which helped doctors and surgeons better treat the wounded.

After the war, Anna's portraits were still highly sought after, and her famous subjects included Prince Philip and Alexander Fleming. She also competed at the 1948 Olympic Games in London, not as an athlete, but as an aesthete – back then, art was an event!

She painted right up to 1976, when, at the age of 75, the astonishing Anna Zinkeisen died.

Her work made life more beautiful, even during the worst of times, and continues to delight art lovers to this day.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Anna, painting a portrait of English actress Ann Todd

> "Her work made life more beautiful, even in the worst of times"

90

91

Lynne Ramsay

The trailblazing, uncompromising director was only the second Scots woman to helm a feature film and continues to create distinctive, star-laden works of art

WITH her first movie in 1999, Glasgow-born filmmaker Lynne Ramsay marked herself as one of the greats. *Ratcatcher* – a portrait of a 1970s working-class Glaswegian childhood – was lauded as unflinching, dreamlike and lyrical, words used again to describe each film she makes.

Only the second Scottish woman, after Margaret Tait, to direct a feature film, Lynne's ability to find beauty in brutality means she can play the viewer's heartstrings like a harp without sentimentality.

She studied fine art photography at Napier College in Edinburgh before enrolling at the National Film and Television School. Her graduation film Small Deaths won the Prix du Jury at the 1996 Cannes Film Festival, a prize she won again two years later.

She followed *Ratcatcher* with *Morvern Callar*, based on the novel by Scottish author Alan Warner, and proved an expert at adapting others' stories for the screen. Her next two films – 2011's *We Need To Talk About Kevin* and 2017's *You Were Never Really Here* – were based on popular books.

There have been obstacles – Lynne signed on to direct *The Lovely Bones*, but was replaced by Peter Jackson, and she quit as director of western *Jane Got A Gun* on the day filming was due to begin. When creativity is compromised she doesn't back down.

Her commitment to authentic filmmaking is also reflected in her relationships with actors. Tilda Swinton and John C. Reilly are her daughter's godparents, and she is close friends with Samantha Morton and Joaquin Phoenix. Hollywood stars Barry Keoghan, Chiwetel Ejiofor and Charlize Theron are just three to express an ambition to appear in one of her films.

Little has been revealed about her next movie, *Polaris*, starring Phoenix. Set in 1890s Alaska, centring on an ice photographer who meets the devil, it is likely to be out this year.

> *"Unflinching, dreamlike and lyrical filmmaking"*

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

12 – 27 October 2011
55th BFI LON
FILM FI
12 – 27 Octob
NDON
ESTIVAL
er 2011

Above: A BFI Film Festival award winner in 2011

Left: Close friends with Hollywood star Joaquin Phoenix

Opposite page: The director in 2017

A statue of Sinclair near Wick in Caithness

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> *“Henry died defending Orkney from English raiders around 1400”*

Henry Sinclair

The Earl of Orkney was a seafaring nobleman who, according to legend, may have discovered the New World almost a century before Columbus

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS gets all the credit for being the first European to sail to the New World – but a Scotsman is rumoured to have arrived 94 years before him.

As the son and heir of the Lord of Roslin, Henry Sinclair was always destined to be a Scottish nobleman. But he also became a Norwegian one, thanks to his mother's family tree. In fact, as Earl of Orkney, he was second only to King Håkon of Norway – the man who had given him the title after a hotly contested leadership race between Henry and two of his cousins.

The position had been vacant for 18 years, and it fell to the newly appointed earl to sort out the chaos that had broken out in Orkney, and see off the pesky Norse warlords who had wrangled control of Shetland.

While he was there, news reached him of a ship run aground on Fair Isle, between Orkney and Shetland. The captain, Venetian mariner Nicolò Zeno, was besieged by islanders keen to ransack his ship. Henry saved the day, rescuing Nicolò and promptly appointing him the captain of his fleet.

Meanwhile, back on Orkney, a Faroese fisherman who had been missing for 20 years suddenly reappeared, full of tales of being swept off course and stumbling upon a distant and mysterious land where he was held captive. With Nicolò and his brother Antonio at the helm, Henry set sail to find this intriguing place for himself.

They travelled beyond Greenland and, on June 2, 1398, arrived in Newfoundland, before spending the winter in Nova Scotia and then moseying on down to New England. A carving in present-day Westford, Massachusetts is thought by some to commemorate Sir James Gunn, a member of Henry's expedition party who had died en route.

Henry himself died defending Orkney from English raiders around 1400, not long after returning from his voyage. Letters and a map belonging to the Zeno brothers, which piece together their story, were published in 1558, but the identity of "Prince Zichmni" – the man they said rescued Nicolò and accompanied them both to the New World – wasn't uncovered until 1784.

Many scholars have dismissed the Zeno story, while others say there's no proof that Zichmni was Henry Sinclair. But for the believers, the evidence is compelling.

The Mi'kmaq people of Nova Scotia have a legend about a king from a faraway island who visited with a crew of men and stayed for a year. A late-14th-century Venetian cannon was found in a harbour on Cape Breton Island in 1849. And then there are the carvings – not just in Westford, but in Rosslyn Chapel, too.

Henry's grandson William Sinclair built Rosslyn Chapel in the 15th century. Among its exquisite carvings are ears of maize, unknown in Scotland at the time because Columbus hadn't yet visited the New World and introduced Europe to the joys of corn on the cob.

The mystery of the Rosslyn corn and other strange coincidences might never be solved. Whether you're a fully paid-up member of the Henry Sinclair Fan Club, or you think his story is a stretch of the imagination too far, or even if you've been shouting "Leif Erikson went to North America hundreds of years before the lot of them!" – we can all agree it's a tremendous tale.

THE VOYAGE OF PRINCE HENRY SINCLAIR TO THE NEW WORLD IN 1398

A monument to Sinclair in Nova Scotia

Pictures: ALAMY, WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

Muriel Thompson

Racing daredevil, ambulance driver, spirited suffragette, war hero – this Aberdonian trailblazer broke the mould, saving hundreds of lives in the process

Pictures: GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK, BROOKLANDS MUSEUM

AT the Ladies' Bracelet Handicap in 1908 – the first all-women race to be held at the famous Brooklands motor circuit – one Aberdonian driver caused quite a stir by beating the wife of the racetrack's owner with metres to spare.

Their long skirts tied around their ankles with rope to stop them becoming tangled up in the cars – and to avoid flashing their knees at the crowd – the five women racing drivers taking part that day wore colourful silk scarves and adopted a variety of interesting driving styles.

Some sat bolt upright and others practically lay down, but Muriel Thompson – in her brother Oscar's Austin, named Pobble – reached speeds of 96kmph (60mph) as she crouched over the steering wheel like a jockey.

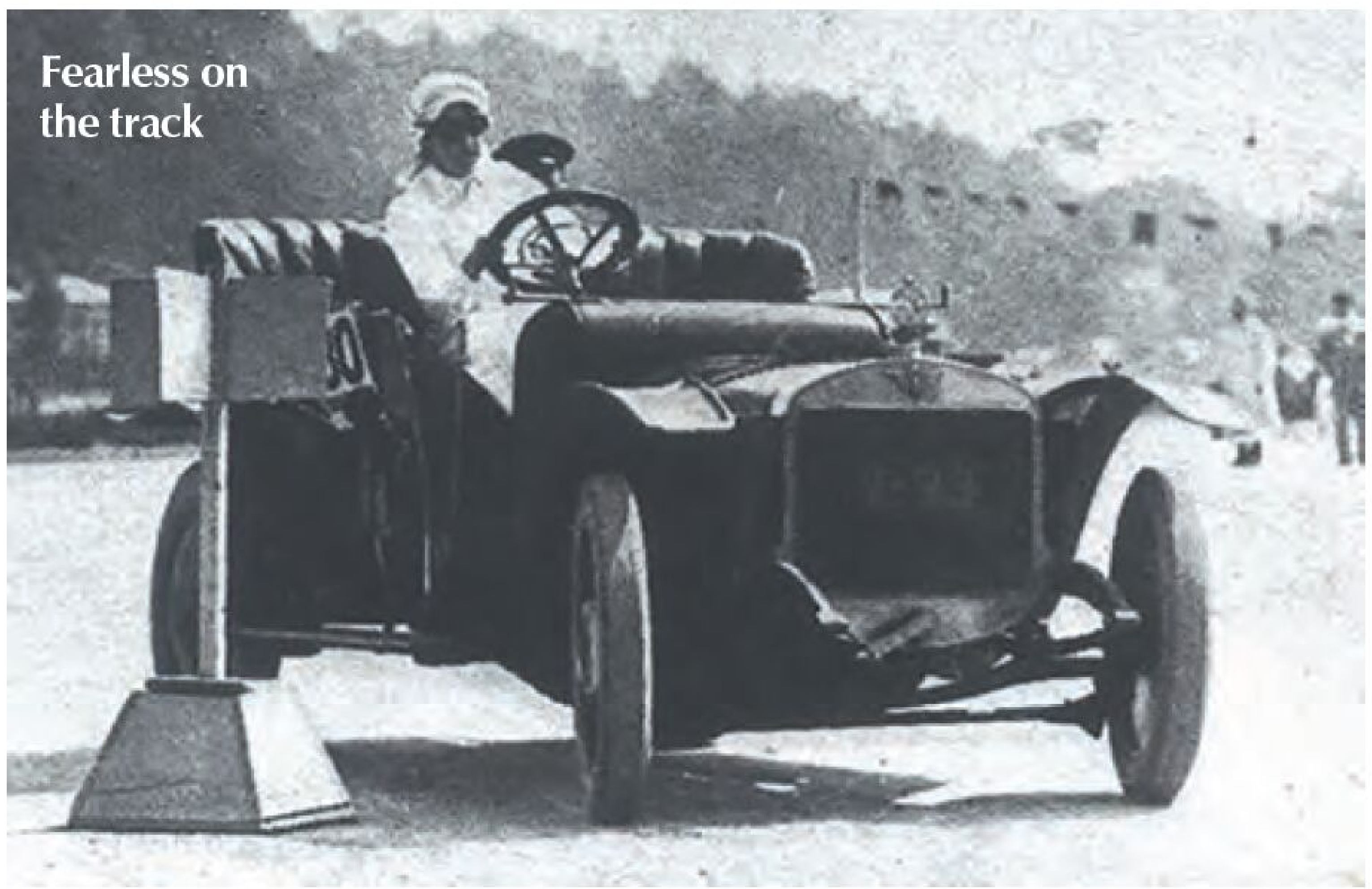
All the women shunned goggles as "far too hideous", and they showed no flicker of fear.

Muriel was a keen motorist, and learned to drive her family's car at a young age. She had entered several races before this one, even winning a risky blindfolded dash in a "motor gymkhana".

After the race at Brooklands, Muriel was greeted by cries of "Women deserve the vote now!". She agreed, and was hired as a chauffeur by the Women's Social and Political Union.

Driving a green Austin with white wheels and purple stripes – the suffragette colours – she took Emmeline Pankhurst on her national tour in 1909.

Racing blindfolded in 1911


Fearless on the track

Her daredevil driving skills proved lifesaving during the First World War. When Oscar converted Pobble into an ambulance and joined a volunteer convoy to France to help with the war effort, Muriel wanted to go too. But women weren't welcome, so she signed up to the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry (FANY) in January 1915.

Three months later, she was personally awarded the Knight's Cross of the Order of Leopold II by King Albert of Belgium, for evacuating wounded soldiers under fire.

Alongside her Calais convoy, in 1917 she became one of the first women to drive officially for the British Army, who had until that point refused FANY's services.

"Thompers", as her colleagues called her, kept meticulous diaries while she was abroad. They reveal the true horrors she witnessed, but also the camaraderie and thrill of independence she experienced.

She wrote fondly about the vehicles she drove – Flossie the Ford ambulance, and her own Cadillac, Kangaroo – as well as her delight when she received a parcel from home containing, "a lovely oil pump and pliers – just what I wanted!"

Muriel saved hundreds of lives during the war, particularly at the Battle of Passchendaele. In January 1918, she became commanding officer of the newly-formed St Omer convoy, and was awarded the Military Medal and the Croix de Guerre for her fearless fight to evacuate the injured to safety during air raids in May that year.

Exhausted after four years of gruelling service, Muriel returned to Britain two months before the war ended. She resigned from FANY in 1922, and lived the rest of her life in Kensington. She died a few months before the Second World War began.

Sir Arthur Stanley, head of the British Red Cross Society, once described the women of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry as having "the courage of a lion, the hide of a rhinoceros and a capacity so great that it could nurse the worst form of typhoid or start a frozen car."

Aberdeen's Muriel Thompson was one of the bravest and best they had.

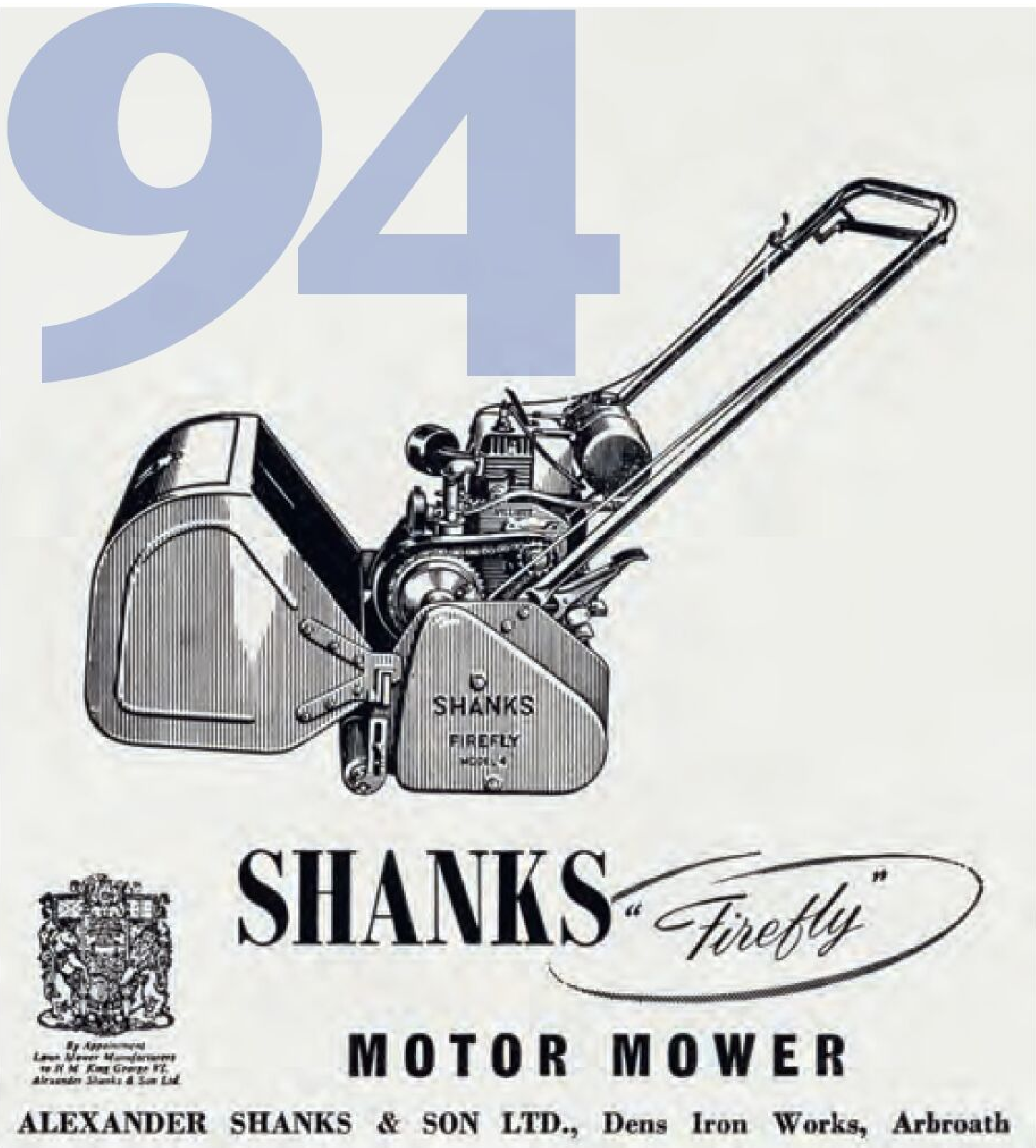
Muriel endured the horrors of war

93

> “The courage of a lion, the hide of a rhinoceros”

Alexander Shanks

94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An Arbroath engineer helped to revolutionise mowing royal lawns

IN 1830, Englishman Edwin Budding invented the lawnmower. When gadget enthusiast W. F. Lindsay Carnegie discovered his mower wasn't capable of cutting his lawn, he enlisted Arbroath engineer Alexander Shanks to imprdove Budding's design – the patent didn't cover Scotland.

At 68cm (27in) wide, his version was bigger, but could be pulled by a pony or two men, making mowing faster. It was patented in 1842 and, according to *Mechanic's Magazine*, Carnegie was extremely pleased with his mower. Work began on a 106cm (42in) machine, with a nifty roller. Carnegie described the result as "very similar to velvet". Within a few years Alexander Shanks & Son became synonymous with grass-cutting devices.

Alexander died in 1845. His son, James, continued to make mowers, seeing the release of a steam-powered mower in 1902. Shanks's mowers trimmed the courts at Wimbledon, kept Lord's cricket ground tidy, and spruced up the Old Course at St Andrews. By the 1860s, they were being used to mow gardens at Buckingham Palace, Balmoral, Windsor, Hampton Court, Kew and Osborne. Other patrons included Emperor Napoleon III of France.

Shanks & Son was eventually taken over in the 1960s.

James Hamilton

This supersonic Scot was the pioneer who helped Concorde to soar

BORN 100 years ago in Penicuik, James Hamilton graduated in civil engineering from Edinburgh University. His wartime design work included anti-submarine weapons, seaplanes, flying boats and a floating Spitfire.

After the war, James was made Head of Flight Research at the Marine Aircraft Experimental Establishment. Next came an MBE, and a post at the Royal Aircraft Establishment. He took charge of the projects division in 1964, oversaw development of the Jaguar jet and was named Director-General of the British side of the Anglo-French team working on Concorde.

His final designs for her graceful, military-inspired delta wing – twisting and drooping in complex ways to ensure safety and speed – underwent 5,000 hours of testing in a wind tunnel.

James was adamant public reaction to sonic boom be tested and supersonic flight over Britain was banned. He became Deputy Secretary for Aerospace in the Department of Trade and Industry, and Concorde launched commercially in 1976.

James became Deputy Cabinet Secretary, headed the Department of Education and Science and was knighted. He retired from governmental life in 1983.

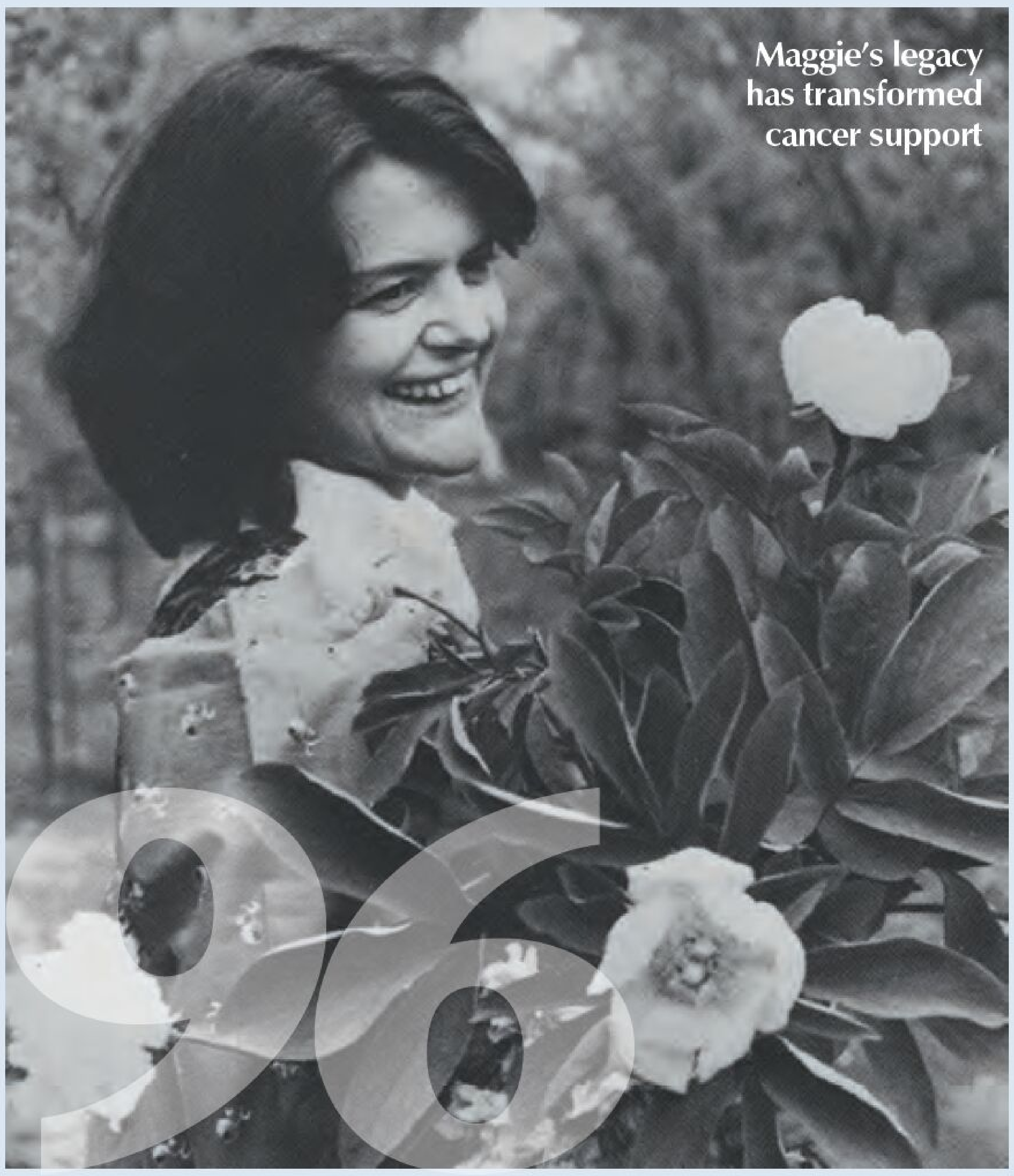
95

Hamilton explains an aeronautical model to Princess Margaret

Images: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY, PHIL ASTLEY

Maggie Keswick Jencks

The founder of Maggie's Centres left an inspirational legacy of caring



Maggie's legacy has transformed cancer support

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IN May 1993, Maggie Keswick Jencks sat beside her husband Charles in a corridor at Edinburgh's Western General Hospital. They had just found out she only had three months to live. Maggie's breast cancer had spread. As the couple absorbed this, they discussed the need for a dedicated centre near the hospital, where people like her could go for solace and support.

An advanced chemotherapy trial turned three months into two years. With Charles and her medical team – in particular oncology nurse Laura Lee – Maggie masterminded a beautiful space in the grounds of the Western General. She wanted it to be stylish, calm, with room to rest, weep and chat, with a medical team on hand to share information.

Architect Richard Murphy drew up designs. When Maggie died on July 8, 1995, the blueprints were on her bed.

In 1996, Laura became chief executive of Maggie Keswick Jencks Cancer Caring Centres Trust. Maggie's Edinburgh opened that year, the Glasgow centre in 2002, followed by Dundee. Maggie's Centres have popped up across the UK, as well as in Barcelona and Tokyo. Filled with sunlight, love and hope, they help ease despair and dread in the face of life-threatening illness.

Marion Patterson

Marion outside Buckingham Palace

97

A wartime fire guard who went beyond the call of duty, impressing the king!

In 1943, a hairdresser from Aberdeen was invited to visit Balmoral whenever she fancied, as a reward for her incredible bravery. As well as running her salon during the Second World War, Marion Patterson was a Senior Fire Guard for Aberdeen City Civil Defence. On August 7, 1942, she was on duty when a bomb hit a building on Market Street. After helping put out the fire she heard cries from the rubble. Crawling into the wreckage, she found a sailor. Using a length of wood, she lifted a fallen beam to set him free. She shouted to the other wardens to throw down a rope and hoist them to safety. Less than a minute after their escape, the building collapsed.

At Buckingham Palace, Marion was awarded the George Medal and given her lifetime invitation to Balmoral. Whether she ever took it up has never been discovered. George VI also commissioned Scots artist Robert Sivell to paint her portrait, which is now in the Imperial War Museum's collection. Marion's medals, and a sketch of her by Sivell, are on display in Aberdeen Art Gallery

One of fewer than 40 women to win the George Medal in the war, Marion won five more bravery awards. After the its end, she returned with her family to Toronto – where she had lived as a child and young adult – and resumed hairdressing, though she visited Scotland often. She died in 1993, aged 81.

MacRae served in the Royal Engineers during the First World War

98

> “He helped build a liveable, workable Edinburgh”

Ebenezer MacRae

The city architect transformed the living conditions of Edinburgh's working class after the First World War without compromising on the beauty and history of the capital

DURING the interwar years, one man was responsible for preserving Edinburgh's cherished architectural history. Impressively, he did this while also bringing the city into the modern world by creating social housing developments and public amenities such as libraries and schools.

Though his forename has become shorthand for a miserly misanthrope, thanks to Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, during his two decades as city architect, Ebenezer MacRae embodied the original meaning of his name – "stone of help".

One stone at a time, he helped build a liveable, workable Edinburgh that didn't lose an ounce of its beauty, and his legacy can still be seen in the city today.

Ebenezer trained as an architect before serving in the Royal Engineers during the First World War. After being appointed city architect in 1925, and then director of housing the following year, his mission was to create council housing that would benefit the city's working classes by being inexpensive, clean, well-lit and spacious.

The council wasn't at all sure about this plan – they preferred the idea of subsidising private rentals – but Ebenezer wouldn't budge.

His perseverance paid off, and though he had many financial obstacles in his way, his new housing sprang up at a startling rate throughout the city.

Ebenezer championed the humble tenement as affordable housing close to people's workplaces, in order to help them cut their travel costs.

It took a brave man to propose erecting new tenements in the historic Old Town, but his infill developments were impressively sympathetic to the traditional architecture. His secret? He refused to use concrete blocks, fighting for stone and rendered brick facades instead. He also painstakingly restored existing buildings, including a revamp of the Canongate's 17th and 18th-century tenements.

Ebenezer knew, however, that a modern capital city couldn't survive by simply being a monument to its architectural past.

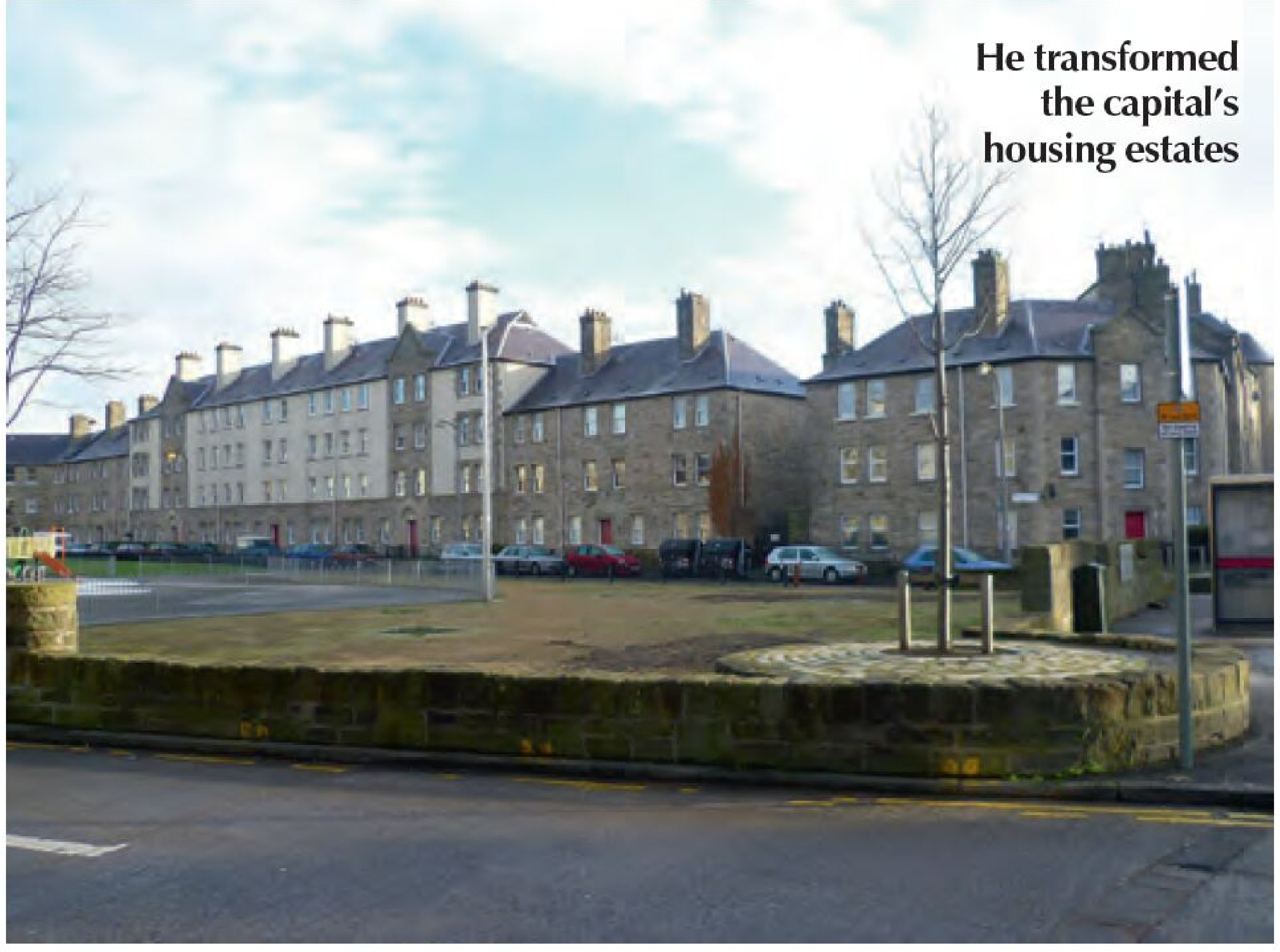
The suburbs also benefited from Ebenezer's vision and the housing department built 12,000 new homes during his 21 years as city architect.

In addition to building tenements, housing estates, and dozens of public buildings, Ebenezer's magnum opus was the redesign and extension of the mighty Portobello Power Station.

The station supplied Edinburgh's electricity for more than 50 years, with its chimney looming over the rooftops until the late 1970s.

Ebenezer was also very keen on street furniture, installing tram shelters, traffic lights and street lamps across the city, as well as designing its iconic blue police boxes. He not only expanded Edinburgh and preserved its heritage, but vastly improved the lives of the ordinary people who called it home.

MacRae designed the iconic blue police boxes


He transformed the capital's housing estates

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK

Alexander Graham Bell

The pioneering inventor had a life-long passion for communication, devoting himself to promoting the needs of the deaf, as well as creating the world's first telphone

THE day will come when the man at the telephone will be able to see the distant person to whom he is speaking." That's right – Alexander Graham Bell predicted the advent of video calls more than 100 years ago, in 1906.

This pioneering inventor was responsible for 18 patented innovations, and another dozen he held in collaboration with others. But the most famous of these was the telephone.

Bell was born in Edinburgh in 1847, and his fascination with communication seems to have been a family affair.

His father, Alexander Melville Bell, was an elocution teacher in Edinburgh, and his many works with phonetics included Visible Speech. Bell's mother was nearly deaf, yet remarkably she became an accomplished pianist, which further inspired her son's interest in communication and his determination to succeed.

Formal education was not for him, though, and he left school without graduating at 15.

He moved to London in 1862 to work in his father's business while conducting his own research into the mechanics of speech.

In 1870, Bell followed his father to Canada, setting up his own workshop to study the human voice.

He took an appointment at Boston, where he became Professor of Vocal Physiology, devoting himself to teaching deaf-mute people.

In 1872, he established his own school to train teachers of the deaf, an establishment which became part of Boston University.

While in Boston, Bell was commissioned to work on a harmonic telegraph, to permit telegraph transmission of several messages set to different frequencies. While pursuing this, he became enamoured of an even more interesting notion, the transmission of the human voice over wires. By 1875, he'd come up with a simple receiver that turned electricity into sound.

Pictures: ALAMY

Bell displaying his new invention

American Thomas Watson, a skilled electrician, was hired by Bell's financial backers to re-focus Bell on the original scheme, but Watson soon became a convert to Bell's telephone idea.

In 1874 and 1875 the pair toiled over both inventions and Bell's investors were won over by the potential of voice transmission.

The patent was duly filed.

On March 10, 1876, they finally achieved success, with the first words ever received on the telephone being Bell's, "Mr Watson, come here – I want to see you."

Several public demonstrations followed, each surpassing what had gone before in terms of distance and ambition. The Bell Telephone Company followed in 1877. Within a year the first telephone exchange was established in Connecticut.

Owning one-third of the shares, Bell was immediately wealthy, although he sold most stock early to fund future projects

Shortly afterwards Bell married Mabel Hubbard, one of his deaf students and daughter of one of his backers. They spent the next year touring Europe, showing off the telephone.

On returning to the States, Bell had to defend himself from accusations that others invented the device first. Competitors working along the same lines, included Italian-American Antonio Meucci and Bell's great rival, American Elisha Gray.

Meanwhile, Bell's invention took on a life of its own. By 1886 more than 150,000 people in the US had a phone.

In 1880, Bell opened his own laboratory devoted to scientific discovery, funded by winning the French Volta Prize for achievement in electrical science.

One project was the electrical bullet probe, credited with saving lives in both the Boer War and the First World War.

In 1885, Bell acquired 50-acres of land in Nova Scotia where he established a summer home to continue experimenting.

Bell spent time exploring the possibilities of flight, starting with a tetrahedral-kite in the 1890s.

He never abandoned his interest in furthering the needs of deaf people and founded a US association promoting the teaching of speech to the deaf, working with Helen Keller among others.

He formed an aerial experimental association with others in 1907, developing several flying machines. He later set a world speed record with a hydrofoil.

The inventions that followed included the photophone or optical telephone, which transmitted wireless voice messages, and the phonograph or gramophone.

In 1915, Bell was invited to make the first transcontinental phone call from New York to Watson, who was in San Francisco.

The pair were asked to re-enact their first conversation on the telephone from 1876.

This time Watson replied, "It would take me a week now."

Bell died in August, 1922, in Canada, following complications from type 2 diabetes, his wife by his side. In a touching version of the one-minute silence, the telephone network of North America was shut down for 60 seconds in honour of its brilliant inventor.

The great man pictured in 1920

> “Bell’s invention took on a life of its own”

99

Rob Roy's exploits are legendary

100

> “It’s here that legends begin to accumulate”

Rob Roy MacGregor

Cattle raider, business man and infamous Scottish outlaw – the true story behind the myths that surround this legendary Scot is just as interesting as any historical novel

YOU would be forgiven for thinking Rob Roy was a literary invention. However, on December 28, 1734, a death was recorded of one Robert Roy MacGregor.

The Scottish outlaw, whose antics were romanticised by Sir Walter Scott, was indeed real – but who was he?

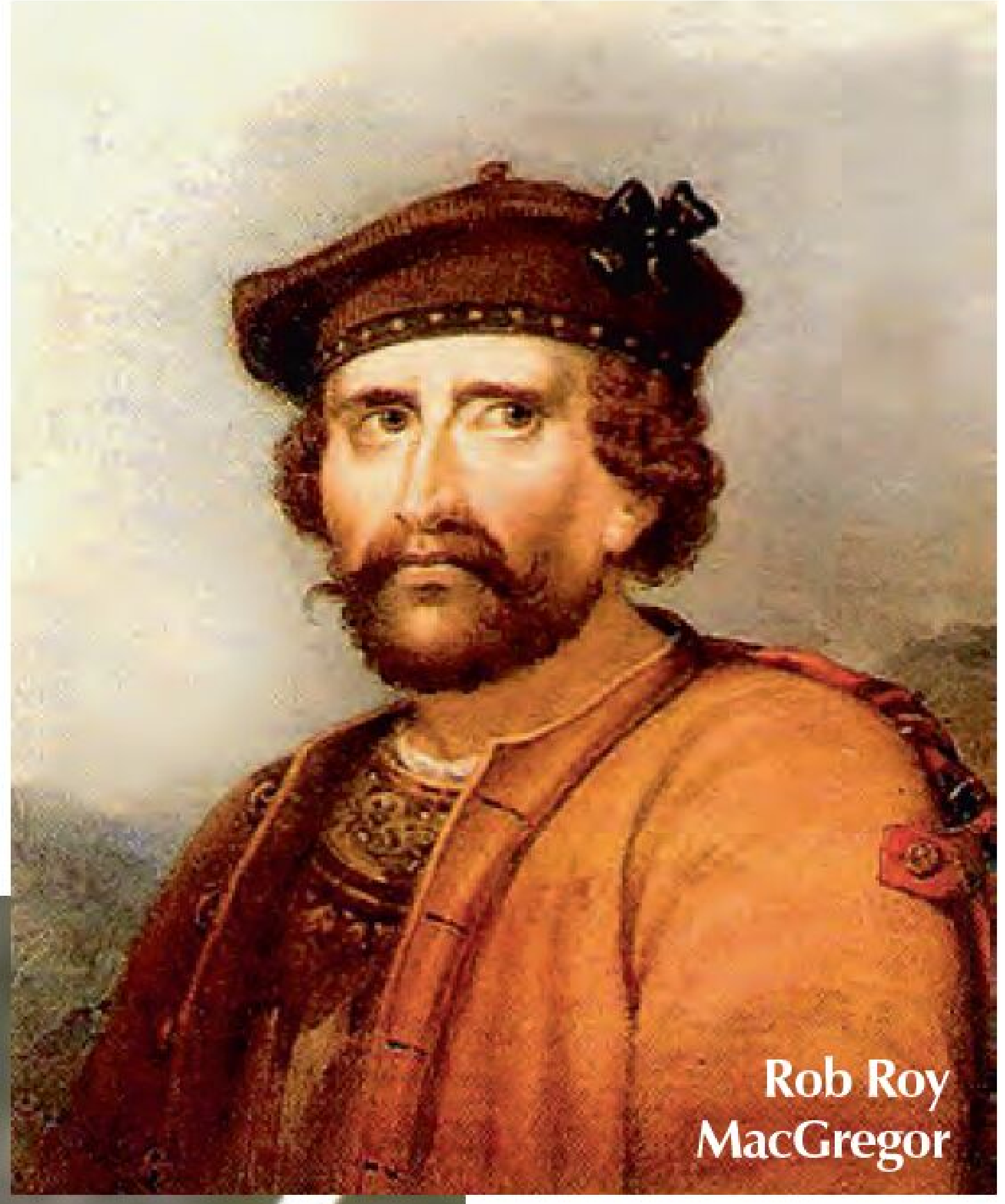
The novel *Rob Roy* depicted a Scottish folk hero, unlawful but for the right reasons, much like the character of Robin Hood – but were we hoodwinked?

Rob Roy's name is an anglicised version of Raibert Rudah, Gaelic for Red Robert, due to his fiery red hair. He was the second son of Lt Col Donald of the MacGregors of Glengyle, a fiercely proud clan.

MacGregor clan were notorious – persecuted and suppressed by authorities a century before Rob Roy's birth. It was a time of unrest in Scotland, and there is evidence that the MacGregors might have been victims of injustice. It's said they resisted attempts by powerful neighbours to seize their land, then felt the full force of the law.

Rob Roy had an early fraternisation with the Jacobites. He and his father were involved in the 1689 rebellion, though it's difficult to say with certainty which battles they fought. As with all the Jacobite risings, it ended in defeat .

When they weren't pillaging and plundering, Rob Roy and his brother made a living as cattle dealers and graziers at Balquhidder. Raids on their herds were commonplace. Watching neighbours fall victim to similar raids, Rob Roy took the opportunity to set up a protection racket, providing armed protection in return for payment. And it seems he did well, building up his herd and a reputation as a canny businessman.


Rob Roy MacGregor

Liam Neeson in *Rob Roy* **(1995)**

He married Mary Helen MacGregor, and they had four sons. However, things weren't so grand for long.

The Duke of Montrose had lent Rob Roy £1000 and when an associate of his scarpered with the cash, Montrose showed no mercy. He called in his loan and, branding his erstwhile protégé an outlaw, claimed he'd absconded with his money.

Rob Roy's family were evicted from their house at Inversnaid, which was plundered and burned down in retribution.

Left without a home, Rob Roy pursued a vendetta against the neighbouring Lowlands. The cattle dealer turned cattle thief, and sought vengeance on Montrose, whose lands he plundered.

However, the outlaw did have some friends in high places. The Duke of Argyll took him under his wing. Rob Roy and his men were once again favouring the Jacobite cause.

They settled to plundering and within a few years Rob Roy proclaimed himself clan chief. He was one of a rapidly disappearing breed of Highland clansman waging war against the Lowlands. The rising of 1715 intervened, with the MacGregors' support.

The 1717 Act of Grace pardoned some of those implicated in the '15, but this deliberately excluded Rob Roy and his clan.

Rob Roy joined in the 1719 rising, joined by one of his sons and 80 recruits. However, they were defeated at the Battle of Glenshiel.

It's here that legends begin to accumulate of capture and escape, of generosity to the poor funded by robbing the rich.

This was an outlaw who believed he was justified in taking revenge against the rich. Poor folk helped him in return, warning him of the moves of Montrose and the dreaded redcoats.

Some tales might be apocryphal, but what is certain is that Rob Roy was finally captured in 1725 and held in the infamous Newgate Prison until 1727, when he was pardoned by George I.

Rob Roy MacGregor, after all his adventures, died in his own house near Balquhidder in December 1734, aged 63.

He left five sons – amongst them an adopted cousin, Duncan, a notorious outlaw known as James Mor and the youngest, Robin, who died on the gallows in Edinburgh.

Sir Walter Scott is responsible for much of the mythologising that surrounds this fascinating figure. In the novel *Rob Roy*, published in 1817, Scott bestows on Rob Roy a grace and charm as the noble criminal, qualities he almost certainly lacked in reality.

Wordsworth got in on the action, too, describing Rob Roy as someone who would "keep his friends from harm".

In reality though, you must judge the man by the times in which he lived. It's unlikely that our infamous folk hero could have prospered as long as he did without being ruthless.

Pictures: SHUTTERSTOCK, ALAMY, WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

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‘a culinary gem’

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